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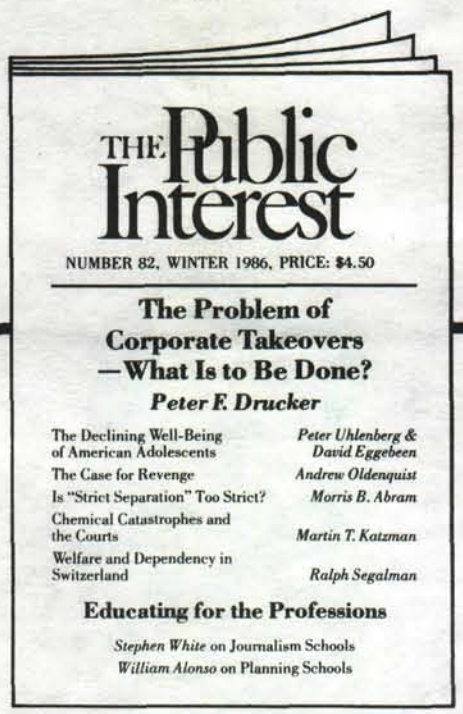
THE Public Interest

NUMBER 82, WINTER 1986, PRICE: $4.50

The Problem of Corporate Takeovers —What Is to Be Done?
Peter F. Drucker

The Declining Well-Being of American Adolescents	*Peter Uhlenberg & David Eggebeen*
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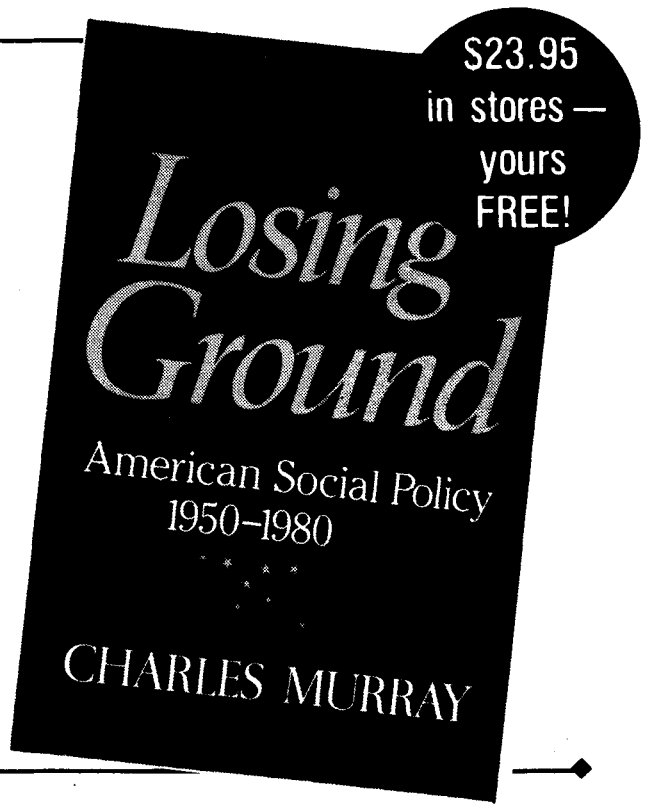

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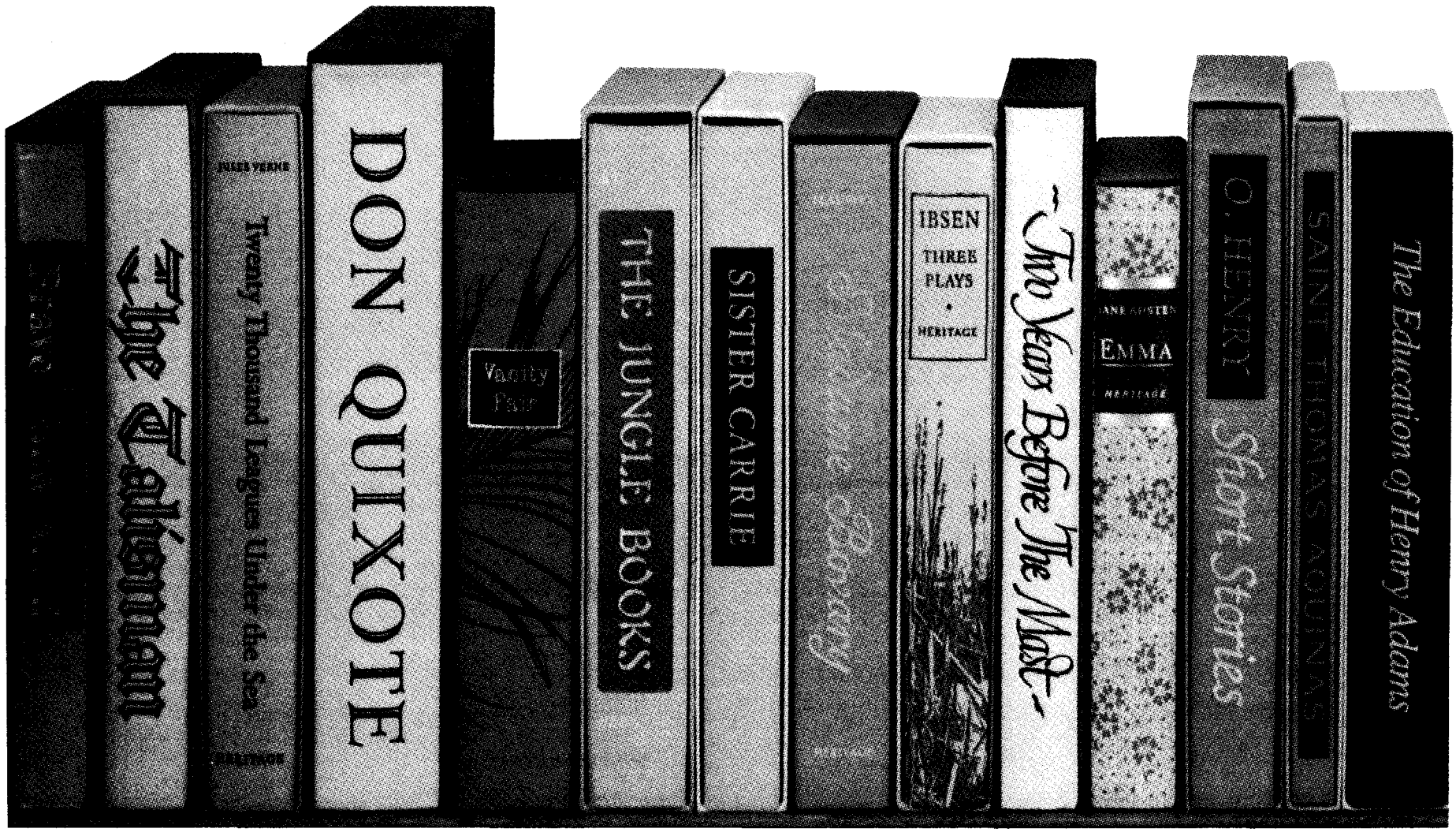

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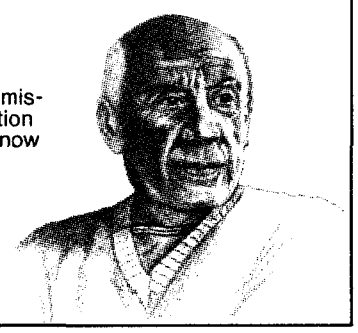

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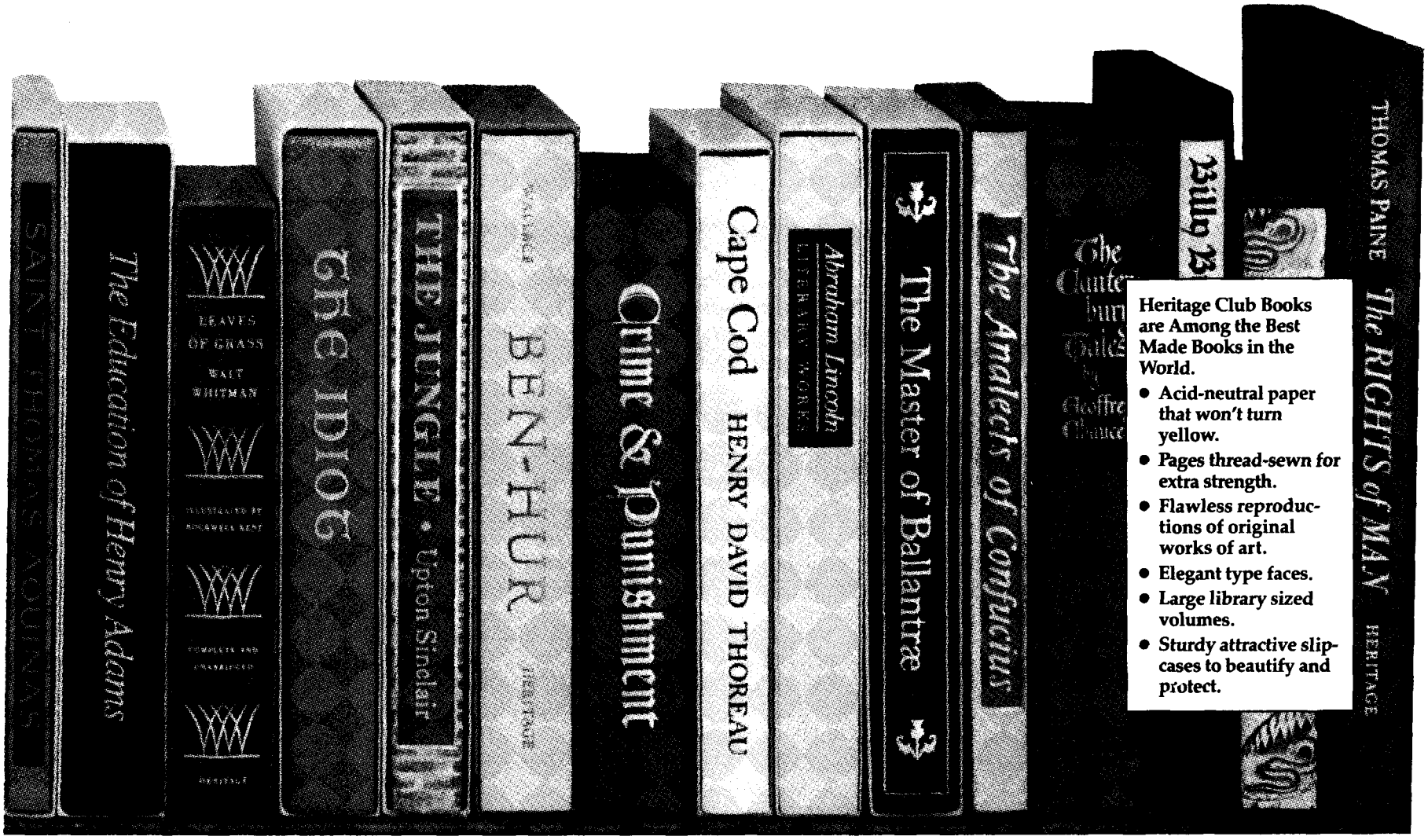

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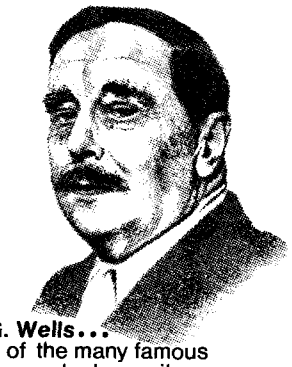

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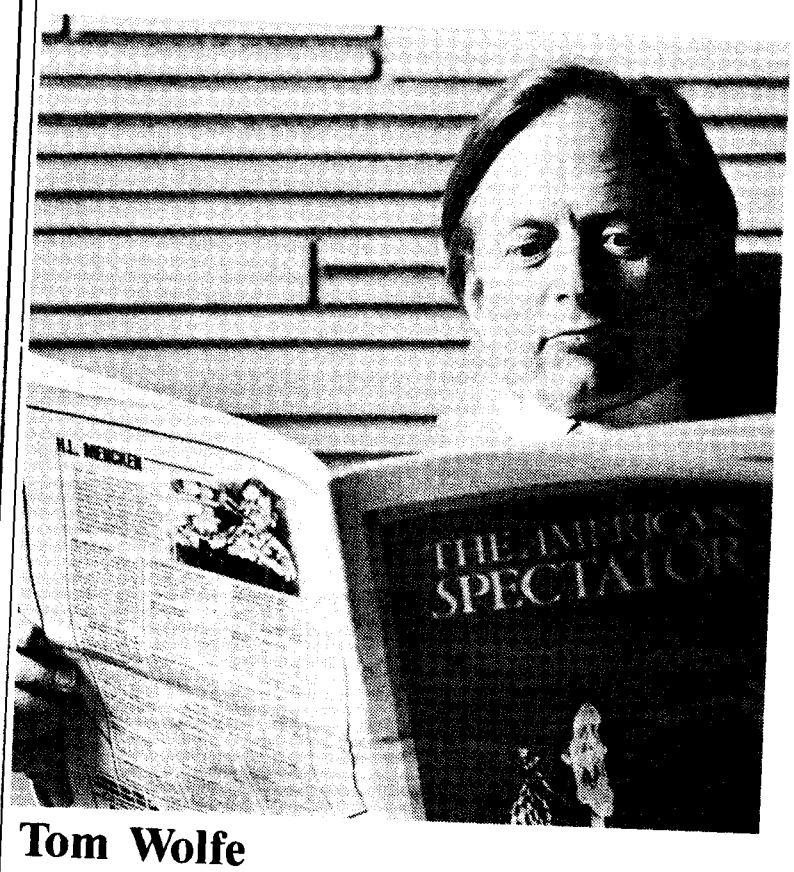

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•December passed, taking 1985 with it. For the liberals who reign so pompously over our culture it has been 365 days of anxiety, including even Martin Luther King, Jr. day. They have lost the common man, and even the common woman tires of their sniveling and their rodomontade. College students think them gaga. And every time they pick up a book or take in the arts they, if their brains function at all, feel vaguely repelled. What is this boring drivel? Who created this disgusting art, the Warhol, the fag sonnets, the irrational, the autistic, the insane? Alas, the liberals created it themselves. In politics they face Ronald Reagan. In art they face uniqueness and novelty recycled for the ten-millionth time. No wonder they are edgy; some are downright misogelastic.

•But was 1985 any better for the conservatives? They seem uneasy too. In the White House their political leader wavers and withdraws from them. He hires the stalwart Patrick J. Buchanan, cutting his salary by three quarters and then relegating him to a dark place. The conservative pols and intelligentsia proliferate, but there is little for them to do. An older generation passes quietly but hesitantly. A new generation judders forward. Yet it gives no indication that it has a galvanizing new idea, something distinctive and stimulating, something capable of soothing the dyspeptic liberal and offering hope. Perhaps it is time to take on the blithe claims of materialism and all the "pursuit of happiness" hooey. Its pursuit has grown desperately grim.

•December witnessed the departure of National Security Adviser Robert C. McFarlane from the White House. Thus the foreign policy adviser who rose without a trace departs without a trace, and by the end of the month rumor had it that our rotund Secretary of State might also be departing. He has grown noticeably petulant, and his December trip behind the Iron Curtain summoned visions of the architect of Peanut Politique. How many times did he have to declaim very politely, "This trip has been quite educational for me"?

•Christmas shopping emboldened the Commerce Department to estimate economic growth for the fourth quarter at 3.2 percent, though madcap protesters here and in the United Kingdom issued their customary complaints against unwholesome toys. Two toys arousing the wowsers' ire were the remarkable hamster-powered racing car and a thrilling skyscraper inhabited solely by ants. The racing car, called the "flaming hamster," is propelled by placing one's pet hamster on its tiny treadmill, prompting Mr. Mike Harely of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to admonish very politely that "The entire construction of this thing is horrendous. . . . There is no escape for the hamster until the child decides it's time to stop playing" or that it is time to replace the hamster with another house pet, say, a goldfish. Actually the ant skyscraper is very educational. Its instructions even inform children how to capture ants without bending the creatures' little limbs. Then the ants must be placed in the refrigerator—"This will quiet the ants down and enable you to drop them in the module without any fuss."

•Chivalry is dead or at least *malum prohibitum*. Early in the month the "Long Island Toe-Kisser" was arrested. Mr. Pierre Alossa, 23, a mechanic who is engaged to be married, has been charged with accosting Long Island maidens, falling to their ankles, and inquiring, very politely, "Can I kiss your toes?" Now he faces the hoosegow. Humanitarians will not be surprised to hear that police in our Nation's capital have found a common thread of humanity linking scores of murderers, burglars, muggers, rapists, and narcotics violators with all of us. The link is a ticket to the Redskins' game with the Cincinnati Bengals. Invitations from a bogus sports television station were sent to thousands of Washington-area fugitives, promising gratis tickets to those who would turn up at a pre-game brunch at the Washington Convention Center. There, attired in tuxedos and Indian headdresses, the cops awaited their quarry. One even disguised himself as a gigantic chicken. When ninety-eight of the felonious fans arrived drinks and dainties were served, after which the maitre d' enunciated, very politely, "We have one big surprise for you. You're all under arrest."

•In London, the House of Commons ground to a standstill when Mr. Edward Leigh's tooth popped out midway through one of his pro-government diatribes. Eliciting many larf-larfs and doubtless some lascivious fantasies, Mr. Leigh and the indispensable Sir Geoffrey Johnson Smith immediately went down on all fours in search of the fugacious tooth, but to no avail. In Washington, an even larger number of legislators went down on all fours to pass the Gramm-Rudman nostrum. They also passed a 1500-page "tax-simplification" bill that encountered a six-day delay after one of the honorable gentlemen actually read the monstrosity and noted its economic imbecility. Senator Edward Kennedy bowed out of presidential politics to pursue public service and the rise of another generation of Kennedys in politics, two distinctly contradictory objectives given the fact that one of the rising Kennedys is Joseph P. II, a rogue whose record in the classroom and on the road almost transcends the Senator's.

•In Nimes, France, Mr. Janel Daoud, a 29-year-old prisoner who attempted to give the prison system the finger, now wants it back. But a French court has decided that France can no more return M. Daoud's finger, which he amputated and mailed to officials in protest of prison conditions, than it can return Marie Antoinette's head, and she has been waiting far longer. In Davison, Michigan, Mr. John Richards was charged with attempted murder after the young victim of Rock Hudson's disease spit at four police officers. Mr. Richards became violent as the officers approached him at the scene of an automobile accident and, as county prosecutor Robert Weiss said, very politely, "started spitting on everybody, indicating he had AIDS and was going to kill everybody around." If convicted the assailant faces life imprisonment.

•Benefits continue to flow from the recent summit. In Moscow, the Soviet cultural newspaper, *Sovetskaya Kultura*, reversed earlier reports that AIDS is unknown in the Soviet Union and

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caused by Pentagon-inspired experiments. All references to the Pentagon have ended and the Soviets admit that the disease exists in the USSR. Though after using the Soviets' most quantitative methods, Professor Viktor Zhdanov of the Soviet Institute on Viruses has found that Soviet AIDS cases number "less than the fingers of two hands." Moscow police broke up a demonstration that could have turned ugly after about twenty-five young people gathered in the fashionable Lenin Hills to mark Beatle John Lennon's death. And Marxism may not be the hopelessly improvident system that the Chamber of Commerce's flacks claim. Last month, Poland's Academy of Social Sciences noted with conspicuous pride that Poland has the worst environmental pollution in the world. Twelve million Poles live on the "verge of ecological catastrophe." A conservative paradise!

•The infallible *New York Post* reports that the reason the Oxford Union cancelled its debate between this illustrious journal's editor and the Rev. Jesse Jackson was that the students planning the debate caught the Rev. trying to shake them down for the cost of five transatlantic fares, though he and his entourage of spongers were going to be in London anyway under the sponsorship of the Greater London Council and the Anti-Apartheid Movement. When the students discovered his scam, they rescinded their invitations, and the UK was denied the chance to witness a Twentieth Century equivalent of a Lincoln-Douglas debate—Lincoln being short, Douglas being inebriated and somewhat demented. Finally, in the December 14 *Spectator* of London Mr. Peregrine Worsthorne laments an "anti-American article of mine" that appeared in the October *American Spectator.* "Never before in my entire professional life has any article of mine provoked such personal abuse. . . . No, the American neo-conservatives seem to be in a class of their own when it comes to intellectual brawling." Yes, but how else is one to prevent the immanetizing of the eschaton, and Perry is not anti-American. —*RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Aid Killer

Owen Harries is surely correct when he insists that there really is a Third World ("A Conservative's Guide to the Third World," *TAS*, January 1986). It may also be that there is no simple way of defining it. But surely a definition should exclude *Second* World countries (aligned with the Soviet Union) such as Cuba.

Perhaps the best definition of the Third World was provided by P.T. Bauer (now Lord Bauer): those countries that receive U.S. foreign aid. By this criterion Singapore would be excluded, as I think it should be. Harries wants to include it, because it is an ex-colony, non-white, and non-aligned. I don't think that colonial or ex-colonial status is of the essence, although in fact most aid-recipient countries are ex-colonial. South Korea is a former colony of Japan, but I would not put it in the Third World. (And indeed it does not receive U.S. aid.) Nor do I believe that race should be thought of as contributing to a definition of the Third World. The Asian Rim countries are non-white and non-Third World.

For various reasons, receipt of U.S. aid does work quite well to define what one thinks of as the Third World. Recipient status ensures an attitude of resentment toward the donor (people don't like being treated as welfare cases, even if they do take the money), and it also ensures continued poverty (the aid itself distorts economic incentives, making it unlikely that recipient governments will change destructive policies).

Admittedly, Bauer's criterion is imperfect. If we accept it, Israel must be redefined as a Third World country. (By the same token Israel should be more wary of accepting American hand-outs.) So does Portugal. Spain and Italy also receive very small amounts of U.S. aid. Poland is another country that receives some U.S. aid, although not much. (Congress has earmarked $10 million in development assistance funds to provide support to the Catholic Church Foundation of Poland to carry out pilot agricultural projects, and the country in fiscal year 1986 receives $13.2 million in food assistance.) The Communist governments of Ethiopia and Angola also receive PL 480 Title II (food assistance), while the Soviet-controlled government of Mozambique is scheduled to receive $30 million of taxpayers' money in fiscal 1986.

In addition, there are some countries that are eligible for U.S. aid but decline to accept it ("too proud to accept," as the AID officials say). The most important are Mexico and Nigeria. One thinks of both as Third World countries. Furthermore Tanzania, which is practically the archetypal Third World country, now does not seem to be receiving U.S. aid, for reasons that are not clear to me (I am sure that they turned us down rather than vice versa). Still, it is interesting that one *does* think of Julius Nyerere's domain as quintessentially Third World, because that unhappy land has received, worldwide, perhaps more aid per capita than any other country in the past 25 years.

If we could only stop giving aid to Communist countries, Bauer's definition would work quite well. And if we stopped all U.S. aid, perhaps the Third World itself would dissolve into its component countries within a few years.

—Tom Bethell
Washington, D.C.

Special Correspondence Update

Your outraged correspondents committed a fatal error in their reaction to Peregrine Worsthorne's views about Europe and America—they took him seriously ("Peregrine Worsthorne Meets His Critics," *TAS*, December 1985). Mr. Worsthorne is not a profound political thinker, but a journalist who routinely makes a deliberate effort to be provocative. On this occasion he succeeded brilliantly.

Having read the Worsthorne columns in the *Sunday Telegraph* every week for many years, I am well aware of his technique. He deliberately takes a perverse approach to his subject in an attempt to come up with some novel and stimulating conclusions. About a third of the time these are very interesting and thought-provoking for conservatives. Another third are directly contrary to conservative beliefs and aspirations, (e.g., capitalism will never work in Britain because . . .), and the remaining third are so obviously wrong as to be not worth considering.

Mr. Worsthorne, therefore, is much like a paper dart. It is only rarely that he hits the right target, and is more likely to spike a friend in the eye.

Setting aside Peregrine Worsthorne, and those few other British conservatives who sometimes like to indulge a snobbish anti-Americanism, *American Spectator* readers can rest assured that the vast majority of British conservatives share much the same ideas, fears, and hopes as American conservatives. The latter would save themselves much anguish if they would treat the ruminations of Mr. Worsthorne in the same lighthearted manner as they were written.

—Peter Young
Adam Smith Institute
Washington, D.C.

German Guilt

It will be interesting to see how the *TAS* readership will respond, if at all, in subsequent issues to Franz M. Oppenheimer's article, "Treacherous Signposts: The Perils of Misreading Germany's Past" (*TAS*, November 1985). If there still remain pockets of doubt over the indictment of "collective national guilt," in this case, the guilt of Germany and the Germans over what transpired in the Hitler years of the 1930s and 40s, Oppenheimer's article should put such doubts to rest. His article was clear, rational, forceful, scholarly, and there can be no sound argument against his thesis. Only the specious, those driven by hate, and those politically motivated would disagree.

In one respect, the article need not have been written. Most people, the ordinary as well as the intellectual, have long since buried the concept of "collective national guilt" in the grave marked "Nonsense." Elie Wiesel, a man who justifiably has a stake in keeping the memory of the Holocaust alive "lest it happen again," expressively harbors no ill will against the Germans collectively. Of course, holocausts have happened again—and again—even to the present day, but that's another story. . . .

—Julius J. Fernbach
Elma, New York

Although I suspect that Mr. Oppenheimer will indeed suffer the collective wrath of Teutonophobes, his superb essay on modern German history deserved to be published. *TAS* should be commended for printing it. The correlation between anti-Germanism and pro-Soviet sentiment which Oppenheimer explores is real. I, too, as a historian, have noted it not only in such obvious cases as A.J.P. Taylor and William Shirer, but also in American history textbooks. The Stanford historian, David M. Kennedy, for example, heartily endorses American involvement in the First World War against "Prussian Militarism," but

(continued on page 54)

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EDITORIALS

RICH KIDS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Wherever one looks in this dynamic Republic one sees America's devotion to youth. The staid and austere American of yore has given way to the eternal kid, and nowhere is this exuberant juvenescence more apparent than on Capitol Hill. There, eminences whose predecessors were once wizened and glabrous as former Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn was wizened and glabrous, are today youthful, amazingly pulchritudinous, and more attentive than the late Elvis to hairdo or toupee.

Students of comparative politics agree that the United States Congress is the most good-looking collection of lawmakers on earth. Next to the drab fellows of the Supreme Soviet there is no comparison. Nor is there any comparison between our Congress and the Bundestag, Parliament, or the National Assembly of the suave French.

Not surprisingly, our boy legislators do not handle money very well, particularly taxpayers' money. That is what is so touching about their passage of the Gramm-Rudman bill. Here they have recognized their own profligacy and ineptitude in fiscal matters. They have admitted that ungoverned by legislation they might bankrupt the country, whatever that means. Thus they have tied their hands. If the fiscal 1987 deficit surpasses $144 billion, a preternatural process will trigger across the board cuts—uneconomic cuts, possibly, idiotic cuts, perhaps, but cuts. By the 1990s the budget will be balanced, all automatically!

Never before has a Congress demonstrated such self-awareness and humility. By voting for Gramm-Rudman each legislator cast himself in the role of the repentant alcoholic who of his own volition joins Alcoholics Anonymous. Yet are our lawmakers really ready to take the cure?

In the final weeks before voting for this piece of noble legislation, Congress also approved a Labor Department appropriation that was 12 percent above the President's budgetary request. Then there was a HUD and independent-agency appropriation that was 14 percent above the President's budget, and an Education Department appropriation that surpassed the President's request by 20 percent. There was a $20 billion water-project authorization, an opulent $498 billion omnibus spending act, and just days after imposing the Gramm-Rudman yoke upon themselves the Congress confected an old-fashioned agricultural bill stuffed with friendly funds.

Truth be known, on that not so far-off day next fall when promised economies begin to incommode legislators' clients, nothing will restrain this Congress from rendering Gramm-Rudman toothless. Even Speaker of the House Thomas P. O'Neill acknowledges as much. The same Congress that passed this resolution can rescind or denature it. As it demonstrated with its botch of tax simplification, this Congress cannot say no, not to extravagant tax deductions nor to spending.

Spending, it must be remembered, is the source of the deficit. Revenue went up nearly 10 percent last year, but spending climbed at 11 percent despite economic growth and low inflation. Between 1983-1984 indirect taxes paid by individuals increased 9.4 percent, government revenue rose to $5,536 per person, but per-capita outlays rose to $6,047. Notwithstanding the grumbling on Capitol Hill about Ronald Reagan's cold-hearted economies, federal spending has now climbed to nearly 25 percent of the gross national product—three points above the Carter Administration's record. Congress may have the best of intentions, but its actions belie its noble gestures. Despite having taken the pledge of frugality the boys continue spending, and it is unlikely that Gramm-Rudman will stop them. Were they sincere in their vow to balance the budget they would grant the President the line-item veto or the power to impound funds and have done with it.

What separates these prodigal sons from past Congresses is not compassion or their claims of political realism but morality. As James Buchanan, the distinguished economist, is given to observing, Victorian morality once inhibited our Congress from spending beyond its means and burdening future generations with the indulgences of the present generation. Today's Congress thinks purely of the present, and so next year the spending will continue apace but with a call for still more shortsighted expedients: for instance, higher taxes and military cuts.□

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

TEDDY WITHDRAWS

Of Senator Edward Kennedy's withdrawal from the presidential fray it can be said, and with ardor by fans of the great game of politics, that he will be missed. Unless, of course, he changes his mind. Kennedys and their handlers are allowed many dispensations, one of which is to be fickle. Eugene McCarthy discovered this in 1968. Others have too, for instance, that Machiavel now retired in Plains, Georgia. Kennedys in politics rarely cease to amuse. Sometimes the performance is suggestive of eagles soaring. Other times the performance and the bathos conjure up cuckoo birds. As to Teddy's present lard bucket of principles and policies, he offers only presumption and fatuity. He is devoting his energies, he tells us, to arms control and to the elimination of poverty.

The presumption here is to recite noble goals as though they were remedies, and as though any sensible person would oppose such goals. The fatuity is that the Senator has nothing new to say about arms control or poverty, and what he does say has been proved futile. Yet if Senator Kennedy's ideas are flyblown, tactically he remains shrewd. Upon withdrawing he declaimed, "The presidency is not my life. Public service is," and he lamented that his every good deed was being attributed to presidential ambitions rather than to public service, which in Kennedyese is a euphemism for moral superiority.

Actually, the Senator is in fine form. He recognizes that he probably can win the 1988 nomination at the Democratic convention, and this obviously makes him uneasy, as well it should. Any convention that might nominate the Kennedy of the present, that is to say a Kennedy gaudy with New Age liberal enthusiasms, would be hopelessly to the left of the 1988 electorate, barring unforeseen calamities.

Senator Kennedy now has a respite in which to make his calculations. If Republican conservatism brings us to some unhappy end, he can return to the fray with his usual utopian oratory. If moderation is in season and the Democratic moderates prove palatable to the party's surviving monomaniacs, he can come out as a moderate with idealism. Whatever he espouses, Kennedy will remain a potent force at the 1988 Democratic convention.

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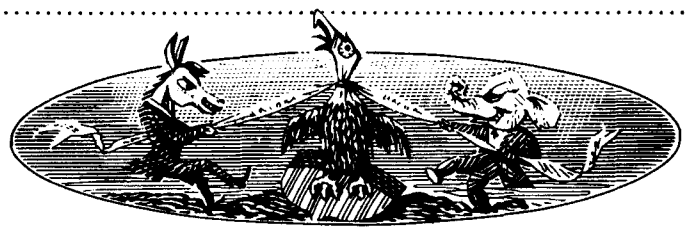
When the Senator alludes to the family's tradition of Jacobinism, he is being somewhat misleading. The radicalism goes back no further than to Robert Kennedy. John F. Kennedy always raised the suspicions of the left wing of his party, and Kennedy *pere* was an outspoken conservative and proud of it. Moreover, Robert Kennedy's shift to the left came only after Dallas. Before that he had been an aide to Senator Joseph McCarthy, and during New Frontier days he was an adamant hawk. Robert Kennedy did not begin to compare U.S. policy in Southeast Asia to Nazism until it appeared that flower power would be a force at the 1968 Democratic convention. Kennedys, I repeat, have a tendency to change their minds. With JFK and father Joe in the background, Senator Kennedy can transform his family tradition into progressive conservatism any time he chooses.

Whether he will want to in 1988 is a mystery. All depends on the extent to which radical environmentalists, consumerists, feminists, and other New Age liberals remain influential in deciding the Democratic candidate. Right now no one knows their strength or what they might do in 1988. My guess is that they will remain strong and steadfast in their monomanias.

Commentators noted that the Kennedy withdrawal was a boon to other prospective Democratic presidential candidates, a surprising number of whom appear quite moderate. Frankly, I would rather be in Senator Kennedy's shoes than in theirs. What good will the Democratic nomination do them if their moderation provokes the Messiah Jackson to bolt the party? And surely the nomination will be useless if the candidate is forced to keep the monomaniacs with him by adopting their burning issues. The fact is that Kennedy's withdrawal merely shows us what chaos the Democrats are in and how clever this Kennedy has become. He can always change his mind and, if 1988 demands it, his tune. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



SENATOR SIMPSON'S REWARD

by Tom Bethell

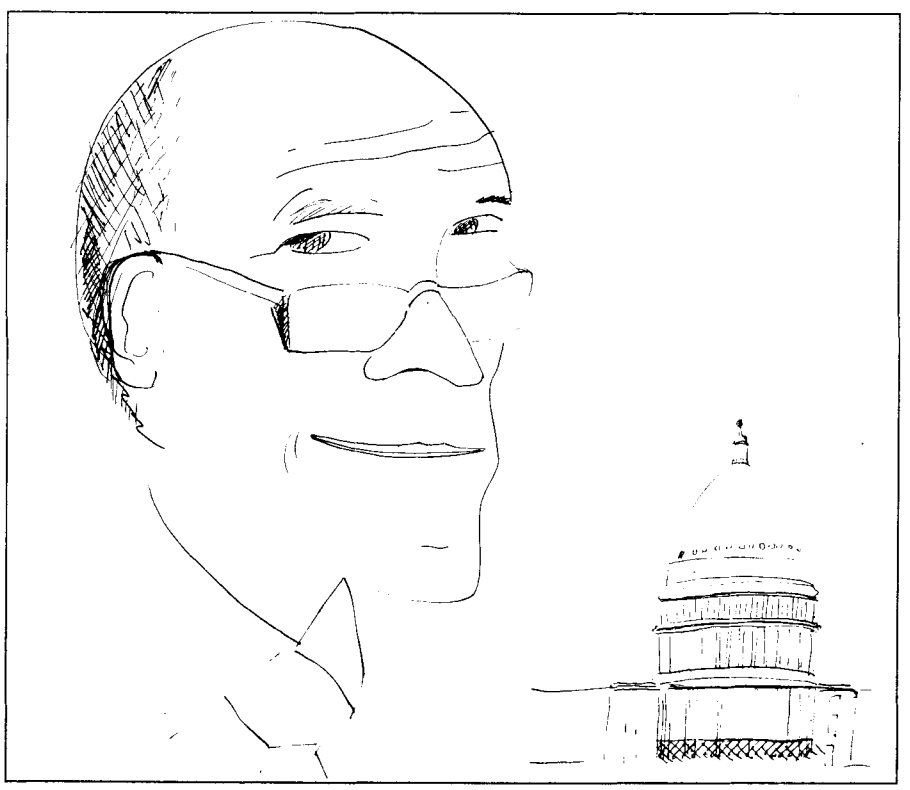
Ronald Reagan was a strong contender for the 1985 Strange New Respect Award, with his sudden enthusiasm for detente, and his shameful strategy of propitiating the Soviet Moloch with burnt offerings of Poseidon submarines, but in the end I decided to award the prize to Senator Alan Simpson, Republican from Wyoming and Senate majority whip. I am still hoping that his good friend Albert Hunt, the controversial Washington bureau chief of the *Wall Street Journal*, will be available to present the award to the statesman from Cody.

As *American Spectator* readers may know, the Strange New Respect Award is presented periodically to public officials who come to Washington with conservative reputations but once inside the Beltway succumb to flattery and fashion and acquiesce in the liberal agenda—if possible without alerting the folks back home. I believe the relevant phrase was first used by the *Washington Post* "Style" section, in an admiring profile of some turncoat, now forgotten, who was said to be viewed in Washington with a "strange new respect" in light of his abandoned campaign promises.

This year the prize goes to the junior senator from Wyoming, well known for his dogged support of immigration reform (curtailing the number of foreigners coming to this country), and less well known for his hostility to the right-to-life movement (curtailing the number of infants born in this country). Simpson won Additional New Respect when he appeared on nationwide television at the time of the Medvid Scandal (a blot on Reagan's record any way you look at it) and took an unsympathetic view of the seaman's plight (curtailing the number of Ukrainians coming into this country). This seems to suggest a "pattern of discrimination" on Simpson's part—against people. Appropriately enough, he comes from the state with the smallest population.

"Maybe he thinks the Wyoming space is necessary for the entire world," said a Senate aide who has kept a wary eye on Simpson.

Simpson, 54, was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1978 (with 62 percent of the vote, reelected in '84 with 78 percent), his father Milward Simpson having held the seat before him. He is known in Washington as a humorist, something of a wag in fact, and his greatest admirers call him Lincolnesque. He is tall and lean and engagingly self-deprecating about his bald old pate. Back on the ranch Simpson is ole crinkly eyes, squintin' amiably in the sunshine as he says the obligatory howdy in Laramie. But methinks he'd rather be in Georgetown. There he meets the people whose respect he really craves, even if they aren't his constituents.



The authors of the latest edition of the *Almanac of American Politics* make the following interesting comment: "Simpson, in Washington and in Wyoming, considers himself part of a secure majority and also part of the natural aristocracy that Thomas Jefferson saw would develop if egalitarian principles were given a decent chance."

How's that again about a natural aristocracy? Let's see now . . . maybe it should include the Cabots, the Harrimans, the Kennedys, the McNamaras, the Bundys, and the Simpsons. . . . (Please do not disturb with too much immigrant riff-raff and too many squalling babies.)

Occasionally interns on Capitol Hill meet with the senators, who talk about anything that strikes their fancy. One intern recalls the day (about 1983) that Simpson showed up. The youthful students of government-in-action were all set for some of that well-known humor when Simpson surprised everyone with a bitter attack first on those lobbying groups that focus on the right-to-life issue; and then on the right-to-life movement itself. Reproduction was a "private issue," etc. What the intern noticed was that Mr. Genial was far from genial on the subject of abortion rights. He was snarling.

"Simpson is peculiar," another

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Senate aide noted. "He likes the social life of the Washington cliff-dwellers, but his metaphors are often bloody: 'busting their guts' and so on."

Simpson also showed his temper on the Senate floor shortly before Christmas, 1982, when he dispensed with senatorial courtesy and lashed out at Jesse Helms of North Carolina, who was using normal parliamentary tactics to delay a vote on a gas tax increase:

> Seldom have I seen in my legislative experience of 17 years or more a more obdurate and obnoxious performance. I guess it is called hardball. In my neck of the woods we call it stickball. Children play it. It seems the whole issue of the Senator's tenure, as I have observed it in my short term, seems to be "How is it playing in North Carolina as to peanuts, tobacco and family hog farms?" Let them know in North Carolina that the next time those issues come before this body and are presented to us, there will likely be a veritable phalanx of opposition which will likely be most demeaning and disturbing to the Senator's constituency.

Not that the people of Wyoming wanted a gas tax increase. But the people of Georgetown sure did. They also want immigration reform.

In spending so much time on the immigration issue, Simpson is usually given credit for altruism, it being conceded that his crusade wins him few votes in Wyoming. By the same token, however, he is free to pursue a hobby-horse without constituency pressure.

The theory is that we are currently suffering from an immigration "crisis"—too many immigrants, in case you were wondering. (A good case can be made that we don't have enough.) In order to solve this alleged problem, Simpson has labored mightily all through the 1980s to pass a reform bill. The Senate has passed the bill three times, most recently in September 1985, by a vote of 69-30. It's worth noting the home states of some of those 30 nay-sayers: Bingaman and Domenici (N.M.); DeConcini and Goldwater (Ariz.); Cranston (Calif.) and Gramm (Texas). Sens. Pete Wilson and Lloyd Bentsen did vote for it, the former only after a guest-worker provision was added for California farmers—a provision that Simpson opposed.

What is this crisis that six out of eight senators from the border region most heavily affected vote against a bill to alleviate it? A pseudo-crisis, I submit: one that has been hoked up by the special interests.

The immigration-crisis constituency seems to consist of five groups: trade union leaders (understandably), some conservatives of the reactionary persuasion (who believe at bottom that America should be Anglo-Saxon), environmentalists and no-growthers (the anti-people people), Inside-the-Beltway statists (who think of the U.S. workforce much as an enlarged prison work party: it should be "under control" at all times); and a mysterious quorum of editorial writers.

Absent from the latter group has been the *Wall Street Journal* (editorial page). This so disturbs Simpson that in October he sent a table-pounding, what-the-hell-is-going-on letter to the editor. His diatribe ended with the strange observation that if nothing is done about immigration "public pressure [read: Inside-the-Beltway pressure] will require ever more budgetary assistance to the Immigration Service and to the Border Patrol. There will be more raids on employers; more 'sweeps,' more 'Operation Jobs' and similar enforcement activities—and finally U.S. employers will be so damned tired of being raided and harassed that they may well resignedly say, 'I've got this baby figured out. I'll never hire another guy again who looks foreign!' "

As though senators are to be thought of as mere pawns in the hands of "public pressure." If Simpson correctly describes the problem here he should

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call up the Immigration Service right away and tell them to stop "harassing" people.

Roger Conner of the Federation for American Immigration Reform tells me that the bill could come up for a House vote in March or April. This year the proposed legislation is more appealing to conservatives, because its amnesty provision (for illegal aliens who have lived here continuously since January 1980, or perhaps January 1982) will be delayed until a presidential commission certifies that employer sanctions and border enforcement have actually curtailed illegal immigration. In 1984, Conner said, liberals in the House insisted on an amnesty provision before lending their support, got what they wanted, and many of them still voted against the measure. The new, tougher line is supposed to attract conservatives who have in the past voted against immigration reform because the amnesty provision was too generous. The new legislation also endorses the conservative argument that we should "regain control of our borders." Appropriations for the Immigration Service (of which the U.S. Border Patrol is a part) would be increased.

What is this evidence that we have an immigration crisis on our hands? They used to tell us that there were 12 million illegal aliens in the United States. In 1978 the Census Bureau revised the number from 3.5 million to 6 million. Now we have a new Census Bureau report, concluding: "The available analytic studies of the undocumented alien population suggest rather strongly that this population is significantly smaller than the conjectural estimates which have received wide publicity. Research by the Census Bureau and other analysts point very strongly to a range of 2 to 4 million undocumented alien settlers in the U.S. in 1980."

In addition: A Rand Corporation study of Mexican immigration to California "suggests that Mexican immigration may actually have stimulated manufacturing employment by keeping wages competitive," that "immigrants' contributions in the form of taxes exceed the cost of providing public services that they use," and that "fewer than 5 percent of the state's Mexican immigrants were receiving some form of public assistance compared to 12 percent of all adults statewide." An Urban Institute study has found that in Southern California "there appears to be relatively little direct competition between Mexican immigrants and native blacks for the same jobs."

In sharp contrast, we have growing signs of what may soon be a labor shortage. In the Washington suburbs at least it's hard to find a retail or fast-food outlet without its accompanying "Help Wanted" sign. The government regulation of employment particularly tends to obstruct those seeking to occupy the lower rungs of the economic ladder. Yet immigrants are often sufficiently motivated to climb onto those rungs notwithstanding government obstruction. Without a steady infusion of immigrants, the economy most likely would be in serious straits by now.

It's time to stand up and say boo to Simpson and his immigration-reform cronies. Forty-seven of them sent a "strongly worded telegram" to the Senate recently, urging passage of the legislation. Here are some of the signers: Governor Lamm of Colorado (well-known anti-people advocate), Rev. Theodore Hesburgh (was there ever a petition he didn't sign?), Robert McNamara (maintaining his perfect record: wrong on every issue he ever backed), Theodore White (oh dear, should know better), Sidney Hook (ditto), John V. Lindsay (who he?), Cyrus Vance, Gen. Maxwell Taylor, William Colby, Warren Buffett (investment wiz), Griffin Bell, William French Smith, Shirley Temple Black, Charlton Heston (say it isn't so), Paul Ehrlich (he of the population bomb), and good old Jerry Ford. □

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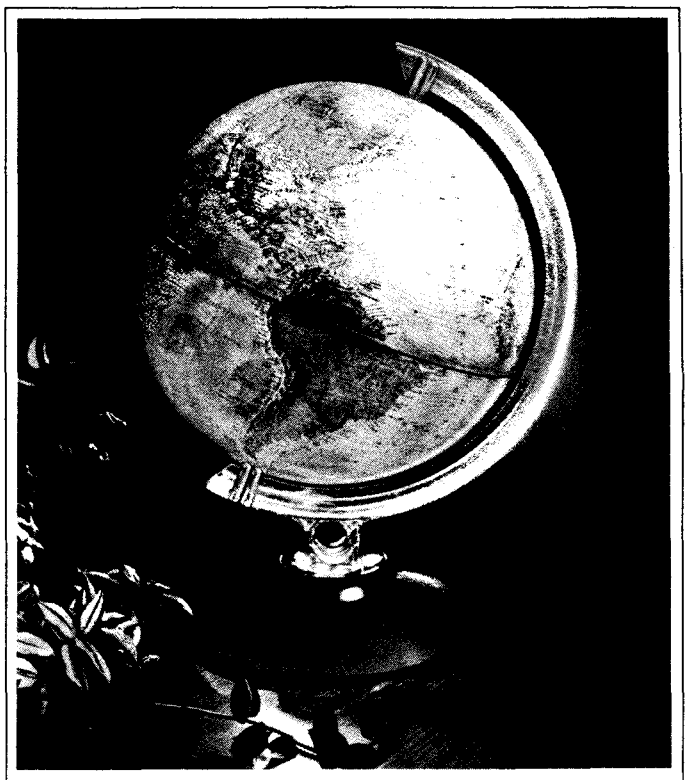

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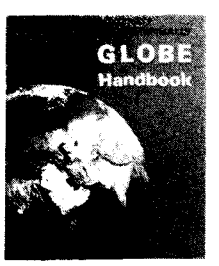

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Gregory A. Fossedal

THE SECOND WAR ON POVERTY

Up from Murrayism.

"No," the Congressman advised, "the tax bill should come second." James Baker shot an intrigued glance. "We need to do something about poverty first. You lead with that and everything else falls into place." This suggestion, believe it or not, was given by Jack Kemp to Ronald Reagan at a meeting in January 1981. In fact, Kemp aides say, he repeated the comment several times to the President and his top staff during the transition.

Kemp wasn't exactly being selfless in suggesting his own modified tax plan be moved down to second place. He had ideas about a "poverty program," too—centered on another Kemp bill, this one calling for special "enterprise zones." And he was convinced that if the Republicans led with poverty, they would sweep away the last remaining doubts about the Reagan economic program as an effort to stroke the rich. The tax cut, deregulation, monetary reform, and other items on the conservative agenda would be rammed through a stunned 100-day Congress initially disarmed of The Fairness Issue.

In the event, Kemp's idea did not catch on. In fact, for the uneasy tag team that became Reaganomics, the lead punch was an uppercut to the federal budget. The first Reaganite to hit the magazine covers was David Stockman, whose assault on spending in 1981 achieved a $40 billion reduction, mostly in social programs. "Fairness" became a major issue, with enterprise zones and similar ideas serving as a kind of defense against it—allowing Reagan to demand, as Richard Daley used to, "Where are 'dere programs? Where are 'dere solutions?" But the old Daley line was a handy defense, nothing more.

Since 1981 Kemp has lobbied with the White House to encourage a flurry of similar proposals. Adviser Merrick Carey calls it a "second war on poverty," but without Reagan's interest, it has been a war without a cannon. There is Kemp-Garcia: the now well-known enterprise zone concept to shower tax cuts, regulation relief, and capital start-up grants on urban and rural slums. And Kemp-Symms, a "new homestead act" to sell public housing to responsible tenants, using low-interest, nothing-down loans. And Kemp-Kasten, among whose features was the biggest tax break for the poor among the Big Three tax reform proposals (the other two being Bradley-Gephardt and Reagan-Rostenkowski).

Today, however, there is a new factor. Kemp has competition. Congressional Democrats, forced to spend much of 1981 and 1982 simply defending what poverty programs were there, have charged energetically into the fray. Gary Hart, who often seems to be the last progressive Democrat in America, offers individual accounts to make job retraining easier and grants to spur entrepreneurship. The accounts would allow workers to sock away money tax-free and use it later to train for new jobs. Hart and colleague Bill Bradley also support broad economic growth initiatives, such as a new Bretton Woods conference to stabilize international exchange values and reduce interest rates. Richard Gephardt proposes handing out unemployment benefits, European-style, in a lump sum—allowing workers to retrain fast, or start up a business, rather than drift for months without sufficient cash, strung along until unemployment runs out and the final choice is the dole. And as the Reagan tax reform seemed ready to flounder in November, some Democrats began talking about an effort to salvage at least one key provision in 1986: dropping families in poverty off the tax rolls completely. Studies by the Ways and Means Committee and even the Congressional Black Caucus laid the groundwork, praising the Reagan and Kemp bills. These efforts were important in keeping tax reform alive into December.

Meanwhile, think tanks are scrambling for the new-ideas high ground. "To judge by the recent proliferation of think tanks," Robert Kuttner writes in the *New Republic*, "the Democratic Party is ablaze with thought." Much of the effort is aimed not at defending old programs but at improving them and devising new ones. "We don't want to spend all our energies just defending Aid to Families with Dependent Children," a Kennedy staffer told me. "We want to give it a few siblings."

At the same time, the right has moved quickly to consolidate the turf it gained from Charles Murray's *Losing Ground*, and is devising poverty solutions faster than Kemp can draw up bills. From his base at the American Enterprise Institute, Michael Novak is hawking an idea to reconcile welfare with The Family. The Ethics and Public Policy Center has set up a two-year study program to try and haul the debate forward, entitling its first seminar "Gaining Ground." Stuart Butler at the Heritage Foundation continues to sell privatization solutions.

This competition, long overdue, comes at a strange point in the poverty debate. It is, in some ways, the worst of times for such ideas. And yet, it may also be the best of times.

Let's start with the worst. And the worst of the worst is political and intellectual gridlock over the past, a debate that has become, as Meg Greenfield put it, "Charles Murrayed." Murray's book did not cause this pile-up over the merits of the Great Society program, but it has added bodies to the confusion. Whoever one thinks is winning or losing this debate, the point is, this has been the debate—a rhubarb

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over past results and who to blame rather than a reasoned discussion of present and future solutions.

Adding to this gridlock has been the confusion of the Democratic party. While Democrats were fighting doggedly behind the fixed fortifications of the Great Society, they left Kemp to steal the initiative, at least in appearance. And while fending off Murray's ideas and Reagan's cuts, Democrats gained a new issue: the deficit.

One can applaud or decry this development. It has certainly caused great agony for Reagan, heightening the conflict between Republican budget balancers and supply-siders. "We are winning on the deficit issue," Democratic Congressman Tony Coelho exults, and he is probably right. But the price has been high. Even if dealing with the deficit does not necessarily require further cuts in social welfare—and most Democrats and nearly all Republicans believe, wrongly in my estimation, that it does—the maniacal focus on them has made it difficult to discuss almost any other proposal, even helping the poor.

And yet, on the best-of-times side, there is a growing economy. This makes it easier to talk about helping the poor, as Walter Mondale recognized during his presidential campaign: "People just aren't going to be as generous when the pie is shrinking." Growth makes helping the poor more feasible not only politically, but also economically. With fewer unemployed, there are fewer people to help, more money to help them with, and fewer other struggling actors to bribe into the bargain. In a growing economy, programs to lift the unemployed can be concentrated on the unemployed—and need not be spread all over the map to gain support. There is less need to include the upper and even the middle class in poverty programs, such as Social Security. Or to turn them into corporate welfare bribes, à la many housing and health plans.

With growth, as Robert Kuttner argues, "the economic illusion"—that helping the poor can only be achieved by dragging down the rich—evaporates. Redistribution becomes a mild, Keynesian bargain to expand the economy by helping those most in need of help—a positive sum game.

Despite the growth, though, there is poverty. There is poverty at near-record levels, in fact. Growth, then, may be a necessary condition for full employment, but clearly it is not a sufficient one. This datum, and similar events of the last few years, have helped forge a new understanding—or maybe it is Joseph Schumpeter's old understanding—of the nature of capitalism itself, shared by writers as diverse as Irving Kristol, Michael Kinsley, George Gilder, and Robert Heilbroner. And that is that capitalism, far from being a naturally static system that must be infused with vitality, is naturally dynamic. But this dynamism rapidly generates not only winners but losers: farmers in the Great Depression; auto workers in the 1970s; textile makers today. Capitalism, unless bogged down in neofascist, corporate-union-state planning, is not a gentle game of croquet. It is a rugby or hockey game, with blazing action and lots of blood.

Government is needed not to inject change into this system or "get the country moving," but to keep the fights from getting out of hand, to cushion against the rapid and haphazard changes inherent in capitalism and growth.

Underlining this view as it applies to poverty are the findings of such path-breaking researchers as Greg Duncan of the University of Michigan. Duncan's findings,[1] analyzed by Mark Lilla in the *Public Interest*, throw great doubt on the utility of old-fashioned income distribution figures. The typical "maldistribution" chart simply shows what the poorest one-fifth of all Americans made in a given year as against the richest one-fifth. "In 1982, the richest 20 percent of Americans received more income than the bottom 70 percent combined," the Catholic bishops argued in their pastoral first-draft. The numbers, moreover, have changed little since the 1950s, suggesting that the poor are no better off.

By surveying a fixed group of families over a ten-year period however, Duncan found that this superficial stasis masks deep, volcanic changes in the distribution of wealth. While the income going to the "top" and "bottom" 20 percent changes little, he found, there is significant turnover in the people who make up those categories. From 1971 to 1978, for example, one out of four families moved up or down by two or more quintiles—say, from bottom fifth to middle fifth, or from second fifth to fourth fifth. Almost half moved by at least one quintile, while only 40 percent stayed the same. During this period, the number of families persistently dependent on welfare was less than 3 percent.

Duncan's findings are seized on by some to show the poverty problem has been overstated. Yet the same figures also show that the Great Society isn't as bad as some claim—otherwise why don't all these people become corrupted once they're on welfare? Most people, according to Duncan, move quickly into and then out of support programs. The safety net for them truly is a net, breaking their fall and then allowing them to get up, rather than a kind of sinister spider web that ensnares all victims.

Perhaps the argument to be made for the Novak program is not that it *would* work but that it *might*.

And finally, as a factor improving the hope for new poverty initiatives, there is the fact of Kemp and a like-minded brigade of politicians and think tankers: neoconservative intellectuals such as Novak and Leslie Lenkowsky, and politicians such as Robert Dole, a long-time supporter of food stamps and other nutrition programs. These people may share many of Charles Murray's complaints with the present welfare state. Yet they have no desire to tear it down. Instead, they want to improve the system on the margin, leaving intact the basic Rooseveltian premise that government has a responsibility toward the poor.

For years, their attempts at reform were dismissed as disingenuous. Recall the fury over Reagan's proposal to tinker with AFDC by modestly raising the eligibility standards, so that families making well above a poverty-level income would lose benefits. Now this is arguably a bad idea, undermining incentives to work for the near-poor. It is hardly Armageddon. Liberals, in effect, took the Caspar Weinberger position: Anyone who wants to cut a million here or modify a system there must be out to wreck the whole program. Today, by contrast, most poverty initiatives are cosponsored deals, and win broad support from both parties.

All of which leaves us nowhere to go but up—up from Murrayism. Up from debating whether cost-of-living adjustments should be snipped or AFDC eliminated. Up from "cutting the knot" and back to loosening it. Murray himself probably deserves much of the credit for burying Murrayism. He wrote the definitive conservative critique of welfare, claiming the poor would be better off if all the programs were scrapped. Yet even this courageous author now concedes that's implausible, and talks simply of trimming some excesses and making welfare consistent with the family. And, whatever one year of Murrayism has not made clear has certainly been demonstrated by five years of Reaganism: Social welfare, in some form, is here to stay. The debate now should be, and increasingly will be, about how to improve the government's efforts to help the poor, not how to scuttle those efforts.

Many reform proposals start with adjustments to present social programs. Here the contest is to make the welfare system, including programs like AFDC and food stamps, amenable to the family. Just about everyone agrees on the goal. Michael Novak suggests "programs which *empower* [the poor] but do not generate *dependency*." Former Census Bureau director and Reagan policy adviser Bruce Chapman calls it "fairness for families." Pat Moynihan suggests a policy directed to the "quality and stability of American family life." Moynihan originally made that statement in 1965, but he reaffirmed it in his 1985 Godkin lectures.

The rub, of course, is how. The idea of helping families through welfare is precisely what welfare reformers have argued is a contradiction: "the illusion," as Gilder calls it, of a welfare system that simultaneously helps the needy, sets up the correct incentives, and operates at low cost. To enhance incentives, you have to extend benefits to the non-poor or near-poor—or they may find that they are better off not working. But this is horribly expensive. So, you can make the system more efficient, erecting means tests and other waste-and-fraud checks to have aid reach only the "truly needy." But this creates disincentives to work and form families. Either activity threatens your eligibility for benefits, benefits that may be higher than a job paying $7 an hour.

One way to soften the inefficiency of current programs without worsening incentives is to centralize the programs but decentralize their administration. Hence some reformers suggest consolidating the present patchwork of separate programs for health, housing, food, and education into a coherent income support system, so that the same amount of money will go farther. After all, as Novak notes, we already spend four times the amount needed to lift every poor family out of poverty. No enterprise is perfectly efficient, of course, but 25 percent seems like a low rate of efficiency, and in fact is low compared to the result Europe gets for its income assistance dollar.

More important, however, is

[1]See Greg J. Duncan et al., *Years of Poverty, Years of Plenty* (University of Michigan, 1984).

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Novak's proposal to have some or all of the money handed out by local governments, private charities, and churches. This might be a workable compromise with the demand that means testing be preserved in some form, to prevent money from being showered on the non-poor, yet at the same time applied with less pettiness—means testing, in other words, that is not so mean. People are more likely to understand the needs of those from their own neighborhood, even the same church, than is the federal or state welfare bureaucrat charged with applying mechanistic rules-of-thumb to complete strangers. Doubters should compare the atmosphere at, say, an urban YMCA, or one of Mother Teresa's soup lines in Harlem, with that in a state welfare agency, even in a middle-class suburb.

Ideally, assistance would be channeled through programs and institutions that already serve the middle and even upper class. Poverty will be just another in a series of the problems they already deal with, like alcoholism or teenage pregnancy, something that carries no particular class or moral stench. This would give U.S. social welfare one of the advantages of the European system, which Kuttner praises as more integrative, giving the poor "the dignity of being associated with the middle class."

And private and local administration of programs might be not just kinder, but more flexible. It is awfully hard to draw up a regulation from Washington, D.C. that will cover all cases, and even harder to make an exception. Either mothers are going to be required to work or they aren't. Either they will lose benefits if they have an unmarried man in the house or they won't. Either drug addicts must seek help or they need not. The state lacks the critical power of suggestion that a local official or neighbor or clergyman can have. Its power is limited, paradoxically, by the fact that it can only issue orders. By contrast, a priest can suggest that an alcoholic getting support from the church also get counseling. The head of a local government charity can keep her eye on job openings that might suit an out-of-work electrician. And so on.

This flexibility might seem of marginal importance. Yet it could be essential—particularly in light of our current, more sophisticated understanding of poverty.

The right has moved quickly to consolidate the turf it gained from *Losing Ground*.

Today experts view poverty, correctly, not as a problem but as a series of "different problems," as Leslie Lenkowsky, now of the Institute for Educational Affairs, writes. Some people understood this twenty years ago, but, as Moynihan notes in the Godkin lectures, few stressed it. Thus we have programs designed to deal with "poverty," instead of different kinds of poor people and their myriad needs, handicaps—and advantages. There are the fixed-income elderly, who, Moynihan observes, have largely escaped poverty. Helping those who nevertheless fall through the Social Security cracks will take one kind of initiative. There are displaced homemakers and wives, many of them mature, middle-class women—suddenly deprived of support, with job skills rusted, not used to meeting financial and emotional needs on their own. We have the hard-core, urban poor—some working at low wages, some not working; some black mothers, some white fathers; some in intact families, some in broken homes. We have immigrants from Mexico, most with little education. We have immigrants from Asia, with lots of education. And so on.

It would be as silly to deal with these problems through identical methods as it would be to try to design a national bridge usable over all rivers. Or, as Novak puts it, "Perhaps one cannot solve the *whole* problem of poverty." At this point, some progress in the general direction would be welcome.

It is not hard to envision the objections Novak is likely to face. For one thing, giving local and even private organizations discretion might be thought a dangerous thing. The first image that comes to mind is of, say, Boss Hogg, cruelly turning away deserving blacks while lining his pockets with money. Yet any number of programs operate with such discretion. Planned Parenthood, for example. Or Project Head Start, which Moynihan praises in the Godkin lectures as a program "that conservatives might very well have hoped for." Moynihan notes:

> Head Start was . . . disorganized and decentralized. Excellent. As an educational process it had the advantage of not being compulsory. First rate. As an institution, a network of more or less autonomous institutions, it was in constant jeopardy. As a result, morale was high, and a great deal of work was done by volunteers. There was no stigma of welfare about Head Start centers, and even though the state had created them they were something more than a creation of the state. And so conservatives learn, perhaps more readily, to value whatever it is that reinforces the elemental ties of family and neighborhood.[2]

On the flip side, one might argue that merely handing out money through different institutions would have little effect. This is probably the weaker objection. In fact, it is hard to imagine who could make it today. Kuttner, for example, attributes much of the effectiveness of European social programs to the attitudes and institutions which surround them. Well then, how can one object to the same amount of aid, and maybe even more aid, but handed out differently?

Charles Murray, on the other hand, praises the system of private and local charity that would spring up in the absence of the welfare state. Yet this creates a problem for his own model: "Why, if federal social transfers are treacherous," as Murray himself puts it, "should locally mandated transfers be less so?" The answer, Murray says, is that a localized system "allows fine-grained judgments based on personal knowledge . . . about specific people and changing situations."

Perhaps the argument to be made for the Novak program is not that it *would* work but that it *might*. "We know much more in the 1980s than we knew in the 1960s about what does not work," Murray writes. "We have a lot to learn about what does work." Some open-minded experimentation might be in order.

Most of the new poverty programs under discussion involve a similar microeconomic approach. Ted Kennedy's leading initiative is no longer national health insurance but a proposal he is polishing to improve nutrition programs for the young. The programs suggested by the young turk innovators, Democrat and Republican, would do their work mostly on the margin of the existing safety net, trying to make the transition to new work a bit easier (Gephardt) or retraining more affordable (Hart) or neighborhoods somewhat more livable (Kemp).

Those programs, interestingly, are already the product of some experimentation. Enterprise zones, for example, are at work in Great Britain and in nearly two-dozen states. The results suggest what was probably obvious from the start: Enterprise zones are not going to achieve dramatic reductions in U.S. poverty nationwide or even in the zones themselves, but they can bring some jobs and help many areas rebuild on the margin. A 1984 study of state enterprise zones by Dick Cowden and Gerald Bonetto, sponsored by the Sabre Foundation, found that some 180 state-established zones had saved or created more than 20,000 jobs in desolate urban areas and were "instrumental" in stimulating $450 million in new construction.

Figures on job creation and the like admittedly merit skepticism. How do we know a job was really "created" as a result of the zone? How many jobs are simply moved from another area to escape taxation? Are enterprise zones not just another form of corporate welfare or tax bribery, a growth strategy pursued with stunningly little success by states and by much of Europe for the last twenty years?

Cowden and Bonetto studied these composition issues as well, with interesting findings. After extensive surveying and cross-checking, they found that only 1 percent of activity in

[2]From Moynihan's Godkin lectures. See also "The Charmed Kids of Head Start," by Peter Skerry, *The Public Interest*, Fall 1983.

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the zones involved outright relocation. About 26 percent of business expansion was carried out by marginal businesses that were about to leave, and 46 percent represented new business start-ups. These phenomena are synergistic. Picture, for example, a factory that is about to shut down on the South Side of Chicago. Instead of shutting down, it remains and actually hires new workers. These workers eat lunch at a struggling restaurant, Lisa's Diner, across the street—in fact, Lisa hires two more waitresses and adds a pinball game room for workers on their coffee break. A gas station that went broke and has been sitting vacant suddenly finds a buyer—who remodels, and puts in self-service pumps to gas up the workers who before had to go twenty-five blocks to get late-night service. Crime goes down, encouraging an unemployed black woman to start up a 24-hour convenience mart, the only place where men on the late shift can buy a sandwich. And so on.

In other words, even if there is some degree of corporate welfare on the part of the original business—a good example being Spiegel Inc.'s $20 million renovation project in a Chicago enterprise zone—so what? Many existing poverty programs have rather large corporate welfare components as well, yet do not markedly reduce poverty or dependency.

If we are worried about tax dodging, the thing to do is reduce corporate breaks across the board and create the zones; then at least such corporate welfare as exists will be directed toward the reduction of poverty. The spillover benefits of enterprise zones, as suggested by the Cowden-Bonetto study, appear to be large, a kind of geographical version of the old Keynesian multiplier effect. The zones, they report, "may even have more favorable fiscal consequences than originally projected." Many zones, despite involving large tax breaks, become rapidly self-financing.

So might a selloff of public housing to its responsible tenants, the object of Kemp's "homesteading." Where individual sale is not feasible, a second provision of the Kemp-Symms bill would allow tenants to apply for permission to run their own apartment complex as an association. Not only do the poor gain property, a chance to join the ownership class, but they gain greater freedom to control their own lives.

The new homesteading idea has obvious conceptual appeal, particularly for conservatives. It is American, paralleling the successful homesteading policies of the 1800s. It is a positive sum game: Selling housing to the poor relieves the government of its landlord burden and usually increases the property's value, since owners tend to take better care of a home than do renters.

The American Enterprise Institute, for example, studied the effects of an experiment with tenant management at the Kenilworth-Parkside Resident Management Corporation in Washington, D.C. "The tenant group far exceeded the performance of the other groups," the study reports. Under self-management, the property's safety ratings improved, rental income doubled, crime was reduced by 70 percent, and even welfare dependency decreased. A belief in the benefits of broad property ownership is a long-standing structure on the conservative landscape, going back to the *Reflections*, where Burke wrote that the property holder is likely to be "in a considerable degree more laborious, more virtuous, [and] more sober." This doctrine, though controversial, is reflected pervasively, in things like automobile insurance rates and personal finance loans.

Then we come to Gary Hart's retraining proposal, and the related idea of vouchers—which might be given to those with too little income to benefit from a tax shelter. Hart would also, under the Self-Employment Opportunity Act, conduct a five-to-ten state experiment that would allow unemployment recipients to engage in some self-employment activities without sacrificing their eligibility for support. Workers could experiment with new jobs, or start up a small business, without endless harassment from bureaucrats or even a loss of payments.

Training and entrepreneurship are solutions to the problem discussed above: the dynamism of capitalism. They fight unemployment not by holding down growth, but by giving people the flexibility to adapt. The whole economy has a clear interest in worker education, flexible labor markets, and worker mobility. One could argue the same applies to straight welfare programs. To the extent that welfare provides at least some subsidy to non-work, however, its beneficial effects are undermined.

There is a tendency to belittle the relevance of entrepreneurship to people living in Harlem. What good is the opportunity to start a business to someone with little or no capital and perhaps not even a high school degree? The answer is that such opportunity is crucial to the hard-core poor, who tend to be uncredentialed and unfinanced. Most small businesses are started with little capital, less than $500 on average. The opportunity to start one is especially important to those who have short resumés but lots of drive, or who face racial discrimination but are willing to battle it with initiative and risk. Entrepreneurship, Hart notes, is a main road out of poverty. Think about past immigrant groups making their way up the ladder: the Jewish store or Greek restaurant, the German or Norwegian craftsman, and today's Asian and Hispanic immigrants, who man a honeycomb of small businesses from Silicon Valley to New York and Washington, D.C.

Thus, from 1972 to 1982, entrepreneurship was a leading instrument of minority advancement. In that decade, the number of self-employed non-white workers grew from 332,000 to 474,000, an increase of 42 percent. White self-employment grew by only 35 percent. Since 1983, small businesses have been starting up at record rates.

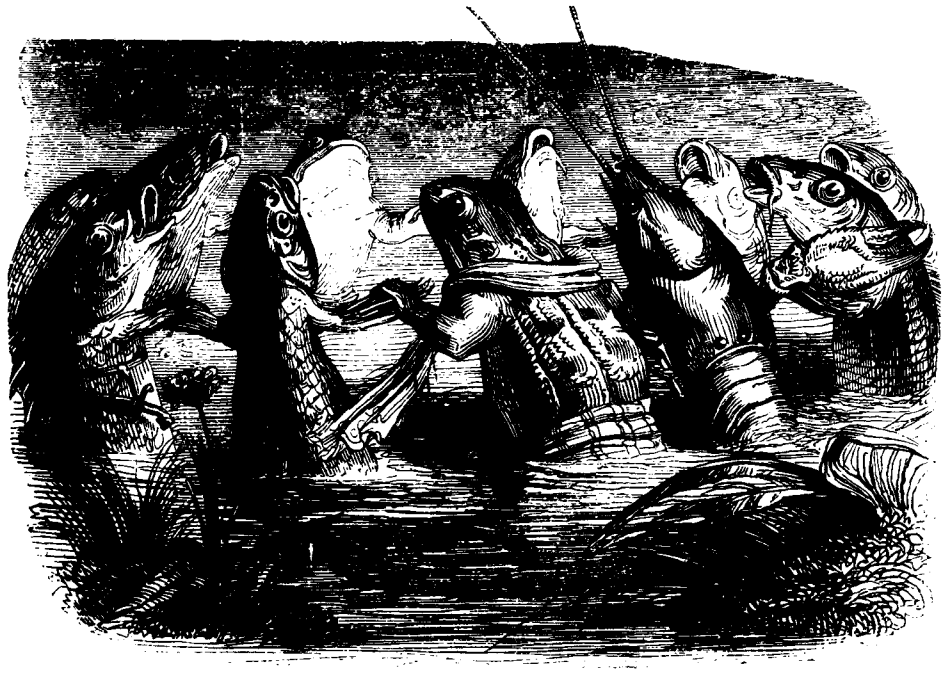
Those small firms, minority-owned and otherwise, tend to hire more women, more young and older workers, more workers with little experience, and more workers without extensive education than do other firms, according to a 1979 Census Bureau survey. And, according to an oft-cited MIT analysis, small businesses are more likely to create innovations and jobs. The potential for substantial employment gains from Hart's and Kemp's entrepreneurship initiatives, then, are not to be sneezed at.

The debate now should be, and increasingly will be, about how to improve the government's efforts to help the poor, not how to scuttle those efforts.

Hart, like Kemp, can point to successful experiments in other countries. Japan and several European nations make job training much easier through tax incentives and direct subsidies. France and Britain allow self-employment without cutting off unemployment benefits.

An exhaustive list of the poverty initiatives would have to include dozens of other programs. At least one other that deserves mention, however, is the education voucher. The most persistent objection to vouchers has been that they tend to subsidize the private schools of the rich at the cost of public schooling for the poor. Yet there are answers to this objection. You give the vouchers only to the poor and middle class and make them redeemable at public and private schools alike. You give bigger vouchers to disadvantaged students. Or you limit the vouchers to specific programs, as Secretary of Education William Bennett proposed in a recent initiative.

And even generalized vouchers, not targeted to the poor, have tended to help lower-income groups in countries where they have been tried. As Denis Doyle of the American Enterprise Institute has shown, for example, in Australia, vouchers have been of chief benefit to private Catholic schools, which is not surprising. What is surprising is that these schools get by despite having more students per teacher, serving more minority families, and having a lower per pupil income than the public system. The primary beneficiaries of the voucher program, in other words, have been the poor. Similar surprises, Doyle notes, come from voucher or quasi-voucher systems in Denmark, Holland, Vermont, and New Hampshire. →



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Such are the policies of the post-Murray era. What are the politics? Let us imagine a "second declaration of war," as Merrick Carey calls it, to include something like the following: (1) Gary Hart's training account, probably with an added William Bennett-style voucher that the poor could use to acquire new job skills. (2) Kemp's enterprise zone and homesteading initiatives. (3) Consolidation of Aid to Families with Dependent Children, food stamps, and health-care programs such as Medicaid into a more coherent income transfer program, but with aid channeled through local governments, private charities, and the church—a Novakian solution. And (4) a modest infrastructure bill of, say, $10 billion, to provide jobs at $5 to $10 per hour for those who want work. Although the stumbling blocks are many and obvious, there's an encouraging level of interest in such a package.

"I like it," Kemp said. You don't mind jobs bills? "I don't think they're the best way to create jobs, but I recognize it may take something like that to get the proposals moving. Be careful though about the price tag. I'm not sure you could get many Democrats to vote $10 billion for poverty right now," he cracks.

"It has some components I wouldn't like, but as a package, pretty attractive," said Congressman James Courter of New Jersey, a rising conservative. "It's probably the kind of political mix you need to get something through. And I think it's the kind of policy mix that would have a real impact on the inner cities."

"I like the last part," a Kennedy aide said, referring to the jobs program. After being provided with some similar detail—how much money again for the jobs program? which programs are going to be combined into a cash transfer? what about COLAs?—the aide went off to put the question to Teddy and his press secretary. The next day, Kennedy said through a spokesman that he and his staff had "kicked it around and preferred not to comment—it's a complicated proposal and there isn't much detail."

The word is that Kennedy plans his own big initiative when the time is right—fair enough. An assistant, who would only speak anonymously, said, "We've drawn up a set of options for him—including just learning more, visiting some areas, getting some publicity for the problems with hearings. I think after all that he'll be putting together something comprehensive." Like when? "Late next year or early '87. We don't want to get out the first program, we want to get out the best one," the aide says.

George Bush was similarly mum, with press aide Marlin Fitzwater citing the lack of any "Administration position" on the bill. But there can't be an Administration position, I explained, it's not a bill, just a hypothetical. What does George Bush think? "Our problem is we can't do it because as Vice President what he says would become Administration position." Fitzwater's voice pierced my fog to note that Bush "strongly supports enterprise zones and education vouchers."

To my surprise, conservatives tended to be more enthusiastic about the deal—and in general, less suspicious, demanding fewer details, commenting almost immediately. Perhaps right-wingers really are a less cautious lot than they used to be, or perhaps they are simply less cautious about questions put to them by a writer from the *Wall Street Journal*. Or maybe my proposed package was skewed in their favor.

And yet, the Democratic response to Democratic bills like Hart's, or the Gephardt proposal for lump-sum unemployment benefits, has been decidedly muted. Not opposition, just a general silence spliced by an occasional pooh-pooh. "You know the Gary Hart plan wouldn't really help the poor—it's not going to help people with little income to deduct from," the Kennedy aide told me. Well, suppose a voucher is added for the poor, I asked. "That's interesting. I wonder why he hasn't put that in." By the way, does Ted Kennedy support Gary Hart's bill? "He hasn't taken a position."

Such lukewarm reaction from the party leadership has staffers from Kemp and Hart mumbling about putting together a big-name initiative to force poverty back onto the agenda. "Sometime in 1986, after tax reform and Gramm-Rudman have had their day," says Carey. Even Hart and Kemp, however, would be dependent upon some support from the top. The key players, according to Beltway wisdom, will be Ronald Reagan for the Republicans and, for the Democrats, Charles Rangel and Dan Rostenkowski, who chair, respectively, the subcommittee and committee that would have to steer a new poverty initiative through the House.

There would be reason for hope on both fronts. Rangel recently cosponsored (with Moynihan) an initiative to reform AFDC, and in a 1984 House-Senate conference reportedly voted to support enterprise zones. Aides on Rostenkowski's Ways and Means staff say it will be up to Rangel to take the lead. "What I hear is that Rostenkowski won't help them [Kemp and Hart] but he won't block them either," says a Ways and Means Committee staffer.

That would put the ball in the Oval Office court, bouncing around in search of a presidential commitment—right about where it was in 1981. Kemp seems to think he would have better luck at the next meeting. Time will tell. □

Peter Shaw

PARANOIA AND AMERICAN POLITICS

Is Senator Moynihan out to get the right?

Anyone who brings psychological considerations into the realm of politics needs to exercise special care. The psychologist will find that rather than being accorded the authority of one who has a special insight into human motivation, he has opened himself to criticism from the wide range of people who make politics their business. Similarly, the psychologizing political writer lays himself open to professional criticism for his use of clinical terms.

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Both, furthermore, have undertaken to use two specialties—psychobiography and group psychology—that carry built-in intellectual risks. Psychobiography tends to produce a diminished view of the individual life, as recent books and essays about Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan illustrate. Group psychology tends to find in groups, which necessarily express themselves on a lower intellectual level than the individual, more intensity of emotionally wrought behavior than is necessarily the case.

What follows is an attempt, prompted largely by a recent essay by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, to make some distinctions about the uses of psychology in political debate. But a few preliminary words are in order about the use of politics by psychological professionals.

It has been pointed out that psychological professionals have no greater claim to political sagacity than sports figures, academics, medical doctors, or anyone else. Yet it is not immediately clear on exactly what grounds one can dismiss a professional association of psychologists when, for example, it declares that supporters of nuclear defenses suffer from a pathological condition. The answer is that such a diagnosis in fact violates psychoanalytic principles. In the first place, though, a moment's reflection tells us that the diagnosis logically applies to those members of the professional association who happen to disagree with their activist, anti-nuclear colleagues. In the second place, the concept of a group pathology, which can sometimes be applied to sects and fringe groups in society, is simply inapplicable within the normal range of political opinion. Finally, the underlying assumptions about human behavior applied by activist professional associa-

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tions are not truly psychoanalytic.

This last point was made in these pages last June by Yale and Rita Kramer, in their account of a professional conference on nuclear weapons called by the Union of Concerned Psychoanalysts and Psychotherapists. The Kramers showed that the association's critique of nuclear weapons rests largely on the assumption that "the primary causes of serious mental illness are social," whereas psychoanalysis of course finds the primary causes of serious mental disturbance within.

No less removed from psychological theory is Robert Jay Lifton, the first speaker at the meeting reported on by the Kramers. In his portion of the book, *Indefensible Weapons: The Political and Psychological Case Against Nuclearism*, written with Richard Falk, Lifton begins by referring to collective delusions and the enthusiasms of sects. He calls these movements "fundamentalist," thereby emphasizing the religiously and politically backward among them, though he does include the "revolutionary fundamentalism" of Mao Tse-tung in the category. For Lifton, "the most corrupt and dangerous of all fundamentalisms" is something he calls "nuclearism." This is a psychological "embrace of the bomb" as a compensation for the fear of death in an irreligious world.

Just how nuclearism is supposed to relate to other mass delusions, even if one consents to describe them as fundamentalisms, is never explained. That nuclear fundamentalism—nuclearism—is both more and less than a psychological formulation is evident from its being introduced as "corrupt"—a moral category. Its underlying causes, in addition to compensation for the fear of death, are not truly psychological either: compensation for loss of personal vitality, worship of mechanistic "technique," and "a whole constellation of man-weapon nuclearistic emotions with which those closely involved with the bombs" become bound. Once again, the notion that a particular experience—here vaguely defined as being "closely involved with the bombs"—is said to cause psychological changes in the individual.

The only evidence cited by Lifton concerns studies of children's fears about nuclear war. These fears have been said to cause anxiety disturbances, as Lifton reports. But though the claim has been presented at professional association meetings like the one reported on by the Kramers, as well as before the United States Congress (once again by Lifton), the studies on which it is based have been thoroughly discredited. In "On Terrorizing Children," Joseph Adelson and Chester E. Finn, Jr., writing in *Commentary*, have shown that for the most part the studies have neither been conducted by professional researchers nor been published in professional journals. Only when prompted by questioners whose own antinuclear views are evident do children evince concern about nuclear weapons. It only needs to be added that the unpsychological assumption that external causes bring about mental disturbance is once again at play. Practically speaking, the causes of nuclearism come down to disagreeing politically with Robert Jay Lifton.

It is a considerable distance from the crude appropriations of psychology by antinuclearists to the subtle thesis of Daniel Patrick Moynihan's recent essay, "The Paranoid Style in American Politics Revisited." In 1965 the historian Richard Hofstadter had described certain recurrent periods of American history during which disgruntled groups succumb to the delusion that a dangerous conspiracy threatens the nation. These groups devote themselves to a frantic, perpetually eleventh-hour crusade to rescue civilization. Hofstadter called their fervent belief, and the political behavior that goes with it, the paranoid style. Though he noted that the style was "not always right wing in its affiliations," he added, evidently with the right wing in mind, that "while any system of beliefs can be espoused in the paranoid style, there are certain beliefs which seem to be espoused almost entirely in this way." He placed the paranoid style essay, furthermore, in a book of essays so that it led off the section called "Studies in the American Right." As Moynihan observes, Hofstadter's purpose in writing was to expose "the conspiracy theories of the 1950s," which of course had sprung up on the right.

Moynihan argues that the conspiratorial tendencies of the fringe constituency that was the 1950s right have sprung up again in the 1980s. His purpose in reviving Hofstadter's analysis of them, though, is to pose a challenge to mainstream conservatism and neoconservatism. Moynihan argues that rightist fringe groups are intellectually the responsibility of conservatives and neoconservatives, just as leftist fringe groups are the responsibility of the left. The left has properly disavowed its embarrassing groups, but "so far," Moynihan writes, "there have been few voices heard from the political ranks" of conservatives regarding theirs. This judgment is delivered with an apparent evenhandedness, but like Hofstadter, Moynihan has a political object. Writing as a guest contributor to the twentieth anniversary issue of the *Public Interest*, with which he was formerly associated, he is attempting to discredit what he now regards as the conservative tendencies of that journal by associating it with the paranoid style. This politicization of a psychological construct deserves a closer look.

But first, it should be observed that the paranoid-style construct itself, with its emphasis on the political right, contained a built-in bias. For while Hofstadter theoretically allowed for its appearance on the left, two of the three periods that he analyzed in detail came from the right, while the third was politically anomalous, though mostly of the right. Besides the conservatives of the 1950s, he discussed the reactionaries of the 1790s who were gripped by fear of the French Revolution, and the anti-Masons of the 1820s and 1830s. The latter movement, Hofstadter very fairly pointed out, though "linked to an ultra-conservative argument . . . was altogether congenial to popular democracy and rural egalitarianism." But Hofstadter did not dwell on this congeniality, and as for the former period, that of the 1790s, he treated it as a pure example of ultraconservative hysteria.

And yet, the paranoia of the 1790s—a period that has been called "an age of passion"—was quite as apparent on the left as on the right. Whereas the conservative Federalists included those who believed that the party of Jefferson was plotting with the French to bring the horrors of their revolution to America, the liberal Jeffersonians included those who believed that the Federalists were plotting to import monarchy. That Hofstadter knew of delusions on both sides is evident from his *The Age of Reform* of 1955, where he wrote that Jefferson himself "appears really to have believed, at one time, that the Federalists were conspiring to re-establish monarchy." It was in the same book that Hofstadter first explored conspiracy theory—in the left egalitarian American populism of the 1880s and 1890s. Writing in the introduction, he observed that he had been critical of populism, which was part of the tradition of his own liberal and reformist politics, but not hostile to it—presumably out of loyalty and identification. Ten years later, in "The Paranoid Style," he shifted his critique to the American right, mentioning populism but not choosing it as one of his examples.

"The Paranoid Style" could have just as well been written with its three detailed examples taken from the left. The first of these would have been the 1760s, the one time in American history when conspiracy theories—this time held by the radical patriots—led to a revolution. The second could have been the pre-Civil War abolitionist crusade, during which, as Hofstadter wrote in *The Age of Reform*, "the early Republican leaders, including Lincoln, charged that there was a conspiracy on the part of Stephen A. Douglas to make slavery a nationwide institution." The third period would be the late nineteenth-century, progressive Age of Reform best described by Hofstadter himself. This alternative scheme makes it evident that not only is there no monopoly of paranoid conspiracy theory on the right, as Hofstadter and Moynihan are careful to note, but that there is no greater affinity with such theories on the right either, as they imply.

If the paranoid style's equal affinity with the left was not entirely apparent

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to Hofstadter in 1965, what can one say of Moynihan twenty years later? For if one chooses to "revisit" the paranoid style, then surely what first leaps to the attention is the outburst of hysteria from the left that erupted in the years and even months after the appearance of Hofstadter's book. Here was a period as rich in conspiracy theory as any in American history. The military-industrial complex was believed to be engaged in secret manipulations to keep America at war in Vietnam. The CIA was said to lurk behind large events including that war and the assassination of President Kennedy, and to be assiduous and ubiquitous, along with the FBI, in tapping the telephones and auditing the income tax returns of innocent civilians.

The sixties provided other confirmations of Hofstadter's thesis as well. Among the ingredients of the paranoid style that he listed, for example, was a sense of impending doom, something amply supplied in the sixties by a growing conviction of either ecological or atomic disaster. Hofstadter had offered a particularly striking example of this tendency from the fifties, observing:

> It is common knowledge that the movement against the fluoridation of municipal water supplies has been catnip for cranks of all kinds, especially for those who have obsessive fear of poisoning.

Within a few years, of course, this particular form of crankery had migrated to the ecological left, which became convinced, and continues to believe, that fluoridation is a cause of cancer. The historian of the fluoridation movement, Donald R. McNeil, has shown that, starting in 1974, the 1950s anti-fluoridationist belief in a "Red conspiracy" to infect the water supply was transformed by "radical environmentalists" into their own terms, which of course posited a capitalist conspiracy. As Hofstadter remarked, even if it should be discovered that fluoridation is harmful in some way imagined by the old right—or, one may add, is carcinogenic as claimed by the ecological left—this would not alter the fact that the group's belief was grounded in fantasy. Once again, Hofstadter's theory allowed for the later development, though he did not really anticipate it.

Moynihan argues that rightist fringe groups are intellectually the responsibility of conservatives and neoconservatives.

Moynihan's essay also makes a gesture toward examining the left, which is supposed to have been recently threatened by association with a paranoia-tinged organization, that of Lyndon LaRouche. Thanks to "those in the Democratic Party and the labor movement willing to resist," he writes, such an association was promptly disavowed. There can be no doubt about applying Hofstadter's thesis to Lyndon LaRouche. He has regarded Walter Mondale as a "conscious agent of Soviet influence," and as such part of a vast conspiracy dating back to Alexander the Great. But though LaRouche started out as an embarrassment to the left, he was converted to far right ideas in the mid-1970s, according to Dennis King and Ronald Radosh. As a result LaRouche "has been roundly denounced by organizations and media outlets as diverse as the AFL-CIO, the Heritage Foundation, *The New York Times*, and the *National Review*." Both political sides would appear to have passed Moynihan's test in this instance.

Turning to the right, Moynihan finds a similar danger of association with two groups touched by paranoia: the obscure National Conservative Foundation and the fairly prominent Accuracy in Media. The former charges the federal bureaucracy and the liberals in Congress with thwarting the will of the people as it was expressed in the election of Ronald Reagan. In the foundation's attack on the liberal media, Moynihan finds "the paranoid style in American politics fully on display, with the new locus on conspiracy: television news." The latter group, Accuracy in Media (AIM), accuses the television networks of being duped by Soviet disinformation. This is a "crackpot" charge in Moynihan's view, as is AIM's belief that American political protests contributed to the North Vietnamese victory over South Vietnam. Moynihan declares that these putatively crackpot theories "matter to the extent that others believe them," and then charges that "they are not rejected. To the contrary, they are encouraged." But here his thesis begins to run aground on the rocks of inconsistency. For these specifications amount to an escalation of the original contention that conservatives have failed to repudiate certain groups on their right, to the implication that respectable conservatives and neoconservatives are thoroughly infected with the poison of political paranoia.

In the end, Moynihan backs off. The charge of paranoia, he writes, does not apply "to the merely more excitable sectors of the conservative right or the liberal left." Just why not remains unclear, for as he goes on to describe these sectors they appear to come closer to paranoia than either the National Conservative Foundation or AIM. The excitables circularize senators from the right with the charge that "the liberals have seized Radio City (NBC)," and from the left with the charge "that it is Jesse Helms or the Reverend Falwell who is about to seize power." Yet though both sides may have a tone that is "frequently apocalyptic," they are "just as frequently serious and sober-minded and certifiably sane." If at this point the logic has become even further strained—Mr. Moynihan is at present only a part-time intellectual—the effect of "The Paranoid Style in American Politics Revisited" is clear enough. The essay has succeeded in attaching a stigma to the writer's opponents, then technically withdrawn its strongest charges without dissipating their effect.

Forgotten in all this is the conspiratorial element made crucial by Hofstadter. "The distinguishing thing about the paranoid style," he wrote,

> is not that its exponents see conspiracies or plots here and there in history, but that they regard a "vast" or "gigantic" conspiracy as *the motive force* in historical events.

With the exception of the politically anomalous LaRouche movement, Moynihan nowhere points to anything of this description. He does quote an AIM "resolution," couched in legal terms, stating that "whereas" the ABC network has broadcast views identical to those of the Soviet propaganda apparatus, the directors of the network should "take note of the danger that ABC's facilities may be used to disseminate Soviet propaganda." This certainly sounds unbalanced. But Moynihan has evidently missed a heavy-handed attempt at humor. The elaborate "resolution" is calculated to embarrass, not actually to indict, ABC. AIM may be crude and drearily single-minded, but these regrettable characteristics do not make it paranoid in Hofstadter's or any other sense.[1]

For the most part, AIM's crusade amounts to being an unnuanced application of the by now thoroughly studied and widely accepted observation that the media exhibit a leftward leaning bias. Moynihan is entitled to disagree. "There are of course biases in journalism," he writes, but he is confident that these do not affect the accurate and fair reporting of the news. On the other hand, Moynihan would have to admit that AIM's fears to the contrary are expressed less fervently than another set of warnings issued a few years ago. These concerned the press, but made charges that "by extension" held true for the broadcast media as well. So serious are these charges that they deserve quotation in any discussion of the press and paranoia. Here are two of them.

> The political consequence of the rising social status of journalism is that the press grows more and more influenced by attitudes genuinely hostile to American society and American government.

> The culture of disparagement that has been so much in evidence of late, that has attained such an astonishing grip on the children of the rich and the mighty, and that has exerted an increasing influence on the tone of the national press in its dealings

[1]It should be noted that a new AIM venture called attention to by Moynihan—Accuracy in Academia—has been promptly repudiated by other critics of the academy who disapprove of Reed Irvine's methods. See the vigorous essays by Sidney Hook in the newsletter of the University Centers for Rational Alternatives; Midge Decter in *Contentions*, the newsletter of the Committee for the Free World, and in excerpted form on the *New York Times* op-ed page; and Lawrence W. Hyman in the newsletter of the Campus Coalition for Democracy, edited by the present writer.

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with the national government, is bad news for democracy.

What was the source of these sentiments? A 1971 article in *Commentary* by . . . Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

It is tempting to speculate that Moynihan's resort to the paranoid style as a means of accounting for present criticism of the press by others is offered as a covert confession that he himself previously suffered from delusions. Presumably this is not the case. But it is worth recalling that in 1971 Moynihan did offer some thoughts, rather different from his present ones, on the infection of paranoid thinking. The Vietnam war, he wrote, had brought out a mirror-image, McCarthy-style, "conspiracy-oriented politics" on the left (though this was a left that he preferred to designate as neofascist). The press proved to be culpably credulous of the false conspiracy charges typical of this politics, and as a result became "a too-willing outlet for mindless paranoia." The present critique of the press, itself now labeled paranoid by Moynihan, addresses itself—or should address itself—to a similar reportorial credulousness whenever the press deals with the left or extreme left in politics. However crudely or even mistakenly this critique may prove to be applied in some instances, calling it paranoid, like treating support of a nuclear deterrent as a sign of mental disturbance, amounts to a distorted, self-serving abuse of psychology. □

Malcolm Gladwell

CHUCK COLSON VS. THE FUNDAMENTALISTS

How political can you get?

Chuck Colson, the Nixon hatchetman turned evangelist, and Jerry Falwell, the Lynchburg preacher playing statesman, are brothers in Christ. But they're hardly close friends. They might have been—after all, one of Colson's tasks as a young secular humanist in the Nixon White House was to be the administration's liaison with the religious community—but somehow history got in the way. Falwell was still grounded in Lynchburg, excoriating the ghost of Martin Luther King for mixing religion and politics, when Colson was wooing religious leaders from the White House. By the time Falwell had his celebrated epiphany on the road to Washington, Colson too had changed, finding God and in the process turning his back on everything he had stood for in the past. "I wondered," said the transformed Colson, "how I could have spent three and a half years in the White House and missed so many things that really matter." Colson left power and politics for God. His autobiography, ***Born Again***, sold in the millions, but he would seek none of the trappings of evangelical stardom—the television show, the crystal cathedral. He became a prison preacher, a minister to the hopeless and forgotten, working as closely with those who wield no power as he once did with those who do.

Today the two men are at odds. There is little doubt who Colson is referring to when he calls for "sober soul-searching" in the evangelical community because "worldly power—whether measured by buildings, budgets, baptisms, or access to the White House—is more often the enemy than the ally of Godliness." He has mocked the ascent of TV evangelists—"Some preachers, especially a few I've seen on television, sound like they've just hung up from a private session with Him before going on the air"—and questioned their pretensions to authority: "The quiet, often unnoticed actions of ordinary Christians . . . speak far more loudly than all the bombast of so-called religious leaders."

Nor is there much doubt about whether the man who has quipped that "the Kingdom of God will not arrive on Air Force One" thinks Pat Robertson should run for President. "The presidency would not be something a Christian leader could run for, but something he'd be drafted for, and there is only one Person who could do the drafting." In other words, no.

It has always been true, of course, that some of the bitterest critics of the newly politicized evangelists have been other evangelists. Bob Jones (of Bob Jones University) has said that Falwell's involvement with politics makes him the greatest instrument of Satan in America today. But no one's criticisms carry the weight of Colson's. In the fundamentalist panorama men have repented from crime or alcoholism or even—as in the case of Pat Robertson—a bad case of secular humanism. But never has a man been redeemed from something of the symbolic enormity of Watergate. "A religion based on conversion," Garry Wills has said of fundamentalism, "tends to measure the height of a man's rise by the depth of his fall." By this standard, Colson is a giant, whose power as an evangelist is owed entirely to the sinfulness of his political past. Bob Jones's quarrel with Falwell is theological; Colson speaks from personal experience. For his political sins he was sent to prison where, he remembers, "surrounded by despair and suffering, I began to see through the eyes of the powerless. I began to understand why God views society not through the princes of power, but through the eyes of the sick and the needy, the oppressed and the downtrodden. . . . I learned that power did not equal justice."

Chuck Colson is not simply the most powerful internal critic of the religious right. He is also, in a sense, the most sophisticated. Unlike so many of Falwell's detractors, he does not issue a blanket condemnation of all forms of political activity. In fact, through his prison ministry, the organization known as Prison Fellowship, he has

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become involved with criminal justice movements across the country. Colson explains that his own experiences with "the injustices in our courts, and the barbarisms in our prisons," inspired him to action. Today Colson the prison preacher is also Colson the prison reformer, an outspoken critic of capital punishment and prison conditions. He is for criminal restitution and innovative sentencing for nonviolent offenders. He has spoken and continues to speak directly to state legislatures in support of reform legislation because, as he puts it in his most recent book, *Who Speaks for God?*, "the only way to combat the demagoguery which so inflames public passions [about crime] is for Christians to work for laws which apply biblical standards to criminal justice issues."

Colson has even added to Prison Fellowship a registered political lobby group called Justice Fellowship, which, since its founding in 1983, has been involved in everything from the fight against Congress's recent Crime Control Act to the drafting of the 1983 Nunn-Armstrong "Sentencing Improvement Act." For Colson these were serious, critical battles. In fact, when the Nunn-Armstrong bill was tabled by the Senate, Colson reacted by including the addresses of the White House, the Senate, and the House of Representatives in his Prison Fellowship newsletter. Sound like a good lobbyist? "One thing about a democracy is clear," Colson wrote, exhorting his readers to action. "In it the people will get the government they deserve . . ."

There is a substantial difference, however, between Colson's political activity and that of the fundamentalists he criticizes. Unlike groups such as the Moral Majority with their broad emphasis on electoral politics, he sticks closely to single-issue lobbying. "We don't expect to be able to usher in the Kingdom of God," says Justice Fellowship director Daniel Van Ness, "but there are biblical principles we think we can apply to the specific question of criminal justice." Nor does Colson make political endorsements, urging Christians to vote only for men and women of demonstrated integrity. Justice Fellowship is careful to steer a neutral course. Armstrong and Nunn approached Colson in the drafting of their crime bill, not the other way around, and Van Ness stresses the symbolic importance of the bill's bipartisan sponsorship. On the state level, Justice Fellowship avoids the endorsement and support of organizations and interest groups, preferring instead to set up state caucuses of concerned individuals. The contrast between this narrow mandate and the Moral Majority is obvious.

"I wonder how I could have spent three and a half years in the White House and missed so many things that really matter."

Colson has a very clear sense, in other words, of the limits of his political activity. Even as he works for prison reform he recognizes that "penal institutions can't deal with the ultimate problem: the human heart. That's why the gospel of Christ is the only real answer." At the center of Colson's ministry is his individual work with prisoners. Through Prison Fellowship he has set up a highly acclaimed rehabilitative and support network that today uses local volunteers and professional counselors to minister to thousands of convicts, ex-convicts, and convicts' families. Justice Fellowship is simply conceived as a complement to this work. Michael Cromartie, one of Colson's early aides, explains that "Chuck set up Justice Fellowship to authenticate his concern for prisoners. He couldn't go in there and gain their respect if he weren't doing something for them on the outside." Even Colson's political conclusions—which essentially form a "liberal" agenda on criminal justice and prison reform—seem to have been reached less for explicitly ideological reasons than because of his firm religious conviction that "even a modest effort by Christians at evangelizing a prison can do more to reduce the crime rate than building twenty new fortresses."

Indeed, even though Colson uses the political process to advance certain of his goals, he seems to have little respect or patience for it. Drawing heavily on the work of French legal philosopher Jacques Ellul, Colson often argues that political power is an illusion, that the governing institutions are incapable of dealing effectively with human problems. An activist by temperament—"Jesus forgave sin *and* fed the hungry. . . . Can an obedient follower do less?"—Colson is frustrated by politics. "One of the major things that led to my conversion," he recalls, "was that when I walked out of the White House I realized most of the problems I had worked on there were worse when I left power than when I had begun." The religious right, he says, is in the grip of this political illusion: "Many evangelicals have sought to solve our culture's problems from the top down, by 'taking dominion over America.' Such rhetoric may make us conspicuous in the news, but for the most part we are also conspicuous by our absence from the day-to-day battles where human problems are most acute."

On occasion Colson will even sound like a radical when he talks about modern Christianity's evasion of social responsibility. He can be biting on the subject of the "middle class church"—that "attractive edifice in a location near a growing suburb and as far away from crime-infested downtown as possible . . . [with] committees organizing concerts, covered-dish suppers, Bible studies, slide shows, and the like." Once, on Jim Bakker's television show "PTL Club," Colson stunned the audience by suggesting that the word of God was more real in the prisons where he took his ministry than there in the TV studio. As he remembers the moment: "I looked at the smiling, white, scrubbed-clean faces of the audience . . . the ladies with puffed-up coiffures that looked like spun candy; but my mind saw expressionless men in dirty brown, marching in cadence along steel and concrete ramps. For me this was reality . . ." Colson feels called to work among the "powerless and the oppressed." "Christians must no longer sit idly by," he says, in another context. "We must, if necessary, defy immoral authority."

Those who know Colson don't take this rhetoric too literally. He may sound off against the middle-class ethos, but the Prison Fellowship has its headquarters in an old mansion in Reston, Virginia, an "attractive edifice in a location near a growing suburb and as far away from crime-infested downtown as possible." Ladies with puffed-up coiffures that look like spun candy probably form the backbone of Prison Fellowship's financial contributors. As for defying authority and working outside of the system, Colson's ministry with inmates is possible only because of a special dispensation from Norman Carlson, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

The point is that Colson uses the language of radical Christianity simply for effect, to shake up the traditional fundamentalist passivity toward social problems that manifests itself either in narrow evangelism—one Oral Roberts aide described his organization's prison ministry to me as "distributing 100,000 bibles and bible cassettes free of charge"—or, on the political level, as an arid "law 'n' order" mentality. There is absolutely no indication that because Colson borrows from the left he feels bound to it in any larger sense. This is a man who has taken communion from evangelicalism's most prominent radical—Jim Wallis of *Sojourner's* magazine—but who also once silenced a hostile college audience asking about Watergate by stating flatly: "Richard Nixon is my friend, and I don't turn my back on my friends." Political terms and the implications of ideology seem to have little meaning for Colson. Because, ultimately, he seems to hold the capabilities of politics in disdain, he seems to be above it, unfettered by its restrictions. This is the freedom Colson has found in being born again. The power broker for Nixon is now a power broker for Jesus. Colson doesn't feel beholden to any ideological standards save those of his conscience.

This apparent contempt of Colson's for politics and political institutions is at the heart of his debate with the religious right. Tim LaHaye, who as head of the American Coalition for Traditional Values (ACTV) and a founding board member of the Moral Majority, has just recently moved from the fundamentalist backwaters to a Washington office overlooking the Capitol, sounds more hurt than anything else when he says: "I think it would be disastrous for our country if all Christians adopted Colson's attitude." Another evangelical within the Administration speaks sharply of Colson's refusal to provide Christians in politics with guidance about how to square faith with secular responsibility: "I will tell you for a fact that if I were in any way uncomfortable with the use of power I wouldn't survive. Colson gives me no help in how to use political power in a place like the White House." Colson is so dismissive of the whole issue that when it comes to providing role models for the Christian use of power he will only make vague references to the English parliamentary reformer Wilberforce and render recondite theological distinctions that

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usually involve Mother Teresa—"she has no power in the worldly sense . . . but she has enormous authority."

The fundamentalists, above all else, want their struggles to be taken seriously. The purpose of the historic founding meeting of the Moral Majority was, according to its organizer Robert Billings, no less than "to draw up a plan to save America." LaHaye claims Colson has no sense of urgency. "His was a comfortable position when we enjoyed a Christian consensus," says LaHaye, "but that's been eroded by secular humanists." As LaHaye put it in an earlier interview: "They have us in a stranglehold. There are only 275,000 of them, but they control everything—the mass media, government, and even the Supreme Court. . . . Either the church is going to become morally active and set moral issues as the dominant standard for its elected officials or we will be overrun by humanist thought by 1990." For LaHaye, times have changed. Cautious lobbying must give way to voter registration, religious agendas, and Christian candidates. "Almost everything is political these days," he continues. "We've begun to realize that government is the most powerful human force in the world."

LaHaye and the Moral Majority have a point. Nathan Glazer, among others, has argued that the agenda of the religious right was only a response to the success of secular and liberal forces in America. Richard John Neuhaus, in an essay for *Commentary* entitled "What the Fundamentalists Want,"[1] portrays the fundamentalist entry into politics as an understandable response to an assault on their cultural and religious values. Does Colson appreciate this? Sometimes it's not clear that he does, and he seems to criticize fundamentalists for something that they themselves did not do willingly.

But it is one thing to say that the fundamentalists arrived at the public square reluctantly, and another thing to say that once they got there their inhibitions remained. This is what the fundamentalists' defenders have tried to argue. "At heart, Falwell remains a country preacher," wrote Dinesh D'Souza in his recent biography. Glazer too argues that the fundamentalists are engaged in a "defensive offensive" with limited aims. "If we withdraw from imposing the views and the beliefs of the cosmopolitan elite on the whole country," he concludes, "we will find the new fundamentalism returning to its modest role in the American kaleidoscope." Neuhaus, although he concedes that the activist fundamentalists "are not going to go back to the wilderness," stresses the modesty of their eventual goals: " . . . the country cousins have shown up in force at the family picnic. They want a few rules changed right away. Other than that they promise to behave, provided we do not again try to exclude them from family deliberations."

"I think it would be disastrous for our country if all Christians adopted Colson's attitude."

This is a seductive argument, especially for those with an interest in quieting what Neuhaus calls the "increasingly hysterical and increasingly hollow alarm" over the religious right. Yet—and this is Colson's strongest point—it does not ring true, not so long as Jerry Falwell turns from TV evangelism to international ambulance chasing or Pat Robertson hungrily awaits word from God on whether to run for the presidency. There is simply too much eagerness in fundamentalist political activity—the exploitation of direct mail, the proliferation of PACs, the slick and lavish promotional efforts. They may have been pushed into politics, but now they like the game an awful lot. Tim LaHaye has on the cover of his monthly "Report from the Nation's Capital" a picture of himself on the Senate steps. Is he troubled? Is he tight-lipped? No, he's smiling, and somehow that seems entirely appropriate.

The fact is that in some sense fundamentalism has always been a political movement waiting to happen. Historian Edwin Orr points out that the appeal of modern evangelicalism is for "enlistment, not repentance"—in other words, that evangelists have always exploited Christianity's populist characteristics, its potential as a social movement, at the expense of the more demanding aspects of Protestant theology. Even as it has been in reaction to secular America, fundamentalist culture has shown a marked ability to adapt to social trends. Evangelical historian George Marsden calls this a historic propensity to respond to secularization "by bless[ing] its manifestations—such as materialism, capitalism, and nationalism—with Christian symbolism." In the fifties that meant that Oral Roberts, in preaching to a largely rural and poor audience, recast the gospel into a variation of the American dream. His text was John 3:2—"I wish above all things that thou may prospereth and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth"—not the book of Job. And today? Consider the two rules from Pat Robertson's 1982 manifesto *The Secret Kingdom*. This is yuppie theology: "First, there is absolute abundance in the kingdom of God. Second, it is possible to have total favor with the ruler of that abundance. . . . If a person is continuously in sickness, poverty, or other physical or mental straits, then he is missing the truths of the Kingdom." As Notre Dame historian Nathan Hatch sums up the modern evangelists: "[They] spoke the language of peace of mind in the 1950s, developed a theology of 'body-life' and community in the wake of the 1960s, and are currently infatuated with a gospel of self-esteem that correlates precisely with the contemporary passion for self-fulfillment."

In other words, it shouldn't come as a surprise that the fundamentalists have taken to the political process so quickly and completely. That strain in fundamentalism that believes in an abundant God, what Colson calls the notion of God as a "rich and benevolent uncle," has easily adapted to modern America's emphasis on acquiring and using political power. If prosperity is the gift of God, then so must be the political clout that comes with it. Do the fundamentalist meek still inherit the earth? Pat Robertson, the Christian entrepreneur made good, doesn't seem to think so. "God uses oak trees," he says, somewhat obscurely, "not mushrooms." For Tim LaHaye, making it in America means making it in Washington. Power is a Christian birthright. "If we comprise thirty percent of the people in this country," he maintains, "we should hold thirty percent of the elected offices."

This is a dangerous attitude for the Christian witness. For some on the religious right, advancing a political agenda has come to take precedence over even the most basic ethical considerations. A number of years ago, University of Chicago historian Martin Marty pointed out that the Moral Majority's evaluation scale for politicians would have given then Congressman Paul Simon, a committed Christian, zero, and Florida Rep. Richard Kelly, who was fingered in the Abscam investigation for pocketing a $25,000 bribe, a perfect rating. Does this mean that Christians should still vote for Kelly over Simon? Yes, says Tim LaHaye: "If I had to choose between a rascal like Kelly and an antimoralist, I would be inclined to vote for the rascal . . ."

In the fundamentalist world, ideological considerations have begun to color fellowship with other Christians. Just as Falwell found Bishop Tutu a "phony," Tim LaHaye expresses puzzlement at the fact that Sen. Mark Hatfield can be a liberal *and* a Christian. "He's a real enigma to us," says LaHaye. "He must be a melancholy temperament. Melancholy temperaments are such supersonic idealists that they are often highly impractical." And what of born-again Jimmy Carter? This time LaHaye is certain: "I shook hands with him twice and got absolutely no spiritual response."

Colson's objections to this politicized Christianity are not particularly radical, nor are they particularly new. In fact, these arguments have long been made against the religious left. Who remembers what Richard Neuhaus said of the political activism of the National Council of Churches just four years ago? "At stake, most ominously, is fidelity to the gospel of Christ. Chesterton said the great sin is to call a green leaf gray. It is the dullest gray to call salvation politics. The political task is urgent but it is one among many. Yet the imperiousness of the political in our culture is such that for many Christians the actual state of fellowship, how they relate to other Christians, is determined more by what one thinks of Ronald Reagan than by what one thinks of God." Today, as some of the fundamentalists are guilty of these same sins, it is left to Chuck Colson, the Nixon hatchet-man turned evangelist, to sound the alarm—not over what a politically ascendant fundamentalism is doing to the rest of America, but over what it is doing to itself. □

[1]Available in reprint from the Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1030 15th St, NW, Suite 300, Washington, D.C. 20005.

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James Harkness

MISSISSIPPI FOOTPRINTS

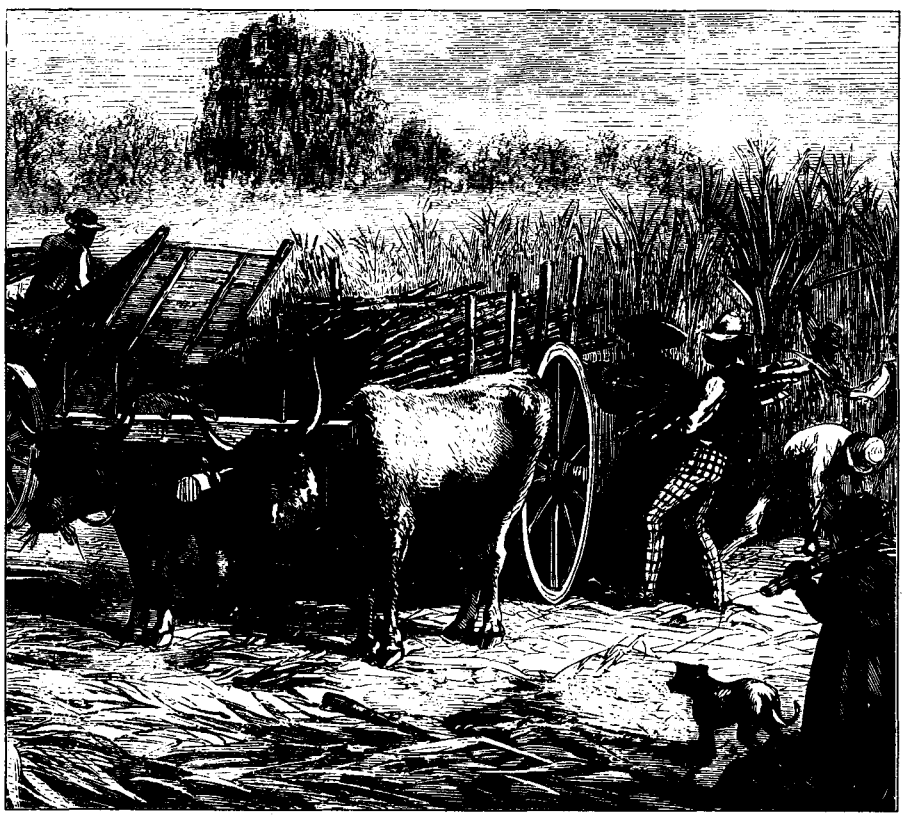
Lies they live in Greenwood.

Even in an age of Major Motion there are certain small towns people leave mostly on buses: Southern towns, Dixie towns, baking through afternoons so long and torpid that summer dust collects on the azaleas like patina on twisted bronze. Wide-places-in-the-road, my dad used to call them, too sunstruck and desiccated even to have a true depot. Would-be riders have to sit outside straddling cheap suitcases, killing time until the big double-decked cruisers slide to a stop alongside some Rexall drugstore, with its orange and blue sign buzzing above the sidewalk. The town where I grew up had a Greyhound station with a proper waiting room, but it was then the kind of place you got out of by bus, and it still is that kind of place. It is also, I guess, the kind of place few who leave ever really come back to, unless they get chased back. The bus station sits on one corner of Main and Church streets, its windows as sad and soapy as twenty years ago. Across the intersection, an angular three-story structure unfolds low wings from either side. Over the main door, an inscription in the citron-colored brick: *19 Greenwood City Hall 30.* One wing houses the police station, its windows recessed and barred.

To know about Greenwood what it helps to know is that it's the seat of Leflore County, in northern Mississippi; that it curls around the confluence of three rivers, the Yalobusha, Tallahatchie, and Yazoo; that it is an agripolis fattened on traditional Southern staples, cotton and soybeans. The town backs up against the red clay foothills of Carroll County, whose stringy residents are a source of laid-back amusement for having uncommonly sunburnt necks and being nuttier than they ought to over pickup trucks. In part because of a steady decline in cargo traffic on the lower Mississippi River over the last decade, Greenville, fifty miles west, has given ground somewhat in a longstanding rivalry for eminence, leaving Greenwood as the main economic way station between Memphis and Jackson. For as long as I've known the place, Greenwood has had a kind of community fatuousness deriving partly from rural affluence, partly from a peculiar sense of superior civic virtue. The smugness seems not to have abated, but a note of Snopesism has crept in. The arterial bypass has burgeoned with Ramada Inns and Pizza Huts. Just before the turn-off for a commercial and light industry loop, strategic signs huckster some tourist trap dubbed the "Cottonlandia" museum.

You can come to Greenwood by several approaches, but the most interesting is the northwest one, from Clarksdale over U.S. 49, which brings you across the vast alluvial plain that has been the deep South's greatest natural resource since its first settlement by Europeans. There's a lot to be said about the vista, but the main thing to say and what everybody says first of all is that it sure is flat. It's the flattest country you'll ever see, flat in an abstract geometrical way that always reminds me Euclid lived on a delta, that his genius sprang from the protractile sightlines of an unobstructed land. In summer, beans and cotton grow close to the ground and leave the monotonous prospect unbroken; winter shows just the dank earth, streaked with black water in naked furrows. Trees are few, lining up along irrigation ditches and stagnant creeks, or else clumping together in widely-spaced copses like islands on a steaming tropic sea.

Although strangers usually grumble that the delta is boring to traverse, that is a hasty misapprehension. In truth, there's something powerfully otherworldly about it. Somehow the land's harsh look implies final things, as if the horizon were not just an endpoint of vision but the edge of the world. At the end of day, the hazy red sun might be extinguishing itself for all time instead of just setting for the night. Drive a few hours here, and you begin to comprehend all the South's lurid literary brouhaha about primeval soil and relentless/brooding/looming dome of sky, ibbity bibbity boo. Two-lane roads stretch for miles in straight lines. Point your car down the white line, while over your shoulder, bruised thunderclouds pile up like rockslides, gaudy as the oil paintings in any cut-rate furniture store.



You can, of course, go home again, especially if you take care not to get caught. I slipped into Greenwood at midday one July weekend, looking for nobody in particular and pleased by the empty downtown streets. Nostalgia is an essentially onanistic sentiment, and I wasn't anxious to have anyone I knew catch me wallowing in its embarrassing pornographic slough. I parked on Market Street, which runs past the courthouse and the obligatory Confederate memorial. The latter was a cluttered predictable business of pedestal, plaque, stylized heroism. Vigilant sentry, stalwart officer, wounded infantryman and ministering nurse, noble wife/mother waiting anxiously, hands clasped and suppliant—in ensemble, they formed the kind of pompous public object that, anywhere but the deep South, groans almost aloud for a gaudy spew of graffiti. Here it was unmarked, narcissistically virginal; sunlight reflected from its alabaster planes with a banal and enveloping glare. As always, the lawn around the statue was pale from being cut too short, giving off the yeasty smell of clippings that had begun composting the instant they hit the ground. I'd forgotten that penetrating, affecting odor. I had forgotten what the brittle brown stubble feels like to walk on. Now I remembered:

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It felt like walking on wire.

A block over, on Washington, the original public library turned out to be closed, decommissioned, but its successor was just across the street. The old building was a squat brown cube with chipped concrete steps and whitewashed doors. Inside, the first floor had been divided in half. On one side were novels and nonfiction for young adults; on the other, the regular fare for grownups. As a boy I orbited indiscriminately between them, and what arcane criteria distinguished the two archives I never fathomed. The only book a librarian ever refused me was *Mein Kampf*. I'd found it on the kids' side, possibly misshelved.

The new library was facelessly modern, with off-street parking, stainless steel brightwork, pastel modular furniture visible through expanses of polarized glass. I went in anyway. I wanted to see whether Mrs. Saucier still worked there. The mother of a friend of mine, she'd come to Mississippi from Australia after World War II. Her chirpy, weightless chatter fascinated me. She was friendly, exotic, funny in her droll despair over her son's resolute lack of interest in *objets d'esprit*. John's own passion was for *objets du garage*: more precisely, the only actual hot rod in northwest Mississippi, a gleaming chrome icon he'd rebuilt pretty much from the lug-nuts up. To my hopeful prospects of riding up and down the local strip as one of a few privileged passengers, Mrs. Saucier did recurrent battery by nagging John about why he couldn't read a bloody *book* now and then. Did he know I'd had *Robinson Crusoe* out on loan for the third time?

Mrs. Saucier was no longer behind the circulation desk, and a heavyset young librarian only blinked stolidly when I mentioned the name. But when out of some obscure impulse I browsed through the fiction shelves, I found the very copy of Defoe's novel I'd checked out repeatedly as a "young adult." I knew it was the same because my name was on the title page, directly below the author's. I'd scrawled it in pencil a generation ago, a gesture of yearning, wistful appropriation. Seeing it there gave me a jolt, a feeling as vertiginous in its way as Crusoe's at that moment when he spied Friday's footprint isolate in the sand.

Afterward I strolled past Fulton up to Howard, in my day the busiest commercial street in Greenwood. Gone were the great magenta cobblestones that could blister your feet right through the soles of your shoes. Asphalt had been poured on top of them; it was black and gummy in the heat. A surprising number of the establishments I recalled from two decades past still lined the sidewalk: DeLoach's Department Store and Evelyn's Maternity, the Delta Barber Shop, City Finance, Barrett Drugs—now "Barrett-Hodges." The old Hotel Irving was open on the corner, with the Western Union sign still out and a few people lounging beside one large window, sipping iced tea in the cafe. A little further on was Juanita's Jewelry, where my classmates and I bought high school rings the size of walnuts at the end of our junior year.

A block south, where Howard runs into Carrollton Avenue, I found something new: Flanked by Goldberg's Shoes and Fred's Dollar Store, there irrupted the Cantonese splendor of Ho Sai Gai, an honest to God Chinese restaurant. Urban, ethnic, as bizarrely incongruous in that spot as a Manhattan art gallery or SoHo sex shop, the Ho Sai Gai was a surreal, oddly bracing testament to the funky originality of change. It gave me a shock, and it gave me a case of the giggles. It was the second astonishing sight I saw in Greenwood, Mississippi, the arid first weekend in July.

You can, of course, go home again, especially if you take care not to get caught.

Greenwood is bisected neatly by the Yazoo River, bridged at three sites within view of one another. From the river north to Park Avenue, the town is mainly residential. Both old and new money have staked claims along shady Grand Boulevard, where some homes have a classic plantation aspect, though I know of none honestly antebellum in origin. Across the river, south Greenwood is more of a hodgepodge. Large, mostly well-kept older houses line River Road along one bank of the Yazoo, from Fulton Street past the hospital. The next several streets are also residential. I saw a bit of restoration under way—new leaded panes going into windows, sagging porches temporarily buttressed by the skinned yellow trunks of pine trees. But numerous big houses were boarded up, with for-sale signs askew in shaggy yards. The farther south I walked the more pronounced was the ambivalence, until I crossed into an area of considerable dishevelment. Years ago several of my friends, including my best friend, had lived in this neighborhood. If you turned right just beyond the junior high school, you would soon pass a cemetery where we played touch football year round, pounding along improvised sidelines and screaming prodigious teenage obscenities when we crashed blindly into the tombstones.

And what I saw in this part of Greenwood, as earlier on the downtown streets, was astonishing—earth-shaking in its way, although it was of course quite ordinary as well. It was merely this: black people going about their business, moving purposefully along or stopping to chat, heads up, smiling, looking for all the world as if this was, to paraphrase the song, "their town too."

I graduated from high school in 1965, with one of the last classes to go through twelve fully segregated grades. While blacks had long constituted, in point of fact, the majority race in Leflore County, I can count on one hand the number of extended conversations I had during my teen years with blacks even roughly my own age. I had no black classmates, no black teachers, no black acquaintances. Our sports teams did not compete with teams from black schools, although we traveled as far as Memphis, Meridian, and Hattiesburg to make up a decent schedule. Blacks did not work in department stores catering to a white clientele, or in such supermarkets except occasionally as bag boys. They were laborers and yardmen, housekeepers and washerwomen, not managers or secretaries or cashiers. In an area where blacks outnumbered whites two to one, they were not just inconspicuous; outside a few clenched, fearsome slums, it was as if they were systematically concealed.

To a degree they had been. In the interaction of whites with blacks there was an element of exorcism, a trick of dealing with them but refusing to deal with them, that aimed, even a youngster could vaguely sense, at conferring the transparency of nonbeing. (When I read Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man* in college, I knew instantly what he was talking about.) My father—a company man, a shy, sweet man who cared for his family more than was good for him—would not address a black man as "Mr." or a black woman as "Miss" or "Mrs." Like other white businessmen in town, he called black customers only by their given names, in the cheerfully patronizing tones you use to speak to a child. All over Greenwood, meanwhile, the businessmen's harried white wives drove across the railroad crossings every day to pick up and drop off their black cooks and gardeners, who knew without asking that they must ride alone in the back seats. That the arrangement had every appearance of the women's acting as their domestics' personal chauffeurs, nobody gave any evidence of being aware, although I would bet that there were some throaty private chuckles over it in the close nights on the other side of the tracks.

This, all of this, was what made so remarkable the sheer visibility of blacks downtown and on once-forbidden streets in Greenwood—the simple presence of folk for whom, as a group, the very sidewalks had once been off limits.

Forgoing the Ho Gai Sai's hybrid gastronomic possibilities (chicken-fried moo goo gai pan? Mushi pork with red-eye gravy?), I had a sandwich at the Crystal Club, Inc., at the east end of Carrollton Avenue, across from the train station. It was once the Crystal

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Cafe, where a sizable part of the downtown community ate lunch every workday. Sometimes when my mother visited her family out of state, my father took me there for deep-fried catfish dinners, served in an obscure brown sauce I remember as being spicy and delicious. A few years after I went away to college, the cafe reincorporated as a private club to avoid seating blacks. If you were white they'd sell you a "membership" for four bits and usher you along; if you were black they'd turn you away. The inner door still has a flat metal slot for key cards, but a cashier assured me nobody worried about that any longer. I was not flabbergasted, however, to see only white faces inside and wondered if I had any business there even in the name of belated rites of valediction.

A young woman sitting in a booth waved to me, and when I drifted over turned out to be a former neighbor, a girl one or two years ahead of me in school, a cheerleader and baton twirler I'd had a mild crush on without ever trying anything bolder than cutting in on her boyfriends during dances in the American Legion hall. She was a great archetypal Southern belle: a crinoline clotheshorse who spoke up in Sunday school, saving herself for her eventual husband but not averse to amusing herself by sending home with terminal blue-balls whomever she was going steady with in the interim. She used to bomb around on Saturdays in the family Buick, hair up for her evening date, curlers covered with a scarf that snapped briskly in the wind. It doesn't matter that I can't use her name: I've always thought of her and all her tribe as Honeymush Beauregard. After twenty years, she didn't seem startled that I'd turned up here from nowhere for a late lunch. We watched a flaccid woman with a cigarette hanging off her lip prowling around the dining room, dispatching flies with a wire-handled swatter. Honeymush told me she'd tried the Scarsdale diet four times but just couldn't seem to keep those ol' fatties at bay. She told me who'd gotten married, who'd done well, who you went to in Greenwood for the real fine hash. She told me about her two little girls, and how the good Lord had helped her through the divorce. Finally, Honeymush spent a little time on the demographic dynamics of Mississippi's response to racial integration.

"I reckon you prolly noticed," she said. "They let the niggers have everything this side of Senatobia."

Late in the afternoon I stopped by the city park, directly opposite the Youth Center. It was crowded, the risk of gratuitous recognitions higher, but walking around aimlessly I drew only the mildly curious glances reserved for harmless outlanders. It was cool under the trees, where the swings and jungle-gyms and picnic tables were. Out in the sun were three baseball diamonds, with games underway on each. One was an organized, umpired affair between young girls in sky-blue uniforms; the other two were rowdier, the freeform shirts-and-skins variety. Umbrella-shaded stands dispensed cokes and ice cream bars to the families and friends milling around behind the backstops. It was such an American idyll that it took several minutes to notice the lines that had been drawn—the hundred-odd blacks dug in around the picnic area and playground equipment, the baseball teams and spectators white to a man. Between them was a grassy strip twenty yards wide, and between them was much more than that. Across the narrow no-man's land no adult nor even any small child straggled from either side.

She told me who'd gotten married, who'd done well, who you went to in Greenwood for the real fine hash.

Before leaving town I wanted a peek into Chaney's Pharmacy. In the fall of 1961, dizzy with the biting smells of witchhazel and drugstore cologne, I had discovered the existence of paperback books there and proceeded to go mad over them. That it was possible, within the somewhat restricted means of a teenager, to acquire your own copy of *Robinson Crusoe*, not to mention Henry Gregor Felsen's *Street Rod* and Robert A. Heinlein's *Red Planet*, was a revelation that staggered me. Now I found myself wondering for the first time about the anonymous department manager at Chaney's who had regularly stocked—in addition to adventure novels and self-hypnosis manuals, salesmanship-for-God books and various kid glop—the Signet Classics versions of Orwell's *1984* and Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*, Scribner's oversize edition of *The Sun Also Rises* and a slim volume by Martin Luther King, Jr., with the abrasive, alarming, subversively intriguing title *Why We Can't Wait*.

Not perfectly by chance I had already been reading that week Willie Morris's account of *The Courting of Marcus Dupree*. Morris is a former editor of *Harper's* and a Southerner himself, the product of a little town called Yazoo City, sixty miles further than Greenwood down into kudzu and copperhead country. Like many a Southern writer, he has dwelled compulsively on the places of his youth, notably in *North Toward Home*, a memoir, and in *Yazoo*, an account of the desegregation of the public school system there. These are works not lacking intelligence, with at times an authentic power. But they are also the works of an author pole-axed at an early age by William Faulkner: dazzled outright, stamped branded doomed forever to worship at the graveside of the Old Man of Oxford, revering the estate, keeping tidy the shrine, and worst of all preserving through acolyte and tonedeaf mimickry the purplest labyrinthine excesses of the Old Man's prose. Because it is, among other things, a football book, and because I will gleefully devour football books by a-verbal backfield ignoramuses "as told to" hack sportswriters, I had expected to zip through *The Courting of Marcus Dupree* in no time. I could not. It was full of rambling citations from local newspapers, overloaded to capsizing with local color. Stylistically, it verged on an unintentional parody of the Faulknerian voice, brimming with the *in, im,* and *ab* words: *indominatable*, as in "indominatable Southern womanhood"; *impenetrable*, as in "tangled impenetrable verdancy"; *abnegation*, as in "abnegation of the apotheotic. . . ." The sheet music was Wild Bill, all right, but the beat was wrong—metronomically stiff instead of syncopated, like a minor Italian diplomat trying to learn to boogaloo.

But what finally made me toss the book aside was that it was about more than football, resurrecting at its core the South's awful old mythology of race. Protean, unblushingly self-serving, this is a formulation in which the suffering Southern whites have visited on generations of blacks is seen as somehow uniting them in mystic communion. For all its historic pain and disenfranchisement, the relation is posited as more genuine, compassionate, and human than has been or maybe even can be possible in regions where blacks and whites live together less intimately. In this view, what happens between blacks and whites in the South tends ever toward transcendence, hosannas all the more empyrean because of the depths from which they've spiraled up. As for racial accommodation elsewhere, the best that can be said is that it's forced and pedestrian, very likely a kind of sham. In *The Courting of Marcus Dupree*, Willie Morris put it this way:

> The figures were there to see, and they were emphatic—unemployment for blacks in [Mississippi] running two or three times higher than for whites, most black families existing below the recognized poverty level, more than one fourth of all black families fatherless (compared with 56 percent nationally). Mississippi was last among all the states in black median family income, which was less than half that of Mississippi whites.
>
> Yet . . . one was witness to the decline in the urban civilization of the North. The black riots of the late 1960s led in city after city to the continuing massive flight to the white suburbs and the white abandonment of the public schools. [Examining the statistics,] Theodore H. White would conclude: "Big-city schools are now more segregated in fact (though integrated in law) than ever before." One of the ironies of contemporary America was that institutionalized racial integration among the young, with all its human implications, was working best in the small to middle-sized towns of Dixie. Who would have predicted it?

If someone had predicted it, he'd have been kidding you, or himself. In towns like Greenwood, and in towns smaller and larger, better and worse than Greenwood, blacks have finally begun to move into once-white neighborhoods. But these remain relatively few, and the new presence of blacks is

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no more notable than the new absence of whites. Blacks have also come to work in larger numbers in older business districts—districts that have been rapidly displaced in the community by a suburban economy in a pattern that is not novel, after all. In the meantime, in Greenwood and towns like it, Southern whites have found clever little ways to reinstate the invisibility of blacks, at least where it matters most. They have, as Honeymush noted, "let the niggers have" a measure of what they sought, and they have been pleased to find the tactical concession of a restaurant table or city park not incompatible with a strategic intransigence that has, as Morris offhandedly admits, kept Mississippi blacks in the nation's most "emphatic" poverty and deprivation. The discovery has revived the old, humorous, relentlessly superficial affability that is the essence of white good-ole-boyism—at times a more formidable bulwark against change than redneck violence or even formal resistance by the political and juridical establishment. And in the van has come forth once more that lethargic cornpone philosophy by which the South's apologists, eulogists, and endless metaphysicians have repeatedly sought not only to mitigate its abuses but also, by a twist as fervently romantic as it is cynically perverse, to exalt it as a model of racial accord for the country at large.

Call it hubris, call it chutzpah. What it really is, is a bill of goods, a deadly insult to moral intelligence: like an Arab hijacker who claims loving kinship with his hostages, because of all they've been through together.

Nowadays, too, it's a public relations subtext that depicts the "New South" as an archipelago washed by the past but unspoiled by the present, with whites and blacks living together a bit like Crusoe and Friday: If their tracks are all over one another, at least they've learned to step less cruelly on each other's toes. But unless you are the kind of amiably credulous Yankee who has always been so agreeable to the white South—the kind who can't tell the difference between the informality of true camaraderie and the subtle insult of overfamiliarity—I suggest you disbelieve it. In real life, Southern blacks and whites coexist not in some magically restored prelapsarian state, not by the dictates of reciprocal need, but by an armistice as silent and unforgiving as the sea of history. And if the rural and small-town South often seems an atoll largely outside the shipping lanes of the late twentieth century, it's still the blacks who yearn more for rescue, the blacks who try harder to escape. Some fly away across United's vacuously amiable skies. Others get out in nondescript oil-burning station wagons. Others still flee on buses, clambering up like their parents, uncles, aunts, and grandparents from flyblown parking lots into the Greyhound's subaqueous interior darkness. After a few years they may come back for a visit, driving Camaros and Nissans with license plates from Michigan and Pennsylvania and California. Often you can pick them out on the interstates. In the south-bound lanes they poke along, rubbernecking, three, four, five to a car and all talking at once. Heading back north they blast by you at eighty, to hell with 55-saves-lives, everybody staring silently forward, faces hard, guilty, relieved.

On the way out of Greenwood, I stopped off at the high school. I wandered around a deserted compound, peering through mesh-reinforced windows at rows of scarred wooden desks. On the whole I'd liked my years in that place, and it surprised me how prison-like the buildings now looked: There's nothing I guess as desolate as an abandoned classroom. It occurred to me that this was the last place I'd ever belonged—not in the trivial sense of fitting in or feeling at home, but in the intimate and intimidating sense of belonging *to*, being owned by, vulnerable to being transfixed, recognized, classified, and known by the summary gaze of anybody with whom you might happen to share a study hall. By that standard, I was demonstrably an alien now. By any standard, really: as much a stranger to this sleepy village as to the boy who once lived here.

Being from Mississippi still isn't the first thing I mention to strangers, and if people ask where my accent's from I answer evasively, "All over." I know there are certain houses hedged with dusty azaleas, set back from broad July avenues under oak and pecan trees, and I am aware that something about their dreaming porches on a fragrant night keeps me from ever being able to say the ache I feel then is time, only time. But I am aware too what it cost that I was a man very nearly grown before I first witnessed, not in Mississippi, between certain otherwise ordinary sets of people, meetings and movements and compacts that were natural, ingenuous, in rare cases even affectionate. On a gravel lot to one side of my old high school a dozen yellow buses were waiting, their array of windshields glazed and unreadable. A lot of things I was thinking about were swarming in around me, and after only a few minutes I went back to my car and drove away. □

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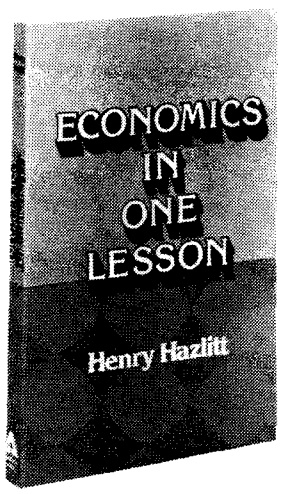

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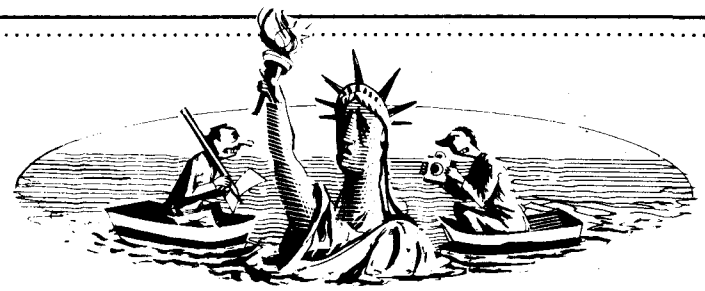


HONOR ROLLS

by John O'Sullivan

Every morning during the Geneva Summit, the networks had various "experts" grading the respective performances of Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev. Since a news blackout had been imposed more or less effectively, there was nothing very substantial on which the experts could base their grades, but they graded away merrily nonetheless.

I am sorry to break the news to *Spectator* readers, but Reagan almost invariably did poorly. He was beaten by Gorbachev on style, on confidence, on appearance, on vigor, and on general all-round oomph. Gorbachev, it turned out, was exactly the kind of renaissance superman the advance advertising had led us to expect. He was murdering our boy by such devices as striding out to greet him warmly and announcing that the Soviets would hold a press conference before the U.S. had decided whether to hold one. Wow.

These judgments reflected several media biases. One was the media's overestimation of their own role. In particular, the announcement of the Soviet press conference, though a distinctly minor coup by any sensible standard, pandered to journalistic self-importance. It enabled the assembled pundits suddenly to see themselves in a historic light—the world's press receiving the great Russian potentate on the occasion of his triumph at Geneva. The second bias was, of course, the bottom-line reductionist idea that the importance of a news story is determined by the cost of its coverage. Once "Today," "Good Morning, America," and the "CBS Morning News" have been transported lock, stock, and teleprompter to Switzerland, baby, you had better come up with *something*. Hence the "expert" analyses of every twitch of Gorbachev's nose or Reagan's eyebrow—analyses parodied by the *New York Post* thus:

Q. We gather, Bill, that Gorbachev coughed in the cold air this morning. How is that being seen in Geneva?

A. Well, it was a very strong and authoritative cough, Tom, a genuine leader's cough. The consensus of the press corps here is that the Soviets have seized the initiative on this one.

Q. Is that causing much concern on the U.S. side?

A. Not as much concern as perhaps it should be causing, Tom. The emerging picture of Soviet dominance here was well expressed by the Swiss afternoon headline: "Gorbachev Coughs—And America Catches A Cold."

Q. That's a fascinating reflection of Western European opinion, Bill. Do the Reagan people plan any countermeasures?

A. They're pretty divided—but that's been the pattern here. A senior State Dept. official told me today that Cap Weinberger phoned the President personally, urging him to wait for Gorbachev to cough a second time—and then to say, "There you go again," hinting that the Soviet leader might prove weak under pressure.

But most diplomatic observers here think that would be overkill and might backfire. They favor a more moderate U.S. response, perhaps something on the lines of "aw shucks." That argument is still ongoing, though.

Q. Couldn't the President just, well, cough back?

A. That's far from certain, Tom. Remember the President is 20 years older than Gorbachev. A cough from Reagan—even assuming he could match the Soviet leader's very self-confident cough—might just revive the age issue. That's something the U.S. side is very aware of.

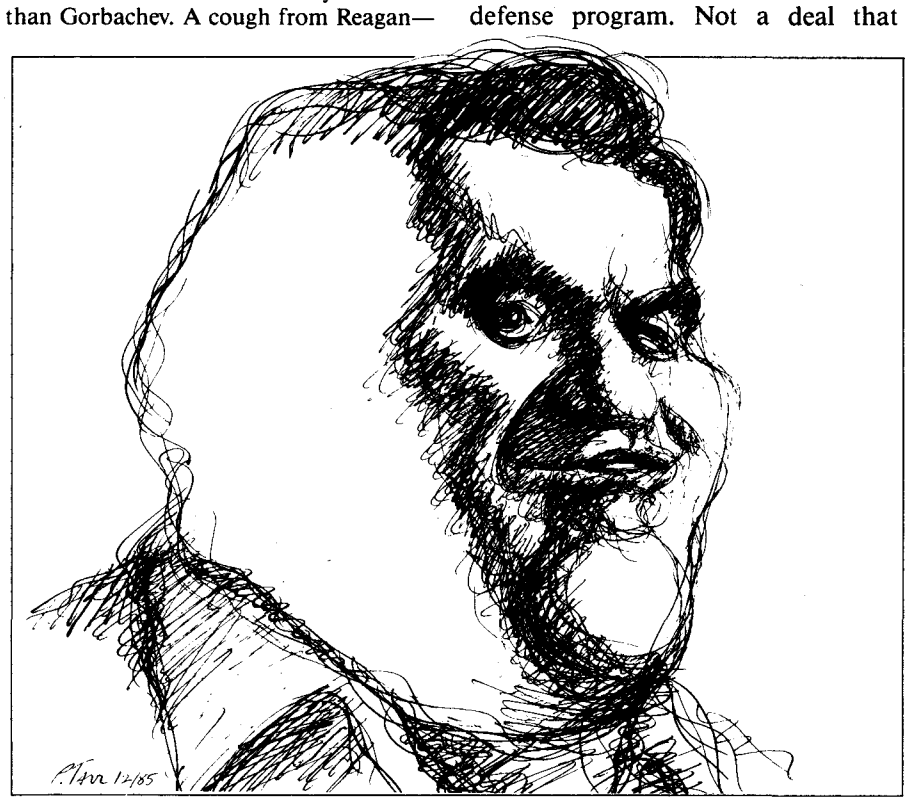
Q. But if the President doesn't launch a retaliatory cough, won't that be seen as the U.S. backing down?

A. Exactly. Which is why the Soviets are seen as very smart here in focusing attention on the coughing issue where they are strong, and away from light and witty repartee where Reagan is perceived to have the advantage.

Q. Another A for the Soviets and B minus for the U.S.?

A. I'm afraid so, Tom.

When the news blackout was finally lifted, however, it turned out that Reagan had achieved agreement on two future summits, regular meetings between senior officials in the meantime, arms control talks in which an agreement on intermediate weapons will no longer be held hostage to an agreement on "Star Wars," a pledge to resolve human rights cases "in a spirit of cooperation," and a number of bilateral deals on cultural exchanges, consular appointments, and economic cooperation—without making any concession whatever on his strategic missile defense program. Not a deal that necessarily appeals to the *Spectator*'s hard-headed readers, who may see no virtue in endlessly chattering to the Soviets anyway. But it is precisely the sort of bargain that the liberal press had been lamenting would be prevented if Reagan remained rigidly and/or stridently attached to the SDI.



It took the media only a short time to adjust to the President's transformation from poor boob to quiet Machiavellian. They retreated smartly to the argument that Reagan had renounced his anti-Communist principles and declared the evil empire to be merely tiresome. In other words, Reagan had succeeded to the degree that he had become more liberal (in journalese: "pragmatic"). But Reagan's speech to Congress gave no support to even that limited thesis. He warned very firmly against exaggerated expectations or taking Soviet words to represent real concessions. Plainly, Reagan hoped to avoid the mistake of the Nixon Administration in allowing summit diplomacy to foster the psychological disarmament of the West.

Nothing daunted. The *New York Times* editorial chirped optimistically about "The Spirit of Geneva," which it defined as follows: "The chances are great that if President Reagan awakes this morning to an alarming report about a new Soviet missile, he will resist denouncing Mr. Gorbachev as a cheat and resort instead to a personal plea for a satisfactory explanation. The chances are, too, that if an American bomber strays over Soviet territory tomorrow, Mr. Gorbachev will fire off a complaint instead of a missile. That is the spirit of Geneva and it is something to build on."

That comparison is a fascinating one. To begin with, the U.S. *already* notifies the Soviets privately of suspected violations of arms control accords. Only after they have failed to give a satisfactory explanation is a public complaint considered—and even then, rarely delivered. Second, the *Times*'s example of "an American bomber" is plainly disingenuous since just lately, the Soviets have been

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shooting down *civilian* airliners. So, combining the two points, we come up with the *Times*'s view of what proper détente means: namely, if we allow the Soviets to cheat on arms control agreements without any fuss and complaint, they will very decently reciprocate by not murdering civilian airline passengers. And should the Soviets then renege on *that* deal, no doubt the *Times* would feel compelled to denounce them as, yes, "an insensitive empire."

• • •

It's a small world, and for readers of the *Village Voice* it is an even smaller one. Take the issue of November 26, in which its veteran political correspondent, Jack Newfield, listed his "9th Annual Honor Roll" of public figures who had won his approval. It would be wrong to name all the recipients, some of whom, after all, might not have consented to be approved of by Mr. Newfield. They may be consulting their libel lawyers even as I write.

But an exception may be made of his award to Mr. Jimmy Breslin, the *New York Daily News* columnist, who himself disdains reticence and treats the readers to searing and sometimes confessional reports of his encounters in bar, police court, and tenement. Indeed, Mr. Breslin's accounts of his life and time in bars have led the New York Policeman's Union, an old opponent, to label him "the old saloon bar philosopher," which might be meant kindly but isn't. To rescue him from this type of slur, Mr. Newfield recounted this memorable story in his tribute: "Breslin wears several stage masks, and he tries to conceal his considerable intellect. But Pete Hamill once discovered a copy of W.H. Auden's poems hidden in the bottom drawer of Breslin's desk at the *Daily News*."

One wonders idly, of course, exactly what Mr. Hamill was *doing* poking around in the bottom of Breslin's desk—an unanswered question which the tribute fails to clear up. But no matter. What a dramatic scene Newfield conjures up in that short paragraph, a turning-point in man's adventure of intellectual discovery, fit to be recorded by one of the great religious artists of the Renaissance, perhaps by Michelangelo himself in his Sistine Chapel period.

The painting would depict the eager young apprentice Hamill, neck muscles straining and rippling under his blue collar, reaching up to drag open the vast bottom drawer of the master's marmoreal desk, which towers upwards to be lost in the dark and troubled heavens. The gloomy mass of clouds is pierced in the top right hand corner, however, by a single beam of light which, as if from the hand of God himself, strikes diagonally across the width of the canvas. Cherubim and Seraphim—some blowing trumpets, others merely disporting themselves—attest to its holy significance. This symbolic light falls directly upon an open book, almost concealed beneath a rubble of empty whisky bottles and crumpled beer cans, and illuminates gloriously the sacred words of the title page: *Poems*, by W.H. Auden. Foxglove and Hemlock (New York and London). $1.25, reduced from $6.95. At the edge of the painting, allegorical figures representing Ignorance, Want, Squalor, Vice, and Police Brutality shuffle off into the darkness, looking horribly embarrassed at the Revelation of their great antagonist's unsuspected depths.

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To give this picture a decent frame, Mr. Newfield cites several noble qualities which he discerns in the columnist. One is "unpopular common sense," demonstrated in Mr. Breslin's columns on the Goetz case, "bringing factual light to the Goetz-to-Rambo hysteria," written when "the city . . . the mayor, and much of the media were glorifying the vigilante Goetz."

Unpopular those early columns on the Goetz case certainly were—but do they deserve the description "common sense"? After diligently reporting some important facts about what had happened between Goetz and the four youths on the IRT train that day, Mr. Breslin reached two broad conclusions. He decided that Goetz had shot the four youths simply because they were black and that New Yorkers rejoiced in the shooting because they were racists.

How did he reach these conclusions? I suppose by exercising his fabled common sense. A white shot four blacks; people rejoiced; hence all involved must have been inspired by racist prejudice. Q.E.D. But there were equally plausible explanations available—namely, that Goetz had shot people he thought were threatening and robbing him and that other subway riders, tired of being robbed and intimidated by young thugs, rejoiced because someone had punished four representatives of their tormentors. In this view, Goetz's response was a class action suit of vigilante justice. Or as Bacon put it: "Revenge is a kind of wild justice."

And by a pleasing series of coincidences, evidence that these alternative interpretations were correct appeared—not only in Mr. Breslin's column but also on the very day that *Village Voice* containing Mr. Newfield's award came out. Mr. Breslin had interviewed one of the four youths, Daryl Cabey, who confirmed Goetz's account of the incident in one crucial respect: "They [i.e., the other three youths] were going to rob him. They thought he looked easy bait." Mr. Breslin then inquired how they were going to rob him.

"Just scare him," came the reply.

Well, it's not conclusive. But the case that Goetz shot people who were robbing and threatening him now looks very strong.

Of course, there had *always* been strong evidence against the thesis that New Yorkers had rejoiced from racist motives—notably the fact that many blacks were among those rejoicing. Nor is that surprising, since blacks account for a large percentage of the subway-riding population and hence of victims of subway muggers. But Mr. Breslin's common sense failed to alert him to this evidence and to its considerable significance. Perhaps he simply *preferred* to think the worst of people.

Which is perhaps relevant to one of Mr. Newfield's other reasons for holding him in high regard: "He is instinctively a Christian of mercy; any friend who gets into trouble, who has a death in the family, or is in the hospital, Breslin will be his most loyal and steady visitor."

By another strange coincidence, Mr. Breslin had written about one of his old enemies, Roy Cohn, only a month before the Newfield award. Mr. Cohn, as the world knows, is in the hospital suffering from a terminal illness. To the Christian all men are neighbors. We have a particular, and sometimes hard, duty to love our enemies. Here was a wonderful opportunity for the Christian of mercy to do his stuff.

The central conceit of Mr. Breslin's column was that he, as a prominent if hardly orthodox Catholic, received a telephone call from Mr. Cohn seeking to make his confession:

"There's no way. It's between you and your God."

"I don't want to deal direct."

But Mr. Breslin is after more serious sport than mere jokes at the expense of the dying. He continues:

. . . No man has been present at more evil in this city than Roy Cohn. . . . All about Roy Cohn, through all the years, people have been broken and died, supposedly the best Americans we had turned into utterly despicable stool pigeons and cowards, people have made small fortunes writing of Cohn and portraying him on the screen.

It is not clear from the syntax what exactly is going on. But Mr. Cohn seems to be the target of some sort of abuse for his politics. Perhaps Mr. Breslin was aware of the advice, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and, ever deadline-conscious, wanted to get in his blows on time.

How should we classify such writing? Not, I think, Christian—even of the most muscular sort. But the attack on Mr. Cohn and on the moral decency of New Yorkers does remind me of one figure in the Good Book who thanked God that he was not as other men, not like the publican, curiously enough.

The term, I think, is Pharisee. □

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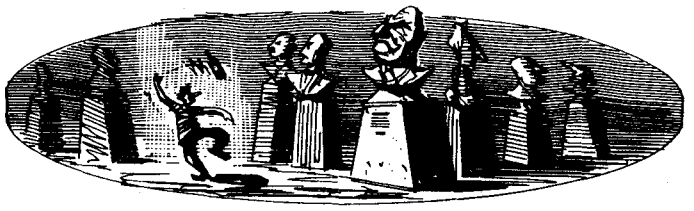

WE'RE ALL MODERATES NOW

by Joshua Muravchik

Andres Almarales, the leader of the group of M-19 guerrillas whose seizure of Colombia's Palace of Justice last November resulted in one hundred or so deaths, apparently began the operation by walking into the building right past guards who recognized him but did not try to keep him out. He was not visibly armed at the time—the weapons were carried in by subordinates who attacked the building shortly after his entry—but still, why was he not stopped?

When this question was put to the Colombian Minister of Justice in an interview after the bloody episode, he replied:

> You remember in M-19 there were groups called hard-line and soft-line. Almarales was one of those persons who always wanted a dialogue. He was always here in the city. He came to Congress to have meetings. He was a good speaker and was well known for not being one of the radicals of that movement.

Almarales's "moderation" seemed to have been reconfirmed during the early part of the episode when his behavior toward his hostages was, according to some survivors, "gentlemanly." But as government forces moved in, so the *New York Times* reported, "Almarales sprayed many of the hostages with automatic-rifle fire."

In this case, the Colombian government paid a tragic price for a weakness it shares with other people of democratic temper: Reasonableness and compromise seem to us so natural that we find it difficult to believe any foe could be unreasonable and implacable. We wax hopeful over any sign of moderation among our adversaries; we make much of insignificant differences among them; and when they exhibit tactical flexibility, we take it as proof that they, too, are reasonable. Because we believe, as Barry Goldwater learned the hard way in 1964, that even good causes should, except in extreme circumstances, be pursued by moderate means, we mistakenly infer that bad causes are improved if pursued by moderate means.

These illusions were much in evidence when the Sandinistas were fighting for power in Nicaragua. They were split into three factions, one led by the Ortega brothers, one by Tomas Borge, and one by Jaime Wheelock. The split was over strategies for reaching power, not over ultimate goals. The Borge and Wheelock factions favored patient organizing until the Sandinistas grew strong enough to seize power all on their own, while the Ortegas wanted to forge a popular front to overthrow Somoza immediately, and then consolidate Sandinista supremacy over the other anti-Somoza forces.

Because its popular front strategy entailed alliance with "bourgeois" opposition groups, the Ortega faction was labeled "moderate" by many U.S. and Latin American officials and journalists. However, some journalists (in the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Economist*), focusing on the Ortegas' call for immediate insurrection rather than on their quest for allies, inferred that theirs was the "most militant" faction. This was not the only indication of the fatuousness of the rush to discover which of the Sandinista factions was moderate. When the incoming revolutionary junta announced the ominous appointment of Borge as Minister of the Interior, the major U.S. dailies reported optimistically that Borge "is considered a pragmatist" and that he would now be "in a position to control the most radical elements among the rebels." Borge, it seemed, was now the moderate. A few months later, the same *Washington Post* correspondent who had characterized the Ortegas as "moderates" and Borge as a "pragmatist" wrote of Jaime Wheelock, the leader of the third Sandinista faction: "Outsiders tend to consider Wheelock the most 'intellectual' and 'reasonable' of the Sandinistas." In sum, none of the Sandinistas' three factions missed its turn as the embodiment of our imperishable hopes that there were moderates among them.

In the Middle East, the main beneficiary of our indefatigable quest for moderates has been Yasir Arafat. Although Arafat calls himself a revolutionary and has long headed the world's premier terrorist organization, he is widely regarded as a "moderate." You might call him a moderate terrorist revolutionary. The justification for this oxymoron is that there are other factions of the PLO more radical than Arafat's. This fact alone seems to weigh more heavily in many assessments of Arafat than his own deeds. Thus, for days after the *Achille Lauro* hijacking began, we found it hard to believe that a wing of a Palestinian group close to Arafat was responsible, just as for days after the murder of three Israelis on a yacht off Larnaca, we found it hard to believe that the assassins came from Force 17, Arafat's bodyguard.

For some, the image of Arafat as a moderate is so firmly embedded that evidence to the contrary only produces an effect psychologists call "cognitive dissonance." Rather than alter their estimation, these people simply refuse to absorb the contradictory evidence. Thus, *Newsweek* magazine predicted a few years ago that Arafat's Fatah would lose ground to more radical factions, saying "the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine . . . is likely to gain recruits attracted to its infamous Black September past." The irony here was that Black September, the perpetrators of the Munich Olympics massacre, the murder of U.S. Ambassador Cleo Noel, and other atrocities, had already been acknowledged to have been a covert arm of Arafat's Fatah, not the PFLP—a fact known to everyone who followed Middle East affairs but apparently one *Newsweek* found unassimilable.

What makes Arafat's faction more "moderate" than the PLO "radicals" is its policy of combining "armed struggle" with "political struggle," and its professed willingness to set up a Palestinian state on the territories Israel occupied in 1967. This, say the radicals, constitutes capitulation to Zionism's claim to a share of historic Palestine. Not so, say members of Arafat's group, theirs is a policy of "stages." A Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza, says the Palestinian National Council (the PLO's "parliament"), "will fight . . . to complete the liberation of all the Palestinian land." This is the true extent of their moderation.

Our yearning to discover moderates is of course not unknown to the likes of M-19, the Sandinistas, and the PLO. They deliberately cultivate it, as did their forebears. Stalin himself sought to convey such an image and succeeded in misleading even the hard-headed Truman. Former Secretary of State Stettinius recorded in his diary in late 1945 that after Potsdam Truman fretted over Stalin's health. "The President said, of course, it would be a real catastrophe if Stalin should die at the present time. If this happened, there would be no telling what might happen inside Russia. . . . He said he thought that Stalin was a moderating influence in the present Russian government."

Stalin, of course, was pulling Truman's leg, but, ironically, Stalin's effort to present himself as a "moderate" had at least a strand of historic truth.

Joshua Muravchik is Fellow in Residence at the Washington Institute for Near East Policy.

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In the great battle twenty odd years earlier for Lenin's mantle, Stalin was the moderate and Trotsky the radical. Trotsky wanted to push the revolution onward and outward without respite, while Stalin wanted first to consolidate. Stalin did not believe in restricting socialism to one country forever, but only until circumstances were auspicious for its expansion. We'll never know what would have happened had Trotsky prevailed, but who in the West will argue now that Stalin was the more desirable foe?

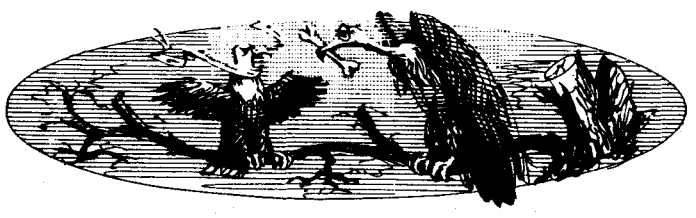
As a moderate, Stalin stood on firm Leninist ground. The inventor of Communism had written in his classic pamphlet, *"Left Wing" Communism—An Infantile Disorder*, that those Communist purists who would "not permit tacking, conciliatory maneuvers, or compromising," were guilty of a "mistake that . . . is causing great prejudice to Communism." Lenin added, "Left doctrinairism persists in . . . failing to see . . . that it is our duty as Communists to master all forms . . . and to adapt our tactics. . . ."

The implicit assumption of our quest for moderates is that tactical flexibility signifies a willingness to compromise about ultimate objectives. But for Lenin and Stalin, it signified no such thing. For they were ideologues, as was as was Almarales, as are the Ortegas, and as is, in a somewhat different way, Arafat.

We Americans have little understanding of ideology. We use the term loosely, often speaking of liberalism and conservatism as "ideologies." But there is an essential difference between ideologies like Marxism or revolutionary nationalism and "ideologies" like liberalism or conservatism. The latter are nothing more than attitudes or predispositions with which various issues are approached. But a true ideology elevates one single issue—be it the struggle for socialism or for Palestine—to a place of overarching importance and judges all other issues only in terms of their impact on it.

Tactical flexibility may actually come easier for ideologues than for others because the goal is firmly fixed, but compromise about the goal itself is unlikely. That is why when confronted with ideological groups, the key question we need to ask is what is their goal, not who among them are the moderates. If the goal itself is threatening, those who are more flexible in their choice of tactics may well be the more dangerous foes. And as the Almarales case reminds us, the same flexibility that allows them to talk so reasonably at one moment also allows them to act with utmost ruthlessness when they judge that their cause demands it. □

THE NATION'S PULSE



HURRICANE CARTER'S COMEBACK

by William Tucker

No fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any courtroom of the United States, than according to the rules of common law.

—The Bill of Rights, Amendment VII

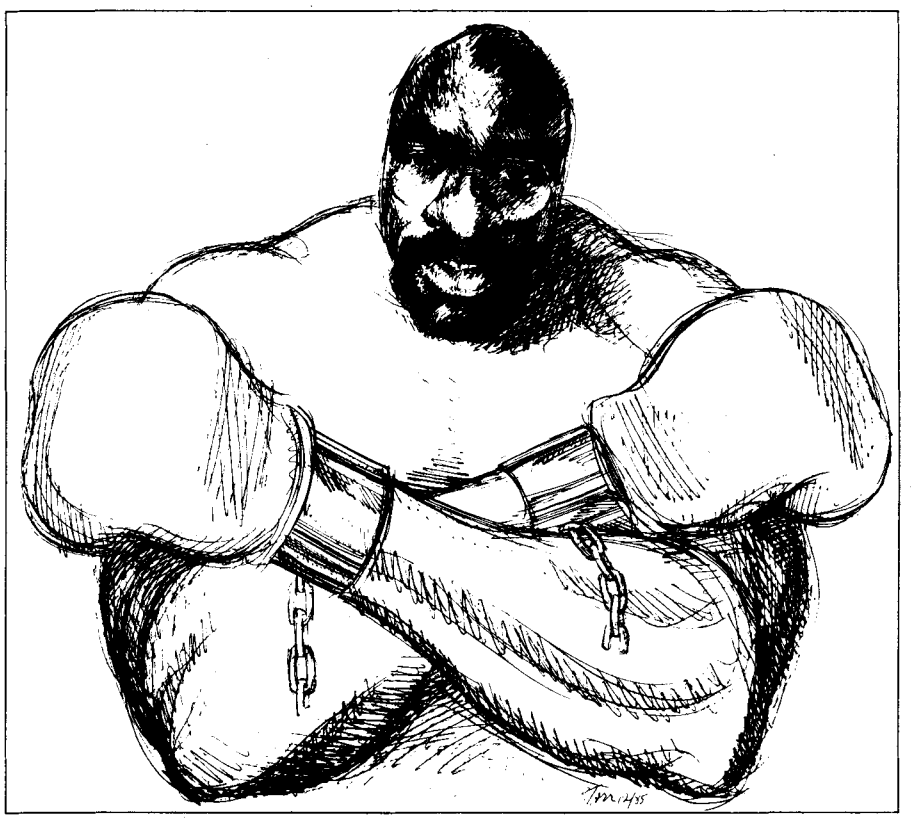
On June 17, 1966, at two in the morning, someone burst into the Lafayette Grill, in Paterson, New Jersey, and shot four people, killing two men, mortally wounding a woman, and critically wounding another man.

A woman named Pat Valentine, living directly upstairs, heard the shots and ran to the window. She saw two black men climb into a distinctive late-model white car with "butterfly" taillights and New York license plates. Another witness down the street saw the same thing and called police.

Minutes later, a patrol car that had already heard a radio report of the shooting saw two cars—a white one followed by a dark one—speeding down one of Paterson's main avenues. Thinking the cars were headed for New York, the patrolman took a shortcut to the entrance to Route 4, but the cars never arrived. Cruising back through the streets of Paterson a few minutes later, he spotted a white car traveling at a normal rate of speed. He stopped it. Inside were Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, the pride of Paterson's black community and the nation's number-two-ranked middleweight boxer, and a 19-year-old named John Artis.

Because the officer hadn't yet heard the full description of the getaway car—and because Carter was well known and highly respected in Paterson—the car was not detained. When the officer went to the scene a few minutes later and heard Valentine's description, however, he realized it matched Carter's brand new Manhattan-rented Dodge. Carter and Artis were stopped a second time and taken to the Lafayette Grill. When Pat Valentine saw the car she not only identified it, but became hysterical and tried to run away.

Also identifying the car was another witness, 22-year-old Alfred Bello, a reform-school veteran whom police had discovered inside in the bar when they arrived. Bello said he was about to enter the Lafayette Grill for a pack of cigarettes when two black men rushed out with guns. At first he thought they were police detectives. When he realized they had just shot up the bar, he turned and ran. From an alleyway he watched them get into a "highly polished" white car and drive away. Then he went back into the bar to rob the cash register.



Bello, it eventually emerged, had been acting as a lookout for another ex-offender, Dexter Bradley, who was burglarizing a factory next door. Bello had once seen Carter box in reform school, and—according to his later account—had recognized him as one of the men getting into the car. But Bello wasn't the type to cooperate with police and said nothing.

Questioned separately at the police station, Carter and Artis gave conflicting accounts of what they had done that evening, and how they had ended up driving through Paterson at two in the morning. In searching the car, police turned up a shotgun shell and a handgun bullet of the same caliber as the ammunition used in the shooting. No guns were ever found.

Carter and Artis were summoned to testify before a grand jury two weeks later. Nothing happened for a while.

William Tucker is The American Spectator*'s New York correspondent and author of the new book,* Vigilante: The Backlash Against Crime in America *(Stein and Day).*

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Carter had enormous prestige in Paterson, and the prosecution felt it had a weak case since there were as yet no positive eyewitness identifications of the two men. Then—again according to his own account—Bello heard from a woman in a bar one night that Carter knew Bello had seen him the night of the shooting. Fearing that he might become an expendable witness—and looking for a deal on his own burglary charge—Bello went to police and told his story. In October Carter and Artis were indicted on three counts of murder.

Hours before the Lafayette Grill shooting, another murder had taken place. Frank Conforti, a white man who once owned a failing bar right on the edge of the black neighborhood, had sold it to a black man named Roy Holloway. The business had prospered under Holloway, and Conforti had decided he wanted it back. Holloway, of course, refused to sell. On the night of July 16, Conforti walked into the bar with a shotgun and killed Holloway. An angry crowd immediately assembled and Conforti locked himself in the bathroom. Police had to form a cordon to escort Conforti out of the bar and on to the police station. Conforti was convicted of murder and served a "life term" of fourteen years.

Holloway had a stepson named Eddie Rawls, who was bartender at another Paterson establishment. One small section of that bar was called "The Champ's Corner." It was set aside for Carter, a friend of Rawls and a regular patron. John Artis, a young athlete from neighboring Clifton who was just beginning to cut a name for himself in the community and who idolized Carter, was another frequent customer.

Carter testified before the grand jury that he had heard about the earlier killing. He also knew there was talk of a "shaking"—some kind of retaliation—in the black community. But he had not heard that anyone had intended a shooting.

To someone living in Paterson, the Lafayette Grill would have seemed a likely target for retaliation. Located just up from Holloway's bar on the street that divided the black and white neighborhoods, it was known as a "redneck" hangout whose owner—who was killed in the shooting—had frequently refused service to blacks.

At the trial in May 1967, both Pat Valentine and Bello reported their identification of Carter's distinctive car. Bello and Bradley also personally identified Carter and Artis as the men who had emerged from the bar—although it seems almost impossible that Bradley, who had been down a long alleyway, could have seen anything.

The defense argued that the police had planted the shotgun shells in Carter's car. The defendants also presented three witnesses—two women and a man—who said they had been elsewhere with Carter and Artis that night.

After a 31-day trial, Carter and Artis were both convicted of first-degree murder. Artis received a life sentence, making him eligible for parole in 1981. Carter received a double-life sentence, and was not eligible for parole until 1994.

In 1974, Carter received a $10,000 advance from Viking Publishers for writing his life story, *The Sixteenth Round*. The money immediately went to Fred Hogan, an investigator with the public defender's office in Monmouth County who was acting as Carter's "agent." (Hogan even paid income tax on the money.) Hogan says Carter asked him to handle the money because "he couldn't cash the check while he was in jail."

Shortly thereafter, Hogan began a series of meetings with Bello, who was back in jail and reportedly angry because he hadn't received a $10,000

Save Nicaragua's Last Voice For Freedom

KEEP THE PRESSES OF LA PRENSA ROLLING

An Open Letter from U.S. Senator Orrin Hatch

Violetta Chamorro of La Prensa. *Her husband was murdered under the Somoza regime. Now the Sandinistas are threatening her newspaper's survival. This courageous woman is the last independent voice of a free Nicaragua.*

Join me in helping Violetta Chamorro continue to publish *La Prensa*—Nicaragua's only remaining voice for freedom.

Without private American help Señora Chamorro will almost certainly be forced to close down this staunchly democratic newspaper after fifty years of publication.

For the many thousands of Nicaraguans who depend on *La Prensa* for inspiration in a totalitarian state that would be tragic. For just as *La Prensa* opposed Anastasio Somoza, so it now speaks out against the Soviet-backed Sandinistas.

Dictators on the left and the right do not take kindly to criticism. Seven years ago Señora Chamorro's husband was gunned down on the way to *La Prensa*'s offices. *La Prensa* has been censored for five years by the Sandinistas, was censored for five years by Somoza, and was looted and occupied by the National Guard in 1967.

Today the newspaper is threatened again in a more subtle way. Forced to buy inferior quality Soviet newsprint at outrageous prices (about twice the U.S. price) when it is made available, *La Prensa* is facing financial ruin in weeks.

There is still hope. Alerted to *La Prensa*'s urgent need, AMERICARES Foundation contacted American newsprint suppliers. Because of their generosity AMERICARES now has 250 tons of newsprint awaiting shipment to *La Prensa*. A pilot shipment of 44 tons arrived safely on August 9th.

Unfortunately, the total freight cost for shipment is some $35,000—far beyond the limited means of AMERICARES. It would be tragic if this newsprint stayed on the dock.

Please join with me *today* to help pay the freight to Managua. Make a contribution of $25 or more to AMERICARES Foundation. *The need is urgent.* Time is running out for *La Prensa*. Please help the Nicaraguan people keep what little freedom of expression they still have.

Sincerely,

Orrin G. Hatch

Senator Orrin Hatch

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reward offered after the shooting. Hogan's own notes—introduced at the second trial—indicate that Bello asked for a payment of $10,000, because, Hogan says, "he said he was going to sell his story to the highest bidder." Hogan nevertheless insists that he didn't offer Bello any money.

At first Bello was "uncooperative," but after several meetings he announced he was recanting his testimony identifying Carter. Hogan got in touch with Selwyn Raab, who was just moving from PBS to the *New York Times*, and Hal Levinson, also of PBS, who broke the story. A popular campaign was begun to release Carter and Artis.

The case had already been reviewed all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, but now the New Jersey State Supreme Court called another hearing to review the new evidence. Although the Court said it didn't believe the recantations, it settled on a technicality that accomplished what Bello's new testimony failed to achieve. Since the original trial, discovery rules had been recodified by the U.S. Supreme Court, as part of the broad expansion of criminal defendants' rights during the 1960s and 70s. Applying these rules retroactively, the Court said that the prosecution had withheld information that detectives had made certain promises to Bello—even though the only promise was that Bello's parole would be served outside of Passaic County because Bello feared retaliation.

Carter and Artis were released and a new trial was scheduled.

It is a rule of thumb in criminal cases that they become more difficult to prosecute as time goes by. Witnesses die, memories fade, and victims and witnesses often become reluctant to relive a traumatic experience. It came as something of a surprise, then, when in 1976 the Passaic County prosecutor's office presented a much more powerful case against Carter and Artis than it had at the first trial.

In 1967, the trial judge had not allowed the prosecution to talk about the circumstances surrounding the murders. The case had been tried simply on the hard evidence. The second time, however, the district attorney was allowed to go into lengthy detail about the murder of Holloway and the subsequent events. It also became clear that some of Carter's charisma had faded in the Paterson community.

One witness said he had seen Carter talking with Eddie Rawls after the first killing. Others testified that Carter had spent part of the evening looking for a gun. Carter had lost two guns a year before and had later been told by a woman that a man named Neil Morrison, one of his former sparring partners, had stolen them. That evening Carter sought out Morrison to confront him with the woman in an effort to retrieve the guns.

In addition, the three witnesses who had provided Carter's alibi at the first trial now testified that Carter had asked them to lie for him. A fourth witness also said that Carter had approached him and asked him to provide an alibi. The witness had consulted a friend who was a parole officer, and was advised to "disappear" during the first trial, which he had done.

Both Pat Valentine and a reporter from the *Passaic Herald-News* testified they had seen the police officer find the two bullets in the car. Bello, reversing himself a third time, once again said it was Carter and Artis he had encountered outside the bar. (Bradley, the other ex-con, who had almost certainly lied at the first trial, had recanted because "his conscience bothered him," but he could not be found by either side during the second trial.) Carter, who had testified on his own behalf at the first trial, did not take the stand.

A jury of ten whites and two blacks once again convicted Carter and Artis on three counts of murder. →

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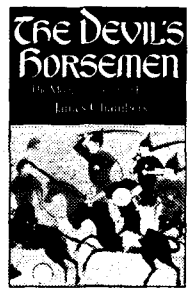

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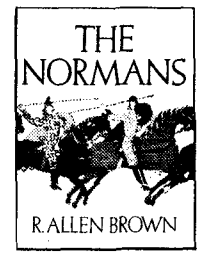

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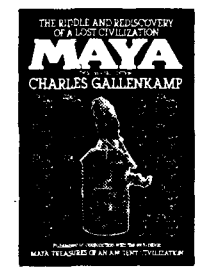

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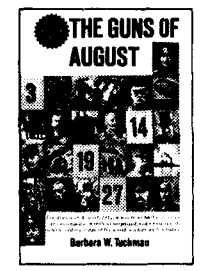

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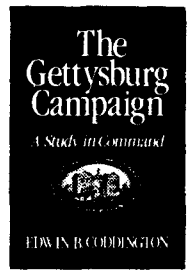

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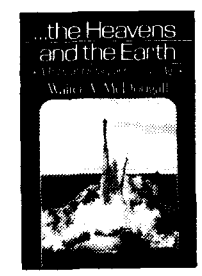

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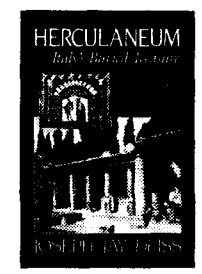

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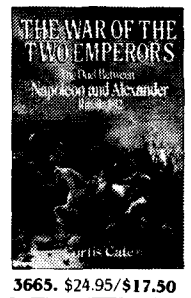

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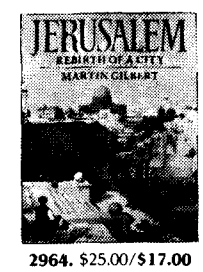

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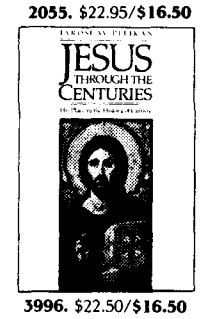

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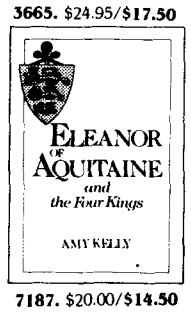

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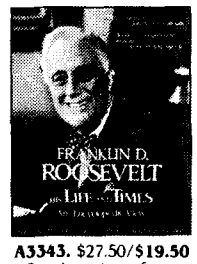

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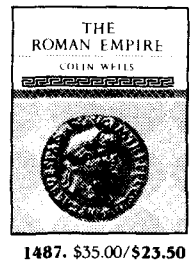

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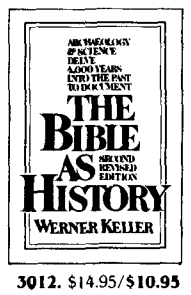

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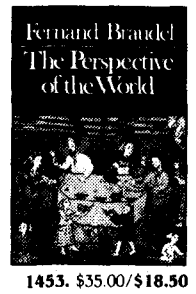

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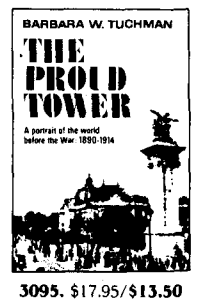

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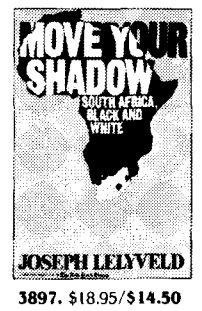

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Just before the New Jersey Supreme Court reversed the first conviction, another "trial" took place. Governor Brendan Byrne was petitioned by many people to grant Carter an outright pardon. He asked Eldridge Hawkins, a black New Jersey Assemblyman and head of the judiciary committee, to investigate the matter. After several months, the committee submitted a report concluding that Carter and Artis were in fact "at the scene of the crime," but that other people may have been involved in the shooting. In particular, the Hawkins report turned up a woman whom police had known about but whom the prosecution had deemed too unreliable to put on the witness stand.

There had always been reports that a second, dark car had sped away from the scene behind Carter's white Dodge. Long after it was too late to conduct any searches, Passaic police realized that the street on which the patrolman first saw the cars speeding past, and the perpendicular street where Carter's Dodge was stopped a short while later, intersected at Eddie Rawls's house. Eddie Rawls owned a dark car. The woman mentioned in the Hawkins report claimed to have been in the second car.

Byrne did not pardon Carter.

The second conviction held up longer than the first. It made it past the New Jersey Supreme Court on a 4-to-3 vote. But last September it ran into Federal District Judge H. Lee Sarokin, who sits in Newark.

Using the blank check issued to federal judges by the U.S. Supreme Court for overturning local jury verdicts—in blatant violation of the Seventh Amendment—Judge Sarokin ruled the second conviction "unconstitutional" and ordered Carter released from prison. He said that the Passaic County prosecutor's suggestion of possible racial motives in the killing had violated the defendants' constitutional rights. Referring to the evidence in the case as "disputed," Sarokin said that in his judgment the case did not merit a conviction. He urged that in the name of "justice and compassion" Carter and Artis not be retried.

And so the case of Hurricane Carter may soon be over. The prosecutors are appealing to the Third Circuit Court of Appeals, and whoever loses there will certainly appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court. The Passaic County prosecutor's office has not said whether it will attempt a third trial if its appeals are denied.

On the evidence, another conviction is not impossible. But is it worth the effort? Given our current system, where a single federal judge, reading a trial record, can not only overturn the verdict of twelve jurors who actually see and hear the witnesses, but also nullify the reviewing powers of a state's entire judicial apparatus, convictions can no longer be measured in terms of finality—*stare juris*, as it was once called, long the pride of English law. They must be measured instead by how long they stand up in an appeals process that never, never ends. Carter will be eligible for parole from his two "life sentences" in a few years. Another prosecution would cost Passaic County at least a half million dollars. Each successive reversal bludgeons the public into believing that prosecutor and juries really have no power against the higher courts, and that the criminal defendant is playing the winning hand.

Nearly twenty years after the shooting in the Lafayette Grill, Rubin Carter may soon stand exonerated for the "crime he didn't commit." □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

VATICAN PARALYSIS

by Mary Ball Martínez

Because Pope John Paul's announcement that he had convoked a special synod to evaluate the results of the Second Vatican Council gave no indication as to how *he* evaluated them, a spontaneous media buildup began early last year which eventually brought more than 300 correspondents to Rome in November. For Catholics, the Council that changed the Church was a watershed, and one's attitude toward its consequences marks a Catholic as traditionalist, conservative, progressive, or radical. Adding zest to the buildup was a series of interviews and a book in which the Prefect for the Doctrine of the Faith, Cardinal Ratzinger, offered devastating criticism of post-conciliar abuses, calling the present situation a "crisis."

Speculation mounted. Was the German cardinal speaking with his master's voice, as *Time* suggested? Conservative Catholics took heart. They saw the whole irreverent show about to close—the far-out liturgies, gay seminaries, guerrilla priests, feminist nuns. The Holy Father would see to it. *Catholic Eye* predicted: "John Paul's reassertion of papal authority is going to turn the synod into a battlefield." Even traditionalists looked up. Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre, suspended *a divinis* for refusing to accept several Council documents, quipped, "The Cardinal says far harsher things than I ever said." Meanwhile, progressives panicked. Priest-columnist Andrew Greeley warned the Vatican that "to turn the clock back by abrogating any of the reforms of Vatican II will only make a chaotic situation more chaotic."

Even as they jostled for seats along with some 300 resident *vaticanisti* in the overcrowded press hall, Vatican watchers could have told by a glance at the participants that this was not a meeting called to abrogate anything. Except for a few elderly cardinals who had taken part in the Council, the great majority of those scheduled to speak were presidents of episcopal conferences. In other words, the Establishment. As such they would have no more desired to turn back the clock than they would to join in what could only appear to them an unseemly outburst on the part of the Prefect. Although no bishop had spoken up when the Ratzinger declarations were published, several leading theologians in England had pronounced them "negative and infantile"; the Jesuit rector of Rome's Gregorian University simply called them "sad."

If the shadow of the strong critique hung over the synod, no participating cardinal, bishop, or priest admitted it. One after the other lauded the conciliar changes. "A grace of God and the most important event of the century," said Irish Cardinal O'Fiaich. Cardinal Law of Boston gave "witness to the blessings of the Council" just as "we bishops give to the Council our unanimous affirmation," and Yugoslavia's Cardinal Kouaric, calling

Mary Ball Martínez is a long-time observer of Vatican affairs.

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the 1962-1965 meetings "a good tree bearing good fruit," insisted that "in no way should the tempest that followed the Council be attributed to the Council."

Traditionalists maintain that doctrinal error contained in certain Council documents brought on the tempest. Ratzinger does not go that far. For him, mistaken interpretations of those texts are to blame. As for the tempest, statistics show it to have been sweeping. In the United States alone, tens of thousands of priests left the ministry and at least 60,000 nuns abandoned their convents. Only ten years after the Council, Mass attendance in Paris had dropped by 75 percent, enrollment in French seminaries by 86 percent, in Holland every seminary closed for lack of students. Whether the disaster was due to what the Council texts said or to what their interpreters said they said continues to be debated; the net result, however, was a process which both Pope Paul VI and Cardinal Ratzinger have described as "auto-destruction."

As the influential Belgian Cardinal Daneels pointed out on opening day, since the bishops had been invited to Rome to "celebrate, verify and promote the Second Vatican Council," it was hardly to be expected that they would want to delve into the kind of unpleasantness the catastrophic statistics indicated. It was also predictable that as conference presidents they would avoid discussion of Ratzinger's denunciation of the episcopal conferences. Calling them devoid of any theological basis, he insisted that the conferences deprive individual bishops of their proper personal authority. From earliest times a bishop was responsible only to the Pope and could count on presenting his problems and requests directly to the Vatican. Under the conference system, his initiatives must be subjected to a majority vote of his fellow bishops. Like many of the anomalies credited to Vatican II, however, this structure was not conceived on the Council floor, but in the mind of Pope Pius XII a decade before the Council convened.

The question of episcopal conferences concerns ecclesiastical government. What about the governed? Why have thousands of priests and nuns and millions of the laity walked away since Vatican II? The answer may have been given, albeit unwittingly, by Cardinal Willebrands, President of the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity, at the synod's second press conference. When a middle-aged journalist asked, "How does conciliar teaching differ from what we were taught in school—namely, that the Protestant denominations would have to return to Rome?" the Dutch prelate replied, "Return? That is a word that never enters our discussions. What does it mean, return? Methodists would have to return to Anglicanism. No, I do not envision any return. Rather I see us all going together along the same path toward the future."

Like the conference idea, the Willebrands thesis did not spring from the Council sessions. It was only reasserted there and made known to the faithful. What has come to be called "ecumenism" was already underway in 1922 with the Malines Conversations of Cardinal Mercier and Lord Halifax, and the last statement to be issued from the Vatican denouncing the blending of religions was the 1929 encyclical *Mortalium Anima* of Pope Pius XI: "The Church has always maintained that there is only one way in which unity can be achieved and that is by furthering a return to the one, true Church of Christ by those who have separated from it."

For better or for worse, the pivotal words are "one" and "true." Peter Hebblethwaite, a veteran journalist and onetime Jesuit, recalls how conservative bishops during the last sessions of Vatican II attempted to insert

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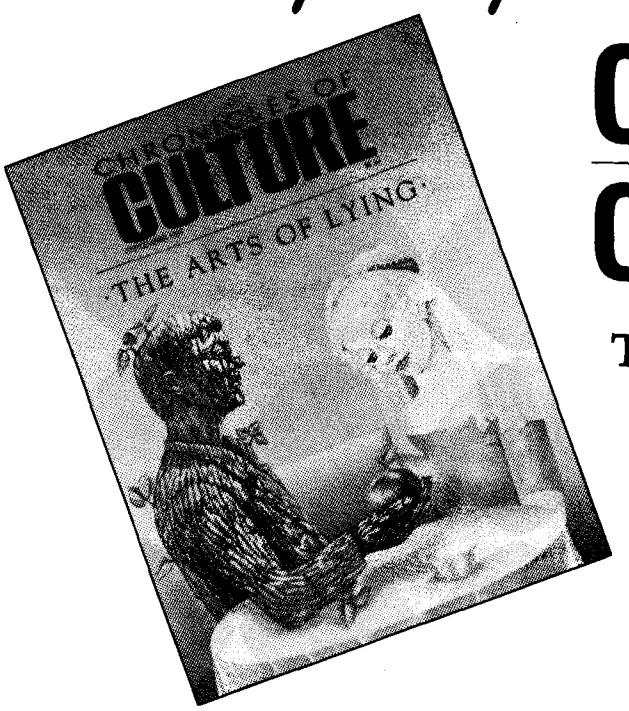

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into the Religious Freedom document the age-old Catholic claim to what he calls "a monopoly on truth." The attempt was unsuccessful. Now, twenty years later, it could be asked how post-conciliar statistics might read had the attempt succeeded. When Catholics were convinced they belonged to "the one" and "the true," they undertook the difficult disciplines of priestly celibacy, indissoluble marriage bonds, regular practices of Mass and sacraments, with little complaint.

But Cardinal Ratzinger is clear: "Catholics have lost the conviction that there is one truth and that this truth is definable in a precise way." If indeed that essential conviction was lost during the years immediately following the Second Vatican Council, the matter would seem to have been worth looking into by such a comprehensive body of churchmen as met in Rome in November. The inquiry would have served as well to arouse more than 600 half-dozing journalists who had come primed for a battle only to find "unanimous affirmation."

If the affirmative means the hierarchy is going to pursue conciliar reforms with new and systematic vigor, progressives should be encouraged, conservatives tested in the virtue of obedience. Some radicals will probably conform, some will leave the Church. And it can mean a dramatic turn for the opposite marginal group, the traditionalists. Archbishop Lefebvre, now 80, in company with Archbishop Castro Mayer of Brazil, has indicated that, should the November meetings turn out to be a non-event, he intends to do what traditionalist Catholics have been urging him to do for ten years and that is to consecrate a bishop or bishops to succeed them both. The Vatican, beginning with Cardinal Ratzinger, will have no choice but to call it schism. □

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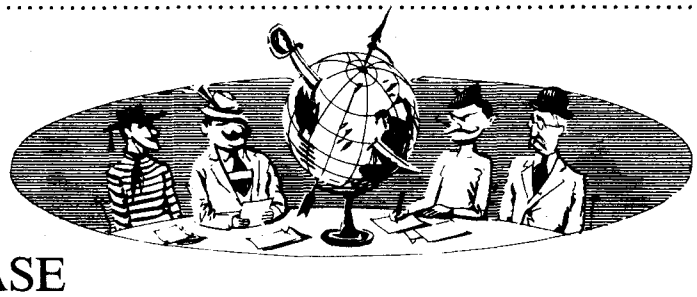

A BALKAN BASKET CASE

by Feliks Polonski

The only American citizen formally permitted to visit Albania is a Jack Shulman, who from New York apparently edits an admiring periodical called *Albanian Report*. But no need to feel that once again the U.S. is getting a raw deal—no Soviet visitors are allowed in either. And I don't wish to be unkind to Mr. Shulman, particularly as I've never read his journal, but when I visited the country last fall I found precious little to admire.

Feliks Polonski is the pseudonym of a writer on Eastern Europe.

Albanian history is the messiest of that profoundly troubled region, the Balkans. Squashed between Yugoslavia and Greece, with only 40 miles of the Adriatic separating it from Italy, Albania has suffered centuries of humiliating invasion at the hands not only of those three, but also more distant Turkey and Germany. Formally independent in 1912, it was then literally sold by its inept ruler, King Zog, to the Italians for $20 million just before the last war. The country has had an internal history that freezes the marrow: As late as 1920 blood feuds accounted for one in every four adult male deaths. Almost inevitably, poverty, illiteracy, premature death, and peasant ignorance bred like worms in a cadaver. The resistance to the fascists in World War II was a chaotic affair, and the only group with sufficient internal discipline to wage a consistent guerrilla war—the Communists—emerged in 1945, ready to seize power.

From the start the country was ruled as a virtual autocracy until the (totally unjust) peaceful death last April of Stalinist strongman Enver Hoxha. His forty-year tyranny dragged Albania—scarcely kicking but certainly screaming—into a distorted version of the twentieth century from which it will take at least as long to recover. Hoxha turned a nation of 3 million, living in an area the size of Maryland, into the most isolated spot on earth, and one of the most sinister. He left behind a country of no taxation, no private automobiles, no religious practice, no freedom of travel and self-expression, no inflation, and no acknowledged foreign debts.

Hoxha initially looked for good relations with Yugoslavia's Tito, but Tito's real interest in Albania was as a future seventh republic for Yugoslavia. Unlike Tito, Hoxha remained loyal to Moscow until 1961, when Khrushchev denounced Stalin—Hoxha denounced Khrushchev in turn, and happily wrote off billions of rubles lent to Albanian industry. Hoxha then nestled up to Mao, until Mao's heirs turned "reformist" in 1978, when he again wrote off huge debts to China. Inasmuch as the Albanian constitution forbids foreign loans, officials are proud to tell you that the country owes nothing to anyone. But on a visit to the country's largest textile factory, I noticed that all the equipment was from China, most of it dating from 1963.

However estranged Albania remains from the Kremlin, it continues to venerate Joseph Stalin. Strategically positioned statues and busts of the moustached Georgian are to be found in every city and town, and in its suppression of individual freedom and excision of cultural diversity the country adheres to Stalinist principles of rule like no other. Seventy percent of the population is Muslim, with an equal distribution of Catholic and Orthodox among the minority. But in 1967 religion was outlawed after "pressure from youth organizations." Since then priests and practitioners have been imprisoned and in some cases executed. Those few Western tourists—less than 3,000 a year—who are allowed in will be taken to padlocked mosques and, if they are fortunate, to the Byzantine church in Apollonia, a unique relic fast decaying for lack of proper attention. All such religious sites are totally banned for Albanians.

As you would expect, the prisons and forced labor camps work overtime. Each of the country's administrative districts has its own work camp. In 1955 the U.N. reported that 80,000 men, women, and children had served time in these camps since the end of the war, and 16,000 of them had died. A report published in 1984 by Amnesty

AFGHANISTAN

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International concluded that the human rights situation in Albania has if anything grown worse.

But with Hoxha dead many Albanians argue that things have to improve under his successor, 59-year-old Ramiz Alia. In particular there is growing hope that Alia will move to end the country's insane isolationism. But the most pressing problems facing Alia are internal and economic. He has put a stop to the bizarre military-bunker construction program launched by Hoxha in the 1960s. Everywhere you travel in Albania military defenses sprout like some belligerent fungus—gray concrete domes, dug into the earth, ready to be occupied by troops. Most of them are derelict, the site of bonfires for children and useful stopping-off points for drunks who can't make it home. The military is scarcely less ubiquitous, as scruffy and down-at-heel as the rest of the populace. No doubt I did not see the front-line troops, who reputedly receive everything they could wish for, including an 80 percent rise in defense spending since 1982.

The personality cult that Hoxha developed for himself remains in full swing; at a kindergarten children treated us to a song in which they lamented the death of "Comrade Enver" but then comforted themselves with the knowledge that he had "left the party red"—on that phrase, flinging their right arms up in a gesture reminiscent of the Hitler Youth. Hoxha's picture adorns every available wallspace, his "immortal" thoughts clutter communal noticeboards, his people live in apartment blocks where huge slogans announce "Lavdi Enver" and "Rrofte marxizm-leninizm"—"Glory to Enver" and "Long live Marxism-Leninism."

Despite the official view that the economy is doing well, a recent six-month drought has dealt a devastating blow to a country still largely dependent on agriculture, and where irrigation and machinery remain primitive. Transportation is no less backward, as twenty-year old trucks struggle along dirt-track roads, and the railways battle against lack of basic raw materials.

According to a well-placed source at Radio Tirane, the Albanian state radio, many villagers in remote regions (where foreigners never set foot) are close to starvation. Some have even sent collective letters begging Alia to help them. Meat, flour, cooking oil, coffee, and other staples are severely rationed. In the capital, Tirane, milk is on sale for only half an hour each day. The official wage is 600 Lek a month (about $90), but in villages many work for a quarter of that. Not that the secret police and party elite don't live well. Or as my source put it when I asked her whether she was happy in today's Albania, "Only the ten politburo members who have a Mercedes and a whore are happy here."

I asked her if Alia would change things.

"I can only point to a few changes that outsiders wouldn't notice. Such things seem stupid to you, but to us they are the grains of hope. For example, you see all the slogans praising Hoxha, yet nothing about Alia. Nothing. Perhaps he isn't interested in building himself a cult. Let's hope so. Then again, the only new slogan he has approved since Hoxha died is 'Better Times Are Ahead For Albania.' That slogan, suggesting that things have not been perfect in the past, would have been unthinkable under Hoxha. It's a tiny step towards realism. Of course people are utterly exhausted with the lack of food, the incredibly high prices. Many factories now work only two days a week, no electricity—when they don't work, the workers don't get money. Things are desperate for many of them. But in the last few months, since Hoxha died, people have been allowed to go to Greece to visit relatives. Only old people and those who leave their families behind—but it's something."

I asked if there had been any strikes, any signs of a Solidarity-type movement that could be felt on every street corner.

"Nothing like that," she said. "The peasants have been brainwashed for forty years, they don't know any different. As for the intelligentsia, those who disagree with the state are quickly eliminated. I can talk about my true feelings to only three people in Tirane."

What if Alia proves to be just another Hoxha?

"I don't know," she said. "It can't go on like this. Either Alia will be Hoxha II or a superman. There's no alternative anymore. Things have got too bad to just go on as before." □

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

HARRY'S OF CENTURY CITY

by Douglas Bartholomew

If you get lonely, the Playboy Club is one flight of moving stairs up. If you get *borracco*, you can cling to the high front bar, your elbows propped at roughly the level of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's right armpit in mid sky-hook. If you get hungry, get thee to a table. If you get conversational, the man behind the bar, a Scotchman who goes by MacMillan, will engage obligingly in a run of banter. If you get intimidated by the freeways, a switch to a bottle of something less potent than the old Bushmill's—a beer, perhaps, or a Levissimo's—will help allay your fears of the labyrinthine journey to home or hotel.

But if you get the urge to rub elbows with a guy who has a snake tattoo on his arm or watch the fifth game of the series while putting down a few ales, don't come to Harry's Bar and American Grill. Harry's, in fact, is the opposite of the neighborhood saloon. Most folks probably couldn't afford the parking.

At Harry's, parking is a big deal in the way that design was a big deal to the Edsel. Except that Harry's is still around after thirteen years. Ostensibly, there are three ways one could get to Harry's, which is located in the lower, or swamp, level of the ABC Entertainment Center in a place known as Century City, smack in the middle of Los Angeles.

Walking is one way to get there, though this is not recommended, since it is uncertain if anyone has ever walked (successfully) in L.A. Or you could fly. (A personal helicopter would be most fitting.) Or you can get to Harry's by automobile. People don't drive to Harry's, they "arrive"—often in Rolls Royces and Ferraris. My arrival Saturday afternoon as I queued up behind a Jaguar, a BMW, and a Mercedes-Benz in my decade-old Chevrolet camper was uneventful until my turn came for valet service. As the ladies in their gowns and the gents in their black ties waited for the sleek vehicles behind me, one of the white-jacketed valets leaped up on my bumper exclaiming, "No taka trucka, no taka trucka!"

Taka my advice: Come to Harry's when you're flush, when you're hot, when the steam billows from your wallet. Harry's is the kind of place you go after you've hit it big at Vegas, driven all morning in a brand new Maserati with a blonde you met the night before. *Then* you cruise in for a pop or two at Harry's.

When the barman sees me scribbling in my notebook, he asks if I'm writing my entry for this year's contest, which is Harry's Bar and American Grill's claim to fame amid a city littered with the stuff: the Eighth International Imitation Hemingway Competition. Each January, Harry's places advertisements in magazines, including the *New Yorker*, that state, "You must face The White Bull That Is Paper With No Words On It." Each year the ads bring more than 2,000 people out of the prep school woodwork or wherever Hemingway imitators work to show their skill at what Harry's is fond of calling "good bad Hemingway."

Concomitant with the fact that this ability is not a salable trade, the prize is a trip for two to Florence, and dinner at Harry's there (no relation). While the winning entries, judged so by such literary lunas as Ray Bradbury and Hemingway's son Jack, often evoke a chuckle, they more often border on the cute. College professors

Douglas Bartholomew is The American Spectator*'s Chief Saloon Correspondent.*

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sift through the vast bulk of entries, filtering out the lesser efforts and setting aside twenty-five for a closer reading. The team of Bradbury-Hemingway et al. is then sequestered in Harry's for a final judgment day, with the bar closed to the public. They may taste some carpaccio with mustard and mayonnaise sauce (a delightful dish named for the painter, who used a color similar to that of the rare roast beef it consists of), sample some wine, and pronounce the winner. Invariably, several bottles of Chardonnay are consumed; on one occasion, a judge was carried out by his colleagues.

What do the judges look for? First, the grammar must be flawless. Humor is second. Next, a relationship between a man and a woman is a plus. Finally, says Bill Moyles, the manager of Harry's, "The more ludicrous, the better."

Back at the bar, my Edinburgh barman tells me he ended up here because of Freddy Laker. "When Freddy came along, you just had to go to New York," he says. "I just kept on going."

The towheaded fellow on the barstool on my right is here from Jefferson City, Missouri. A show-me boy. He is bug-eyed, alert, garrulous. He is in town with his father for the National Truck Stop Association's annual convention. Having overheard, others along the bar stare deeply at this affable young hayseed as if hair might suddenly sprout from between his pearly teeth.

Two men clad in what look to be Brooks Brothers suits take stools on my left. Each rests a pair of binoculars and folded Playbills on the bar. Deadpan and quick, Max says, "So your seats are far away." One of the Brooks Boys protests: "No, we were at the *races*. We're on our way to the *theatre*."

Irish coffees up and down the immaculate bar that seats no more than a dozen mostly high-backed people with unobtrusive elbows. Bartender again sees my penmanship in action, asks how my entry is coming. Woman on the barstool beside me makes languid, fishlike movements as if wanting to be seen, i.e., noticed. Her dress, covered with iridescent blue, scaly sequins, adds to the marine creature look. She has a tail, but it is not the finny type required of mermaids.

Truck Stopper appears more than moderately interested when I mention the Playboy Club upstairs. A lissome hostess agrees to punch my parking tag. Jeeves, my helicopter pilot, is nowhere in sight, nor is the blonde in the Maserati. Bunnies look more real in the magazine than in the flesh. No Trucka brings my rusty steed and I am off, heading north on a darkling trail of concrete, bound for dusty Bakersfield. □

THE TALKIES

LOST IN AFRICA

by Alexandra Schönburg

Out of Africa, Sydney Pollack's adaptation of Isak Dinesen's memoir of her years in Kenya from 1914 to 1931, begins with Meryl Streep's haunting voice reading the first sentence of Dinesen's book: "I had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills."

The theme of the movie is loss. It is the story of a woman who, in her own words, wanted "to fascinate and be fascinated," who struggled for a passionate life against her fear of being abandoned. The fear began when she was ten with her father's suicide and continued throughout her life in her relationships with men.

Her husband, Baron Bror von Blixen, convincingly played by Klaus Maria Brandauer, is continuously unfaithful. He goes off on endless safaris. He is unreliable, irresponsible, improvident; but he is charming, and Dinesen is clearly taken by him. She often suffered from depression, arising from Bror's continual philanderings with different European women, including the wife of a close friend, and her discovery that her husband had given her syphilis. Judith Thurman, in a recent biography of Dinesen, quotes her on jealousy: "It is as if a claw had grabbed your heart, as if you had been shaken and tumbled by a wild animal. How I remember it. How I knew it."

Bror Blixen was a rather coarse, uneducated man, whose main goal in life was to have a good time. He and Dinesen had a certain attraction and affection for each other, but their marriage was basically one of convenience: she provided the money, he the title. Dinesen was a social climber who wanted the title so much that when she caught syphilis she said: "If it didn't sound so beastly I might say that, the world being as it is, it was worthwhile having syphilis in order to become a Baroness." Bror eventually left her and asked for a divorce.

She felt the same abandonment later with Denys Finch Hatton, whose fear of being bored and love of freedom dominated his life. An English aristocrat, old Etonian, soldier, white hunter, and eccentric, Finch Hatton would fly to London from Kenya for a night to see one of Diaghilev's ballets. He loved Nijinsky, Beaudelaire, the Bloomsbury group, modern art and music. Stravinsky was a particular favorite. He scorned Beethoven as vulgar. For background music Pollack strikes a compromise. He chooses Mozart, and in so doing gives the film a touch of refinement and lyricism.

Denys is played by Robert Redford, who I imagine thought that if he could pass for a seventeen-year-old baseball player in the *The Natural* (with, I might add, a lot of back lighting), he could now pass for an English aristocrat. It is a poor performance. Redford is miscast; he looks like a cowboy dressed by Ralph Lauren. One wonders whom he thought he was playing and why. For a worthy Denys one dreams of seeing a Nigel Havers (*Chariots of Fire*) or a Jeremy Irons or a young Laurence Olivier.

The film does not effectively convey the passing of time, those seventeen years of Dinesen's struggle to keep her coffee plantation going against nature's disasters and her creditors' demands. Ultimately, when she could not meet these demands she lost the farm. Moreover Dinesen's great loneliness, broken only by the brief—albeit passionate and fulfilling—comings and goings of Denys, becomes a burden to the story.

Meryl Streep is at her best here. She plays the aristocrat perfectly, with arrogance, elegance, and charm. Dinesen came from a rich upper-middle-class Danish family, but loved being addressed as Baroness and suffered greatly from her divorce.

Her great love of nature and her desire for adventure must have influenced her move to Africa. She fell in love with the country and its people immediately: "As for me, from my first weeks in Africa, I had felt a great affection for the natives. It was a strong feeling that embraced all ages and both sexes—the discovery of the dark races was to me a magnificent enlargement of all my world." The shots of Africa are superb: each of the scenes was first painted in water color by the production designer, Steven Grimes, who also worked on *Ryan's Daughter* and *On Golden Pond*. Each of his water-color scenes has been faithfully adapted by Pollack, giving us a vivid sense of Kenya's beauty.

In Africa, Dinesen was a foreigner looked down upon by English society. Her affair with Denys gave her recognition, especially after his death in an airplane crash. At his burial the English community regarded her as his widow. It must have been of enormous comfort at a time of total desolation, for now she realized that she had lost everything she had lived for over the past seventeen years: her lover dead, her husband gone, and her beloved farm lost.

The night Dinesen finds out about Denys's death, she wants to take her own life. She does not, but before the burial she paints her face like a mask, putting kohl under her eyes and white powder on her cheeks. It is the mask behind which she will hide until her death. She leaves Africa destitute.

The idea of this movie had been in the minds of many people. *Out of Africa*, the book, is a memoir, an anthropologist's notebook, and also one of the finest stories of life in Africa. It has stood up as well if not better than any of Hemingway's short stories, though not as well known. Dinesen had charm, intelligence, and talent. But this fascinating book and Dinesen's fascinating character were not enough to make a movie, not until Errol Trzelinsky discovered the love story between Dinesen and Denys in a book, *Silence Will Speak*. The rights to that book were bought in 1978 by Anna Cataldi who, after years of struggle, finally managed to get Kurt Luedtke interested in writing the screenplay for one of the great romances of the century.□

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THE ZERO-SUM SOLUTION: BUILDING A WORLD-CLASS AMERICAN ECONOMY

Lester Thurow/Simon and Schuster/$18.95

Melville J. Ulmer

Lester Thurow is clearly the most radiant luminary in this decade's swarming firmament of liberal economists. Sure, Paul Samuelson, John Kenneth Galbraith, and James Tobin are still very much around, but they are a generation older, and well acclimated to popular adulation in the pantheon of progressive heroes way back to FDR. Thurow is youthful, brimming with intellectual libido and vaulting ambition, tasting with a jackaroo's relish the reception of top print media—*Newsweek,* the *New York Times,* the *Atlantic*—and TV talk shows. And he is bright as a summer's sunrise, tall, blond, with flashing eyes; a gifted communicator with the unpretentious confidence of a Ronald Reagan, a man whom he of course despises.

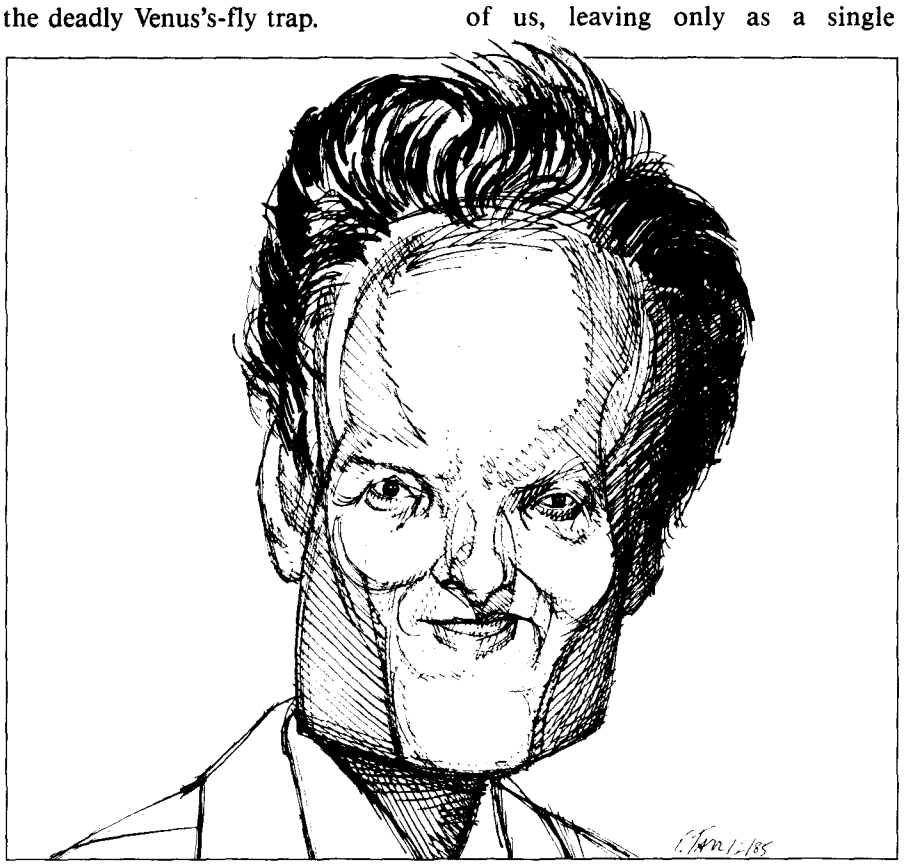
It is the ambition especially that shines forth in his new book, *The Zero-Sum Solution: Building a World-Class American Economy.* He undertook the task to save our nation, much as John M. Keynes had saved—or *thought* he had saved—the United States and Great Britain in the Great Depression. The national disaster that Thurow hoped to heal was not cyclical but longer term, one of progressive stagnation as suggested by his title. A zero-sum society is one of no-growth, in which the poor can be helped only at the expense of the rich. He had described that sorry state of affairs in 1980, in his *The Zero-Sum Society: Redistribution.* The new book was to provide the cure.

From here on the Thurow story becomes a travesty. His hypothesis of a no-growth economy had been drawn from the Carter years, 1977 through 1980, in which productivity did indeed decline, and for the first time in more than a generation. Others had attributed this misfortune to mistaken policies—diminished incentives, skyrocketing inflation, bracket creep with its stifling taxes, excessive government regulation and such. With a faint Marxist touch, Thurow attributed the malaise to evolving and inherent defects deep in the market economy. Hence he had no confidence that the Reagan Administration would work an improvement, and eagerly awaited the first sign of renewed weakness—too eagerly, it turned out.

Thurow first thought he detected the sign in 1982, the year in which America's business activity turned steeply downward, almost floored for a time by Paul Volcker's tight money assault on inflation. He wrote hectically and his book was soon ready for publication, scheduled for March 1984. But meanwhile, zounds! Spurred by Reagan's tax cuts, the economy had turned up and continued its advance with record-breaking vigor. Naturally, the publication date was canceled. A second sign appeared, or so Thurow thought, when the economy faltered at the start of 1985. He could not have known it then but he was *snared,* like an insect drawn to the luring beauty of the deadly Venus's-fly trap.

For without changing a word—with barely a statistic brought up to date—he said "Go!" to Simon and Schuster and the book came out the following autumn. Worse timing is difficult to imagine, since the nation's output rose throughout 1985, modestly at first, but slowly gathering force. In the very month of the book's publication, November, the Dow Jones and all other stock averages stretched again and again to all-time highs. Occasional recessions in a free economy are probably inevitable, but even if one were to arise in the next few months, it could hardly build a case for the secular, progressive stagnation that Thurow had expected.

Hence an otherworldly aura pervades *The Zero-Sum Solution,* as if its author dwelt elsewhere in company of things and events unfamiliar to the rest of us, leaving only as a single recognizable touchstone his own passion for reform. The fantastic portrait of national doom with which Thurow starts his book (and extends through the first five chapters) is so obviously contrived that even school children would remain unconvinced, thinking only that they were being treated to a modernized Grimm's fairy tale. It plunges much deeper in despair than any ordinary recession could possibly enmesh us, evoking the aftermath of a major catastrophe. The United States, he claims, is now a second-class nation, inefficient, disorganized, profligate, and headed downward—hence his heroic pledge in the book's subtitle to build for us all a "world-class" America. In a volume bristling with footnotes, he claims to have shown that the U.S. has fallen behind the rest of the world in output growth, employment, income, productivity progress (one-half Germany's, one-third Japan's, he says), price stability, education, and indeed every worthwhile human undertaking except baseball.



How can he support such assertions, which violate the sense of any American who reads newspapers and travels abroad with open eyes? The answer is simple and yet professionally inexplicable: He focuses almost exclusively on a carefully selected time span extending from 1977 to 1982, and treats it as though it were all of modern history encapsulated. Notice well that his chosen period includes all four of the stagnant years of the Carter economic debacle plus just enough of the first Reagan Administration to end with the 1982 recession. A more unfavorable (for the United States) period for judging comparative international performance could barely be found since the Civil War. Moreover, Thurow extrapolates from these years, forward and backward, drawing a trend line through the lot pointing ever downward. In his zeal to create a victimized economy to rescue, he even utilizes data (on unemployment and the distribution of income) that other reputable economists have demonstrated are unreliable and misleading.

What difference a few years, plus some data corrections, make in the evaluation of America's economic accomplishments will be shown later. First, though, we turn to the medicine Thurow prescribes for the illnesses he finds, however imaginary, since his program rather accurately reflects the expressed will of one important branch of the Democratic party and also oc-

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cupies the major portion of his book. Put briefly, his program appears in three segments: (1) national economic planning, euphemistically known as "an industrial policy," (2) higher taxes, and (3) a substantial cut in national defense—in general the platform upon which Walter Mondale's political body now mutely lies. In the details, however, Thurow incorporates some additions mostly borrowed from planners, past or present; in Western Europe.

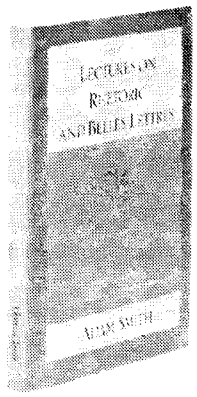
The centerpiece of Thurow's solution is an industrial policy which, like the book itself, rests upon his saturnine assumption that the U.S. is sinking fast, starved of energetic research, innovations, investment, productivity, and above all central direction. It is the direction especially that Thurow is eager to provide in the form of a Ministry of Technology, an Industrial Restructuring Board, and a Public Merchant Bank. This trio in concert would correct the ineptitude of the market system that he believes is presently eroding the American economy.

The chief objective of the Ministry of Technology would be to serve as a kind of "national science foundation for private industry," subsidizing profit-oriented research and covering up to 50 percent of the cost of each individual project. A subsidiary function would "ensure that new information can be spread rapidly across the entire economy," apparently ruling out private patents. This, he writes, would help us "compete in the high-tech world economy of today and tomorrow." The remaining two institutions would hasten us to the same objective but more directly by mending the market system's errors in the formation and allocation of productive capital. The Public Merchant Bank, as the author concedes, would perform a role once undertaken by the ill-fated Reconstruction and Finance Corporation in the 1930s, which he explains was to "socialize" risk. In his interpretation, socializing risk means financing firms not simply on the basis of their individual and immediate prospective profits, but on the longer term gains that would accrue to related industries and hence the country at large. Thurow believes that the Japan Development Bank has actually performed this function with success, as in robotics, though some other authorities disagree.

Perhaps the most widely publicized and also the most controversial element in the "national industrial policies" previously placed before the public by Robert Reich, Ray Marshall, the AFL-CIO, and others is that reposed by Thurow in his Industrial Restructuring Board. Adopting the standard metaphors, Thurow distinguishes sharply between "sunrise" and "sunset" industries, such as bioengineering and steel, respectively. His restructuring board would carefully "oversee" transfer of the nation's capital from the latter to the former. "Overseeing" would be accomplished in part by mobilizing the might of the technology ministry and the public bank, since both would have funds to distribute or withhold. The other part of the task, as Thurow describes it, would involve governmental support for an industry's firms to participate in "a concrete plan to remake the industry into a world-class industry." Although I believe he was handier with words, General Hugh S. Johnson had much the same idea when he headed the National Recovery Administration, inaugurated in 1933 and invalidated by the Supreme Court in 1935.

Highly sensitive to the charge that industrial planners credit government officials with an unbelievable gift to "pick winners and losers," Thurow rejoins that critics are guilty of a mischievous misunderstanding. As he explains it:

Industrial policies exist not to pick the sunrise industries of the year 2000. That is



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clearly impossible. . . . The aim is to strengthen the industries that are now sunrise industries, to restructure old industries so that the parts which remain can exist as world-class competitive entities, to manage decline where decline must occur, and to finance civilian research-and-development projects with long- to medium-term payoffs. In coordination with other policies industrial policies can play a positive role in achieving this result. They are not "the" solution, but they are part of "the" solution.

See? You pick the ones that are winning and losing now, simply assume that they will continue so, and turn on the ministrations of the public bank, the technology ministry, and the restructuring board. Mix well with a little thought to discover the roles in each case played by foreign trade orientation, the over-valued dollar, the unfair trade practices of our devoted allies, excessively high wage rates, and just plain American inefficiency.

From the tone of the foregoing one would guess the nature of Thurow's "solution" to the huge federal budget deficit, which is to boost taxes for the rich and "economize" without mercy on national defense. Specifically, he advocates adoption of a national sales tax, in the form of a "value-added" tax or VAT, favored in Western Europe. He would start with an *average* rate of 20 percent. Since sales taxes are regressive, however, he prescribes refunds for the poor and progressively higher tax rates for more expensive items as compared with necessities, which for food and medicine would drop to zero. In these adjustments he follows European practice closely. He also envies Europe's method for saving energy, and so supports a one dollar per gallon increase in the present U.S. tax on gasoline and diesel fuel. In what might seem like a tilt to the right in politics, Thurow would eliminate the corporation income tax but then would include all ***undistributed*** profits, in addition to dividends and interest, in the personal income tax base of stockholders. No need for the rich to worry, though. The magnitude of taxable profits and dividends would be diminished by a national profit-sharing plan. Thurow would convert all wages and salaries gradually to "bonuses" fixed in proportion to business earnings.

As for national defense, Thurow would cut outlays even if the federal budget were in surplus. He believes that the military power of the Soviet Union is vastly exaggerated because of our own overestimations of their per-ruble and per-man output. Even more important, he writes, "If a country has enough missiles and warheads to completely destroy another country, it has enough missiles and warheads regardless of how many missiles and warheads the other may have." Finally, as a disciple of the "nuclear-winter hypothesis" of the Concerned Scientists for Disarmament, he holds that "the number of warheads that are necessary to destroy one's opponent (and oneself) may be very small indeed." Such considerations point to the conclusion that the United States should sharply reduce its arsenal in any case, and if the Soviet Union were sufficiently wise it would do the same. If Thurow were believed, and if we all in fact survived, eliminating the federal deficit might be less challenging than kindergarten arithmetic.

Regardless of how one may react to Thurow's opinions and various institutional innovations, a fundamental objection to his entire enterprise seems irrefutable. The central goal of *The Zero-Sum Solution* is to mobilize a mighty effort to repair something that was never broken, to wit: the secure position of America at the very top of the economic world. Contrary to his own fantasies, we already have the "world-class" economy that Thurow so heroically offers us. Moreover, relative to all other countries, our ascendancy has been growing.

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ing power indices, national production per capita of the United States was $14,000 in the most recent year available, against $11,500 for Germany, $11,300 for France, $10,700 for Japan, and $9,800 for the United Kingdom. The data, prepared by the Office for Economic Cooperation and Development, are for 1983, but since then our lead has widened. From early 1983 through the autumn of 1985, according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, industrial production in America rose by 25 percent compared with 21 percent for Japan, 15 percent for Germany, 7 percent for the U.K., 3 percent for France, and 2 percent for Italy. In 1984, the latest full year for which such data are reckoned, our output *per employee*—or productivity—also led the world, 15 percent greater than Germany's, almost *40 percent* greater than Japan's. Even way back in the Carter years, Thurow's favorite period, our leads were nearly as large. We devote more of our GNP to "research and development" than any other country, our chief problem here being to shield our patent rights from the greedy paws of our trading partners.

A world class economy? Indeed, and along with that we win the bulk of the world's Nobel prizes, send more of our youth on to college, and progress with a nation as free as any on earth. Have we no economic or social problems then? Admittedly, that's a leading question. But the problems we do have—like the budgetary and foreign trade deficits or deficiencies in elementary education or a significant portion of our population deteriorating on welfare—stem not from the private market system that *The Zero-Sum Solution* derogates, but from the wayward public policies it proposes to expand.

Lester Thurow's book was not published until November 1985 and, even allowing for a generous printing lag, opportunity must have been afforded to have seen much of the data just cited and more that I could have added. Indeed the seminal trends were long in evidence, though they contradict all that Thurow describes. Had he taken notice, of course, he would have had to write a different treatise, if any at all. □

Rael Jean Isaac's most recent book (with Erich Isaac) is The Coercive Utopians *(Regnery Gateway).*

TOXIC TERROR

Elizabeth Whelan/Jameson Books/$18.95

Rael Jean Isaac

In this lucid and lively study, Elizabeth Whelan, the director and founder of the American Council on Science and Health, sets the record straight on a whole series of the most emotion-fraught issues to have been exploited, and in some instances created out of whole cloth, by the environmental and Naderite public interest movements of the last two decades. The book includes chapters on such environmentalist *bête noires* as Love Canal, DDT, PCBs, PBBs, "deadly" dioxin, acid rain, urea-formaldehyde foam insulation, nuclear energy, and pesticides, as well as overviews on air and water pollution and the state of public health in the United States.

The format for most chapters is the same. Whelan begins with "The Charges," presenting a series of quotations from books whose titles carry much of their message, e.g., *America the Poisoned, Who's Poisoning America, Malignant Neglect, The Poison Conspiracy, The Politics of Cancer, Laying Waste*, and from newspapers and magazines ranging from the *New York Times* to the *Progressive*, which echo their themes. Whelan then briefly sums up "The Facts," and follows these with an analysis of the issues involved, sorting out legitimate environmental concerns from false and hysterical attacks.

Characteristic is her chapter on pesticides. Whelan narrates the Wodehouse-worthy saga of how California Governor Jerry Brown refused to give the go-ahead for spraying malathion (one of the safest pesticides in use) to eradicate the medfly until the U.S. Department of Agriculture threatened to place his state under quarantine. Also of particular interest is a segment on the outlawing of EDB, not on the basis of scientific data, but as a result of political pressures flowing "from a spectacular media hype." As Whelan points out, the three available substitutes for EDB had not even been tested for carcinogenicity to animals at the time of the ban. In banning EDB, therefore, we not only lost an effective pesticide, but embraced others that presented the same hypothetical risk of being animal carcinogens and at the same time were *known* to pose much greater risks to workers who must apply them.

A major strength of *Toxic Terror* is that Whelan presents the scientific evidence fairly, pointing out the health hazards of chemicals where they exist and counseling caution when the evidence is conflicting or not yet fully evaluated. She recounts the major instances in which chemicals were used improperly, ranging from the PBBs that devastated Michigan's agricultural community after they were misidentified as animal feed, costing $100 million and more in destroyed animals and animal by-products, to the kepone poisoning that caused serious ailments among workers at a Hopewell, Virginia plant and forced closing of a hundred miles of the James River and its tributaries to commercial fishing for five years.

But the major theme of *Toxic Terror* is that the public has been misled into believing that chemicals are destructive of health—above all, are causing a dramatic increase in cancer deaths—when in fact Americans are healthier and live longer than ever before, thanks in large part to those very same chemicals. Fittingly, the book's introduction is by Norman Borlaug, father of the green revolution, which brought new methods of food production to underdeveloped countries. He describes his culture-shock when, upon returning to the United States after an absence of forty years, he encountered a movement in full swing whose aim was to take us back to the 1930s, before science and technology had transformed food and fiber production. Yet as Borlaug notes, the same people who wanted to outlaw most chemicals clamored for the preservation of vast areas for recreation and wilderness, most of which would have to be plowed up if we returned to the chemical-pure world they seek. And while thinking of themselves as humanitarian, they would impose deadly serious food shortages on a world that no longer numbers 2 billion, as it did in the 1930s, but 4.8 billion.

Whelan points out that the fundamentally counterproductive character of the environmental movement was nowhere more evident than in its pilot project—the banning of DDT. It was hard at the time to imagine a more unlikely target than the man-made chemical that, with the possible exception of antibiotics, had prevented more human death and disease than any substance in history. But the environmentalists won, setting the pattern for the decades to follow, with regulatory decisions coming to be made routinely on the basis of pseudo-science in an inflamed political atmosphere. Amazingly, the decision to ban DDT was made by then-EPA head William Ruckelshaus following 81 days of hearings by the agency's own hearing ex-

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aminer, whose report concluded that DDT was *not* a carcinogenic hazard to man and that "there is a present need for the essential uses of DDT." Ruckelshaus later admitted he had never attended any part of the hearings or even read a transcript of them.[1]

What are the roots of this anti-technology movement that so unremittingly refuses to weigh costs in relation to benefits? What is its real agenda? Why has it been so successful if it lacks any scientific base? Whelan provides some thoughtful answers to these questions. She points out that the present day environmental movement had its origins in the antinuclear testing movement of the 1950s—which addressed a genuine health issue—and burgeoned in the void that developed once the problem of uncontrolled atmospheric testing was solved. Surprisingly, however, although Whelan mentions the Federation of American Scientists as a progenitor, she does not mention SIPI, the Scientists Institute for Public Information, to which the present environmental movement most directly traces its lineage.

SIPI was founded in 1963 by the master toxic terrorist, scientist-turned-politician Barry Commoner, to coordinate the work of the local scientific-information committees that had mobilized against nuclear atmospheric testing and had already turned their attention to what would become the staple topics of the environmental movement: pesticides, air and water pollution, toxic wastes, uranium mining, medical technology, and waste disposal, among others. SIPI's slogans were "The Scientist Informs—the Citizen Decides" and "It's Your World: Don't Leave It to the Experts." Increasingly the citizens who were part of SIPI or inspired by it did indeed make the decisions, and scientists, far from serving as guides, were automatically disqualified—unless of course they became part of the coterie which said what the citizen groups wanted them to say. In that case the reward was national celebrity. Peter Metzger, a scientist early prominent in the scientist-citizen movement who dropped out as he saw its purposes subverted, observes that with few exceptions the scientists who act as "experts" for the environmental movement have never made any genuine contributions to science.

Whelan recognizes that the agenda of environmentalism goes far beyond public health. Extensive reading of environmentalist literature, she notes, leads to the conclusion that the movement's ultimate goal is "focused on the destruction of technology, the American economic system, and the way of life as we now know it." Nonetheless, I would have welcomed more attention to the political radicalism that forms such an important strand in the environmental movement. It is no accident that in 1980 Barry Commoner was nominated the presidential candidate of the Citizens party, whose platform announced that the chief issue facing the country was "corporate power." Graduates of the New Left turned to environmentalism in increasing numbers as the Vietnam war wound down. As early as 1970 James Ridgeway, a long-time fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies, argued in *The Politics of Ecology* that the environmental movement should regard attacks on pollution as "different ways of attacking concentrated corporate power, thereby opening up the possibilities of revolutionary change, and for reorganizing society and com-

[1]Incidentally, the greatest price in public health for the banning of DDT was paid not in this country but in places like Ceylon, where malaria had been virtually abolished by 1962, but rose to two and a half million cases within five years after spraying of DDT was halted. Ceylon halted DDT spraying in the wake of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, which also precipitated the anti-DDT campaign in the U.S.

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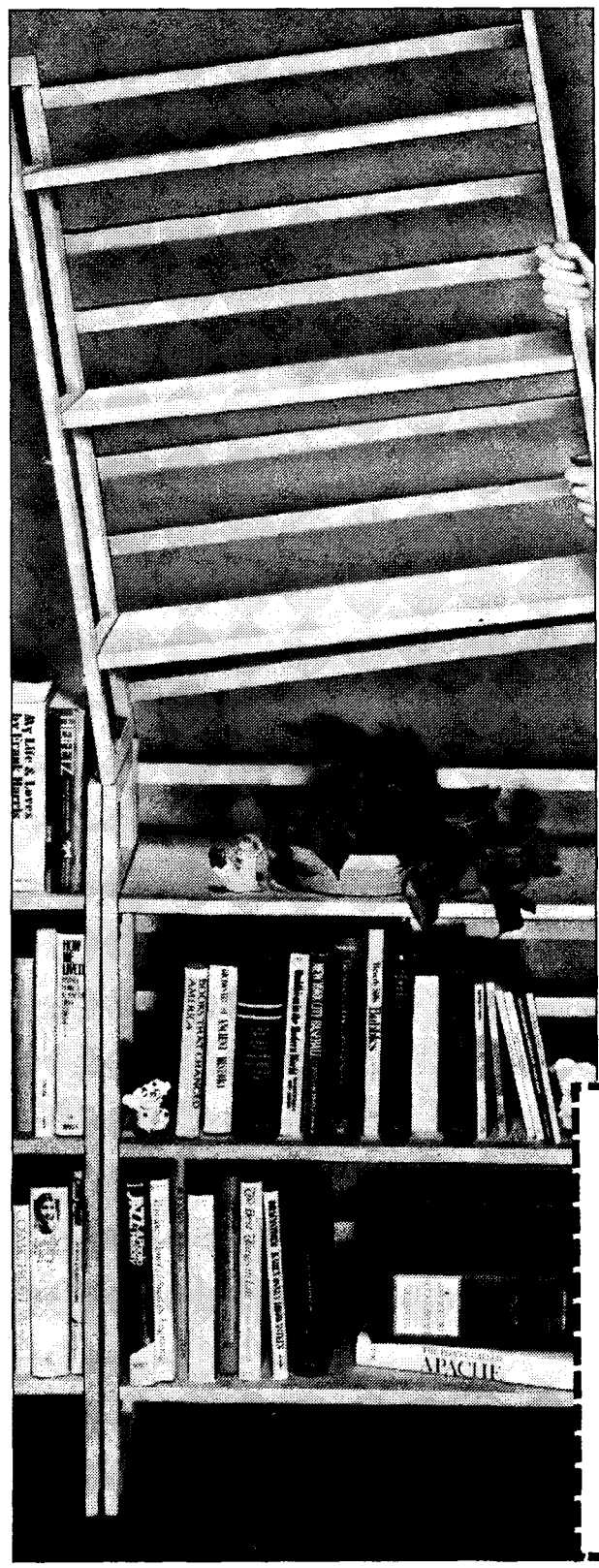

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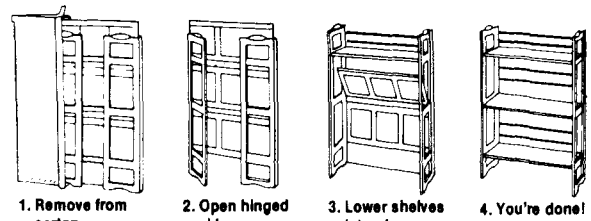

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munities on different principles. . . ."

This anti-corporate thrust provides much of the explanation for why the environmental movement, for all its obsession with cancer-causation, pays virtually no attention—as Whelan emphasizes—to the major causes of cancer, which have to do with cigarette smoking, alcohol use, and diet. Since these involve personal choice, environmentalists not only ignore but deliberately obfuscate the role of these factors. Thus, for example, a book called *Environmental Ethics* revealed the peculiar ethics of environmentalism when it cited a 90 percent figure for environmentally caused cancers, relegating to a footnote (which apparently few people consulted) the acknowledgment that the figure included factors in the *personal* environment.

Whelan is at her best analyzing why the environmental movement has enjoyed such success in enlisting public support for its most egregious campaigns. She discusses the role of journalists, who combine a professional passion for bad news with left-leaning politics, and who therefore welcome alarmist pronouncements on everything from nuclear energy to EDB. More important, because the role of the media has been analyzed before, Whelan focuses on the failure of the scientific community to stand up to the pseudo-scientists who all but monopolize the airwaves on scientific issues. Whelan calls it "the case of the missing scientists."

This failure was first pointed out by Drs. Claus and Bolander in their 1977 book *Ecological Sanity.*[2] Whelan quotes them:

> One of the most obvious questions that may come to the reader's mind is: "If the authors alleged that a considerable number of the scientific claims of the environmentalists are false and some of the papers which support these claims are worthless or filled with errors, how does it happen that out of more than 200,000 scientists in the United States so few have spoken up in a similar vein of protest?"

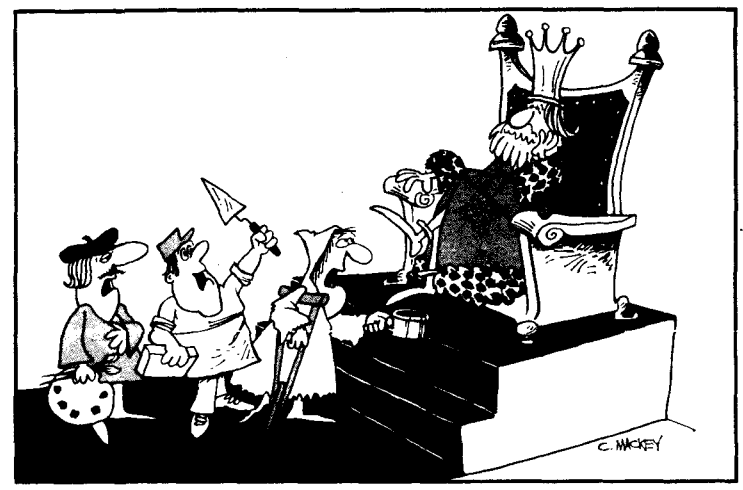
Whelan offers a number of explanations. She points out that genuine scientists all too often feel uncomfortable and incompetent appearing in public with glib "environmental performers." Moreover, they are reluctant to speak outside of their specific fields, while the media want "generalists." Then too scientists are wary of being humiliated by such predictable media gambits as "Who funds you?" I am reminded of a 1978 "60 Minutes" segment attacking General Foods' marketing of pre-sweetened cereals. When Dr. Fred Stare, the chairman of the Department of Nutrition at Harvard, denied the scientific validity of a number of the claims made concerning the impact of sugar on health, CBS shifted its camera to a plaque on the building where Dr. Stare worked. Dan Rather read it out loud: "The Harvard School of Public Health gratefully acknowledges the generosity of General Foods corporation in making possible the nutrition research laboratories within this building." Rather did not mention that the donation had been made seventeen years earlier.

Edith Efron's experience in publishing her splendid *The Apocalyptics: Cancer and the Big Lie* is testimony to the extent to which scientists have allowed themselves to be intimidated. Although, prior to publication, Efron's book was reviewed by twenty scientists, she was able to thank only four of them publicly. And only one of them, Lee Wattenberg of the University of

[2]The fate of the Claus and Bolander book is in itself revealing. Their exhaustive and devastating analysis of the scientific studies which were crucial in providing support for environmentalist campaigns against DDT, phosphate detergents, the herbicide 2, 4, 5-T etc., was for years rejected by publishers and, when finally printed, ignored by reviewers. This was at a time when a flood of environmentalist writing was being widely touted in the popular press and reviewed in professional journals.

A Question Of Honor

There once lived a king in a distant land—a just and wise old king, who had observed and learned much about himself, his people and his power. His people were free to go their own way, and his rule granted no privilege to one that was not a privilege to all equally. They also were free to petition their king and seek his wisdom in their affairs.



Thus there came one day to the royal court an artisan, a mason, and a beggar who was lame. "O great and wise king," they cried, "we are sorely troubled with our plight."

"I," said the artisan, "make many useful goods. I use great skill and labor long, and yet when I am finished, the people will not pay my price."

"And I," said the mason, "am a layer of stone for houses and fine walls, yet I am idle, for no one gives me work."

"I am a poor lame beggar," said the third man, "who seeks alms from those who pass, as they find it in their hearts to do so, but alms are so few I fear I shall soon perish."

"I can see that your trouble is great," consoled the king, "and what would you ask of me?"

Then, they spoke as a group, the artisan, the mason, and the beggar who was lame: "Your power is very great, our king, and you can make the people see the folly of their ways and aid us in our troubles."

"Perhaps," said the king, "perhaps my power is great, but I must use it wisely or it shall be lost." And he called the captain of his guard.

"Bring forth three swords," he commanded, "one for each of these men, and instruct them in their use. These three shall go forth in the land and compel those who will not voluntarily deal with them to obey their command."

"No! no!" the three men called out, "this we did not ask. We are men of honor and could not set upon our fellow man to compel him to our will. This we cannot do. It is you, O king, who must use the power."

"You ask me to do that which you would not do because of honor?" questioned the king. "Is honor one thing to a beggar and another to a king? I, too, am an honorable man, and that which is dishonorable for you will never be less dishonorable for your king."

From *Rotograph,* March 16, 1962 (Fort Worth, Texas, Rotary Club).

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Minnesota, was an American. Two worked at the Japanese National Cancer Center Research Institute and one at the Weizmann Institute in Israel. Efron reports that as the reviews came in they combined extravagant praise with demands for anonymity. "One expert in carcinogenesis and animal testing declared my book a 'scientific work of art.' When asked for a written assessment, he agreed but insisted that his name be kept secret. I asked him why. 'Your book will come out before I retire.' " If distinguished scientists display such pusillanimity, is it any wonder that the quacks triumph?

Whelan's own experiences with *Toxic Terror* illuminate the way in which the gatekeepers in publishing bar unpopular perspectives. Despite her track record as an author (one of her books has sold over a million copies), even her agent refused to touch this book and none of the familiar houses were willing to bring it out. Jameson Books, a small publisher in Ottawa, Illinois, is to be congratulated for its good sense, for Whelan's book fills an important gap. There have been more detailed studies on the subjects of some of the specific chapters. Nuclear power, for example, has been masterfully discussed in Samuel McCracken's *The War Against the Atom*. But *Toxic Terror* is the first book to expose the gap between the scientific consensus and the "media" consensus on the entire range of environmental issues, and to present those issues in a concise yet thorough manner, easily accessible to the layman. □

THE POLITICS OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

William A. Donohue/Transaction Books/$29.95; $14.95 paper

Robert Stuart Cohen

William A. Donohue has written one of those rare books that successfully combines a no-holds-barred polemic with serious scholarship of the highest order. The author as combatant is out to debunk the myth of the ACLU's nonpartisanship, to score the Union as America's quintessential liberal organization, to call into question the ACLU's *Weltanschauung*, and to engage the Union in the trenches on such sharp issues as affirmative action, poverty as a denial of civil liberty, abortion, church-state relations, the competing rights of criminals and victims, and child pornography. Donohue the social scientist and historian strives for an artful, objective reconstruction of the ACLU's 65-year history and in the process offers an analysis of the broader history of American liberalism in the twentieth century, as well as an intelligent commentary on important issues of constitutional law.

Yet the book almost went unpublished. It was rejected as "too controversial" by other publishers before former ACLUer Aaron Wildavsky, who contributes a foreword to the book, recommended it to Transaction. Apparently the liberal intellectual establishment in the publishing and media worlds remains hunkered down in a kind of mutual protection society. And it would be easy to dismiss Donohue's main charge—that the ACLU is a highly partisan, ideologically driven organization—as attacking a straw man. That would be a mistake. Much of the good will afforded the ACLU, as well as the Union's credibility and strength, rests on the popular perception of its commitment to principle. The ACLU is ever anxious to claim for itself the politically neutral high ground; its purpose is the defense of the Bill of Rights for every American irrespective of class, race, sex, or ideological predilection: "The Bill of Rights is the ACLU's only client."

The key to understanding the ACLU lies in the realization that the Union has never been concerned primarily with civil liberties in the purest sense. Rather, the ACLU has generally viewed civil liberties as mere *instruments* of more fundamental political purposes and goals, embracing important aspects of what Donohue, following John Dewey, calls "collectivistic liberalism." Wherever the ACLU perceives an issue of equality or social justice, the liberties of the individual must be restrained or give way to the "common good" or the rights of all. In Dewey's words, "the justification for the various civil liberties is the contribution they make to the welfare of the community." The ACLU has no problem supporting big government when big government can further what it sees as social reforms.

Thus, in the 1920s and 1930s, when many of the high-ranking members of the ACLU were either Communist party members, collaborators, or sympathizers, the Union served as the legal arm of militant labor. It gave strong support to the New Deal-Fair Deal-Great Society social welfare legislative programs. And, beginning in the mid-sixties, the ACLU played a central role in the black, women's, and gay "liberation" movements and took the lead in the egalitarian "equal results" affirmative action fight to try to impose social equality from above. In short, the social reform agenda shifts but the instrumentalist approach remains constant.

ACLU leaders have at times in their writings and public remarks openly acknowledged their real political commitment. Roger Baldwin, who founded the ACLU and for three decades was almost synonymous with his organization, wrote in 1933 that "civil liberties, like democracy, are useful only as tools for social change." And a year later: "If I aid the reactionaries to get free speech now and then, if I go outside the class struggle to fight against censorship, it is only because those liberties help to create a more hospitable atmosphere for working class liberties." More recently, in 1976, Aryeh Neier, the executive director of the ACLU, declared that the Union was "the legal branch of the women's movement."

In Donohue's view, there is an ACLU "mind-set" operating here:

> It is the decisions that the ACLU renders that make it a politically partisan organization. Wedded to liberalism, the ACLU cannot help but expose its values whenever it takes a stand on a civil liberties issue; everything from its lobbying efforts to its policy decisions is reflective of its value priorities. Those values—egalitarianism, rationalism, secularism, optimism, and anti-traditionalism—are what motivates the ACLU. It is precisely because its behavior is so closely patterned on its values that the ACLU can be regarded as the quintessential embodiment of American liberalism.

This has led in practice to grotesque contradictions at worst and at best a selective approach to civil liberties. Donohue documents the Union's reluctance to defend capitalists, its lack of interest in First Amendment freedom-of-religion cases, and even its willingness to launch a libel suit and engage in the censorship of adverse political discourse. (This last episode, which involved the preparation of legal action against the conservative journal *American Mercury* and an attempt to muzzle H.L. Mencken, is documented with new and quite revealing material.) There is also the incredible spectacle of a "civil liberties" organization intervening *against* Allan Bakke, a victim of blatant "reverse discrimination," with a friend-of-the-court brief defending a state medical school's quota and charging that those backing Bakke were exhibiting racism. →

Robert Stuart Cohen is a writer living in New York City.

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Perhaps most damning of all is the ACLU's shameful record on the issue of civil liberties in the Soviet Union. Then-fellow traveler Roger Baldwin made two friendly visits to the USSR and published two laudatory books, *Liberty Under the Soviets* (1928) and *Soviet Russia Today* (1934). It was only after the shock of the 1939 Hitler-Stalin pact and in the face of an imminent congressional investigation into its loyalty that the ACLU came to its senses, expelled Communist party member Elizabeth Gurley Flynn from the board of directors, and passed the well-known 1940 resolution which barred from its governing boards members of any political organization which supports "totalitarian dictatorship in any country" or individuals who publicly do so. But by the mid-sixties, the ACLU was already apologizing for the 1940 resolution. In the late sixties, the ACLU removed it from its constitution and substituted a watered-down version. Then, in 1974, the strictures of the 1940 resolution were done away with altogether; two years later the Union rescinded the decision that ousted Flynn and praised her as a great champion of labor rights; and, in 1982, Lillian Hellman, perhaps America's leading apologist for Stalinism, was elected to the National Advisory Council of the ACLU.

This backsliding has already had its consequences. The Union's shabby performance in the case of Walter Polovchak, the young émigre who elected to remain in the United States rather than return to the Soviet Union with his parents, is but one example. The ACLU, of course, intervened on the side of Walter's parents. Even on the day when Walter turned eighteen and became a free man, ACLU lawyer Harvey M. Grossman was whining that in the Soviet Union Walter's parents "are perceived as people who suffered harm at the hands of the United States Government." What is not generally known is that shortly after the Polovchak case emerged, the New Jersey CLU sought to defend a Chilean child in almost identical circumstances to Walter's.

Just as the ACLU has adopted key elements of "collectivistic liberalism" on matters concerning social equality, Donohue argues they have taken over currents of the nineteenth-century "autonomistic liberalism" which preceded it on the questions of free speech liberalism. This is the other major thrust of Donohue's critique. Here he refers to the enormous influence of John Stuart Mill on the ACLU. In Donohue's view, Mill's philosophy led to anarchism with regard to free expression and a concomitant laissez-faire posture on issues of morality. Donohue sharply distinguishes the ACLU's Millian positions on these matters from the republican philosophy of America's Founding Fathers.

With the radicalization of liberalism in the 1960s and 70s, the ACLU's views on free expression and morality took on an extremist cast. As Donohue points out, the ACLU today holds the broadest, most radical position on free speech ever posited by serious students of the Constitution. And wherever the ACLU considers moral behavior self-regarding (e.g., prostitution, drugs) the acts are outside the purview of the state. Rock singer Ozzy Osbourne, who had urinated on the Alamo shrine and bitten off the head of a bat while performing, was defended in the name of free expression. Even the sexual exploitation of children for commercial purposes—child pornography—is alleged to be wholly protected by the First Amendment. As Nicholas von Hoffman has aptly put it, "The ACLU has so stretched and distorted the definition of our 'rights' that they are beginning to look to many people like wrongs."

Donohue concludes by strongly affirming the American republican tradition. The Constitution guarantees individuals equal protection of the laws—the ACLU's drive for "equal results" is a "political exercise" with no constitutional foundation. Donohue reminds today's autonomistic liberals that the Founding Fathers prized the virtues of moderation, sobriety, and self-discipline in public affairs; he cites Madison's remark in *The Federalist* that "liberty may be endangered by the abuses of liberty as well as by the abuses of power." And he makes a persuasive case that the Founding Fathers in no way wished to erect the ACLU's iron curtain between Church and State but were seeking assurance through the "establishment clause" that *a* national religion would not be countenanced. "Ideally," he writes, "an organization dedicated to the Bill of Rights should never be put on the defensive. That the ACLU has is largely its own fault." □

AFRICA: THE PEOPLE AND POLITICS OF AN EMERGING CONTINENT
Sanford J. Ungar/Simon and Schuster/$19.95

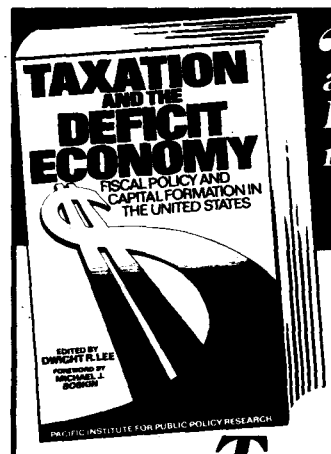
Herb Greer

Western liberals are supposed to be kind to the Third World, but they are not, really. They can be stingy almost beyond belief toward the "developing" countries, and if it comes to that, to the rest of the world outside the democratic West. To be fair, though, they may not be able to help this, suffering as they do from a bizarre ailment, especially virulent among the liberal sub-species that inhabits the United States. The affliction is a metaphysical pica, a morbid compulsion to gobble up blame.

This spiritual coprophagia is evident throughout *Africa*, Sanford J. Ungar's journalistic survey of sub-Saharan countries. The author says he has been paying a lot of attention to this part of Africa for about twenty years. He is upset because, as he sees it, so few in the West have been doing the same thing, and he has written this guide to fill the gap in our consciousness. The goal is honorable, worthy of the most formidable historian or (given the factors of racism and political violence) the most profound moral philosopher. In the event, *Africa* is routine hack work, riddled with formulae like "it is estimated," "it is felt," "many see," and the like, usually without specific sources for the estimate, the feeling, or the vision. The book does contain a fair tourist's selection of facts, but the way they are presented is shifty, occasionally to the point of dishonesty, and question-begging. One is constantly reminded of Shakespeare's Duke in the Forest of Arden, praising the toad which is venomous and ugly, but "wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

The short introduction and early chapters do not inspire much confidence. Mr. Ungar labors under the impression that "few Europeans and Americans recognize the African origin of much music and dance that they enjoy." He offers undergraduate approval of the exemplary San or Bushmen, because their "unusually rich and significant human relationships" may have spared them our stress-related ailments. He seems unaware, or prefers not to mention, that these relationships were not forged in the depths of Western industrial civilization, but in the rather different ambiance of the Kalahari Desert. He is comically priggish about the portrayal of "Africans" in the Marx Brothers film *Animal Crackers*. He even drags out the old wheeze about Helen Bannerman's *Little Black Sambo* being racist, and adds

Herb Greer is an American writer and playwright living in England.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a character that does not appear in the book, plus story elements it does not contain.

These and other such quirks blow the gaff on Mr. Ungar's real purpose, which is propaganda. What he propagates is the standard shallow journalistic (one of his sources is Anthony Lewis) defense of Third World regimes—in this instance black African—that are hostile to the United States. This is ancillary to the book's central theme, which is a long vehement assault on the present government of South Africa. Mr. Ungar's principal criterion throughout is the usual racist double standard applied by American liberals and the European bourgeois Left, turning Big Bill Broonzy's famous chorus inside out like this:

> If they're white, give 'em spite;/and if they're brown, man, they're sound,/but if they're black, they're brothers—/get back, and don't you dare attack.

Admittedly Mr. Ungar's strictures do not follow the color line in every case. He is prepared to show contempt for black regimes, say in Zaire or Liberia. They do not qualify for disfavor just by virtue of their tribalism, their ghastly mismanagement of economic affairs, their bloodthirsty treatment of internal opposition, their personality cults, their corruption, or their one-party tyranny. All these are enjoyed by other black African states, which are described by Mr. Ungar with rueful compassion, backed by this mitigating excuse:

> . . . it is entirely reasonable to press African rulers to respect the right of their people to have control over their own daily lives *in a manner consistent with the history, culture, and current needs of their people* . . . [My italics.]

If the political and economic horrors do not necessarily make a black regime despicable, then what will do the trick? The fact that the government which is despised looks to the West, and above all to America, for help, and gets it. The implication is that a pro-Western bias proves subservience and fake independence. Help and troops from the Eastern bloc, including Cuba, connotes a deep longing for *real* independence. Even the hideous accomplishments of Ethiopia's Mengistu are softened by Mr. Ungar with the plea—familiar from another context—that the people are learning to read and getting improved health care. There is no exploration of what this "putatively" (the same qualification is applied to Angola and Mozambique) Marxist-Leninist regime uses for reading matter, or of the peculiar relationship of health care to population growth in a country where massive numbers are starving to death, while the government spends its money on arms instead of food. Mr. Ungar is quite open about African elites and their skimming of aid, though he does not mention Mengistu's £20-a-ton tax on the landing of aid supplies, and his use of this money to pursue the current civil war.

The longest chapter in the book is devoted to a summary of apartheid and its present problems, including Botha's attempts at reform. The tribal complexity of South Africa is mentioned, and so are the conflicts between black leaders there. But would Mr. Ungar apply this "history, culture, and current needs" criterion, this "tolerance of differences," to the white tribe in South Africa, to justify its fears about one-man-one-vote? These days the ritual condemnation of racism takes precedence over all principles including common sense, providing always that the racism is that of *Western* (and South African) whites against blacks.

In the argument that protesters make to condemn apartheid as worse than the black African political and economic horrors, the sins of both sides are first of all freely admitted. Apartheid exploits blacks economically, denies them a vote, segregates them in a humiliating manner, and is enforced by troops and police who torture political prisoners and will not hesitate to shoot black rioters and demonstrators. On the other hand, tribal or Marxist governments in black Africa bleed their economies white (no pun intended), but they do give people a vote—sometimes, when the votes are coerced in a particular direction as in Zimbabwe. The black tyrants also humiliate and oppress their tribal opponents, starve their people by the hundreds of thousands, torture political prisoners, use police and troops to operate genocidal policies of mass slaughter, and give their elites privileges which are abused in a way never dreamed of by the most *verkrampte* Afrikaans politician. All this is accompanied by a self-righteous air which makes hypocrisy look like a children's game. And yet apartheid is worse, because, say the protesters, a man cannot change the color of his skin.

But in black Africa he cannot alter his tribal birth either; in most of the continent he is trapped by this as surely as by skin color in South Africa, with fewer hopes of reform and progress than are being offered by Botha's government. The skin-color criterion is a moral cheat, like the tut-tut media coverage of black African massacres, by reporters who then affect a sanctimonious fury over the death of every single *black* South African rioter or protester—like God lamenting the fall of every sparrow.

This Uriah Heep piety shines from the pages of Mr. Ungar's book, much as it glows in the faces of simple-minded celebrities who have made anti-Boer protest the latest chic cause in America. The most disgusting aspect of it is not the double standard as such; not the desecration of morality; not even the use of the issue to mount cheap-shot party political attacks on the present government. It is the covert racism which informs the whole proceeding. Liberals' rueful style in regretting black sins implies that the blacks are only doing what comes naturally—considering history, culture, current needs, and color. By contrast Afrikaners, *because they are white*, are condemned with singular, tailor-made vindictiveness—not for behaving like the African tribe which they are, but for *not* comporting themselves like good liberal democratic Americans or Britons. The disparity in disapproval is of the essence of racism, implying as it does the most nauseating condescension toward black Africans whom liberals like Mr. Ungar profess to admire and wish well.

In *Africa* there also appears a cliché very popular in liberal discussions of the Third World: neo-colonialism. This is generally understood to connote excessive dependence upon countries outside of Africa, especially the United States. The term is used as a form of moral blackmail, to reconcile hostile behavior with demands for more money; this is its real significance. However, there is a genuine neo-colonialism in Africa, which works like this: Old colonial borders and structures, abandoned by Europeans after World War II, were taken over by local elites. What changed was the relationship of the elite to the local people. In general it became less benevolent, not to say much bloodier. In some countries, like the Central African Republic

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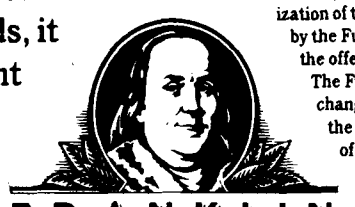

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and Uganda, the results were surrealistically lethal. In a few cases the economic forces of the old inertial system provided a temporary period of prosperity, which faded as the distance from the old days lengthened. With the possible exception of Kenya, in no case has the condition of a neo-colonialized people improved over the long term; in a majority of cases it has worsened, often catastrophically. If a despot was benevolent it made no difference to this tendency. The much-loved and respected Julius Nyerere managed to destroy the economy of Tanzania with his "socialist" policies. Here as elsewhere, dependence on extra-African help has not diminished but increased.

The single African exception to this dismal continental condition has been South Africa. The economic difference between this state and the rest of Africa is huge, but Mr. Ungar will have none of that. He prefers his economics to have a moral flavor, and claims that the South African statistics are "skewed by internal disparities." The reader is never told exactly what this means, any more than the author explains his contention that Soviet goals and Cuban goals in black Africa are "not always congruent." He never admits that any such goals exist in South Africa. As elsewhere in the book, the reader is left with nothing but bum-rumble to inform his judgment.

Given the Soviet backing for Oliver Tambo and the African National Congress, it seems obvious that one Soviet goal will be served by the destruction of the present Pretoria government. The area will thus pass violently out of the Western orbit. Our righteous protesters do not like to think much about the implications of this. In fact, like Leon Wieseltier of the *New Republic*, they rather like the idea of sudden change which would involve a bit of bloodshed. This would be the inevitable result of a black takeover, and to put it bluntly, our anti-Boer crowd would love to see those Afrikaner bigots get it in the neck. Their pleasure at contemplating this result obscures any incidental consequences. Like Mr. Ungar, they are pleased to demand disinvestment and allude to "a number of South African black leaders" (as I say, Mr. Ungar is fond of a vague reference), quoting their claim that "whatever temporary harm blacks may suffer, it is worth the ultimate rewards of freedom."

A great deal of space in *Africa* is given to describing the rewards in question: economic disaster, corrupt elites, intertribal slaughter, utter dependence on outside aid which is skimmed by the elites, a worsening of internal oppression, and starvation, all for the locals. For us, *pace* Mr. Ungar, they include a real danger to our oil-shipping lifeline around the cape; uncertainty of access to mineral supplies in southern Africa, and the necessity of expending our own resources in danegeld (i.e., "aid") payments to hostile regimes in an area where we once traded profitably. If this trade rests now upon the success of a system we dislike, we can note that the system is changing in response to that dislike, if not as quickly as the protesters wish; furthermore, a great part of the profit we take elsewhere in the world comes from equally bad or rather worse systems, none of which are decried by liberals in the emotive terms applied to our relations with South Africa. If this pressure builds and succeeds in cutting us off from Pretoria, and destroys the government there, then our vicarious revolutionaries may indeed get what they lust for; we will all have the harsh experience of watching one more bloody and tragic chapter unfold in the contemporary annals of smug, pious, well-meaning stupidity. □

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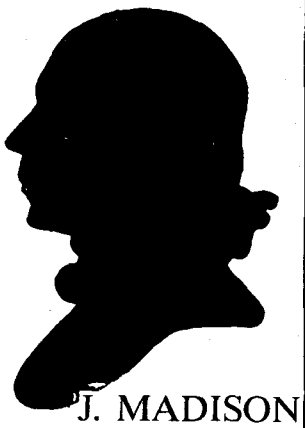

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THE OLD GRINGO
Carlos Fuentes/Farrar Straus Giroux/$14.95

Anita Susan Grossman

In a letter to his nephew's wife shortly before he disappeared into Mexico in 1913, Ambrose Bierce wrote prophetically, "Good-bye—if you hear of my being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags, please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life. It beats old age, disease, or falling down the cellar steps. To be a Gringo in Mexico—ah, that is euthanasia." Bierce was seventy-one, suffering from asthma and perhaps loneliness as well, since his long-estranged wife had died in 1905, and his two sons had also died young. If Bierce's literary career had not been entirely disappointing, he had clearly reached some kind of turning point in his life. By 1912 he had seen his twelve-volume *Collected Works* into print and ended his long association with the Hearst press, for which he had been a columnist and crusading reporter.

The following year, with seeming deliberateness, he took leave of his earlier life, touring the battle sites where he had fought in the Civil War and paying farewell visits to friends and relations. Mexico was in the throes of its own civil war, and Bierce intended to act as an "observer" of Pancho Villa's rebel army. In his last letter, written on December 26, 1913 in Chihuahua (then occupied by pro-Villa forces), he announced that he was going to Ojinaga the next day. Most likely he got there, to be killed in a battle which took place on January 11, and was buried in an unmarked grave. At any rate, no one—Mexican or American—has ever claimed to have seen him after that date, although his disappearance caused a sensation and prompted numerous investigations. Ironically, Bierce became better known for the mystery surrounding his death than for any of his published writings—an irony he himself would have been quick to appreciate.

It should not be surprising that Mexico's leading novelist, Carlos Fuentes, has taken Bierce's strange disappearance as the subject of his latest book; the wonder is rather that it took so long to inspire a work of serious fiction. In Fuentes's recounting of the story, Bierce's journey into Mexico is the occasion for a larger meditation on U.S.-Mexican history, as reflected in the shifting relationship between the "Old Gringo" and two fictional characters, an American schoolteacher and a Mexican peasant-soldier. Thirty-one-year-old Harriet Winslow finds herself stranded in rural Chihuahua when she

Anita Susan Grossman is a writer living in Berkeley, California.

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discovers that the promised employers she has come to meet at their hacienda have already fled the Revolution; Tomas Arroyo, a self-proclaimed "general" in Villa's army, likewise has a personal interest in lingering around the Miranda estate since he is the late owner's bastard son, and wants to revenge himself on a family that never acknowledged its kinship but let him grow up as an illiterate servant.

This ill-assorted pair turns out to have more in common than one would first suppose, for Harriet too has been abandoned by her father, an army colonel who disappeared in the Spanish-American War years before. Officially he is assumed to have died in battle; in fact, Harriet secretly knows that he abandoned his family for a Negro mistress in Cuba. Both Harriet and Arroyo, in different ways, find a second father in the Old Gringo, who is never called by name except at the very end of the book. With Harriet the old man is courtly, treating her with the affection he denies his own living daughter, and with something of a lover's tenderness as well. Towards Arroyo, Bierce is as much the rival as the father-figure, vying with him for Harriet's affections and challenging his authority in front of his troops: When Arroyo demands that he shoot a captured enemy officer in the back, he contemptuously refuses.

A man rigidly faithful to his own code of honor, the Old Gringo carries around a copy of *Don Quixote* as his traveling companion and bears a certain resemblance to the Knight of La Mancha. Even more strongly, he resembles one of his own characters; life imitates art as the parricide described in Bierce's famous tale, "The Horseman in the Sky," is re-enacted with Bierce playing the Confederate officer shot down from a high promontory by his own son, a Union scout. In the short story, the son has no choice but to kill the enemy soldier, whose identity he knows all too well; in Fuentes's version, the emphasis is on the father's—that is to say, Bierce's—quest for death: having failed to find death in battle, the Old Gringo finally goads Arroyo into killing him by burning some old papers which the unlettered general has endowed with mystical significance. (He sees them as not only proving his claim to the Miranda estate but also giving the Mexican peasantry title to the land they had worked for centuries.) But as it turns out, Bierce's corpse has a larger part to play in the story, being dug up, shot by Villa's firing squad—this time from the front, not in the back—and finally interred in the empty grave reserved for Captain Winslow in Arlington National Cemetery. In the meantime Harriet and Arroyo have had a brief affair, during which she discovers her long-suppressed sensuality and the impossibility of any lasting union between them. It is for revealing these things to her, as much as for killing Bierce, that Arroyo provokes Harriet into setting in motion a train of events which leads to his death. But then, in a sense she was doing him a kindness: he did not want to die an old man, like the Gringo.

Even from this rather bald plot summary, one can see that *The Old Gringo* is an enormously ambitious novel which attempts to invest its characters and actions with mythic dimensions; ultimately it is about the intertwined fates of America and Mexico in a time of historical crisis. Significantly, Fuentes has moved forward the date of the action several months to April 1914, the time of the so-called "Veracruz massacre," when American marines invaded the city and inflicted heavy losses on its defenders. (A bungled attempt by Woodrow Wilson to hasten the downfall of General Victoriano Huerta, the attack only managed to rally the citizenry behind him.) The shady dealings of Harriet's father and her beau, Delaney, have obvious symbolic implications, as does Harriet's own affair with Arroyo, a figure of

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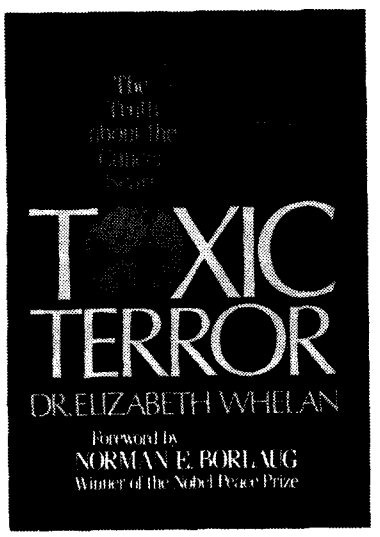

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larger-than-life proportions who seems to personify Mexico's tormented history.

This is the first time that Fuentes has portrayed Americans as protagonists in his fiction, and he finds Bierce, the "Devil's Lexicographer," a sympathetic figure. At the same time, one should note that Fuentes has deliberately fictionalized several aspects of Bierce's life—that is, apart from having him alive and kicking during the first four months of 1914. For example, Bierce's father is recalled as a stern officer in the Mexican War, with his son Ambrose repeating the father's experience in crossing the border. In fact, Marcus Aurelius Bierce was an impoverished Ohio farmer struggling to support thirteen children (of which Ambrose was the tenth) and never set foot in Mexico; Fuentes here is rather portraying the father in "The Horseman in the Sky," placing Ambrose this time in the son's role. Then, too, the adventures of Bierce's corpse echo an episode in Mexican history: In early 1914 an Englishman, William Benton, was murdered by one of Pancho Villa's officers, provoking an international scandal; when his relatives demanded the body, Villa had the corpse dug up and shot to disguise the fact that Benton had been clubbed to death.

Playing on the theme of conflict between parents and children—a metaphor for the entire Mexican revolution—Fuentes hints at gloomy mysteries surrounding Bierce's relationship with his own three children. In the novel one son is said to have been a hopeless alcoholic who committed suicide (perhaps in order not to be a burden on his family), while the other son seems also to have willed his own death, albeit more passively; in both cases, their father's writings are somehow implicated. In the words of the Old Gringo, "I think my sons killed themselves so I wouldn't ridicule them in the newspapers of my boss William Randolph Hearst." As for his daughter, she has sworn never to see Bierce again for having indirectly caused the deaths of her brothers. In fact, the lives of Bierce's children were tragic enough, but not in the way that Fuentes has portrayed them. Bierce's elder son, Day, far from being a washed-out alcoholic, was a mere youth of sixteen when he shot himself after killing a rival in a gunfight over a girl; the younger son, a newspaperman like his father, died of pneumonia at twenty-seven; the daughter, Helen, remained on good terms with him despite the many vicissitudes of her life, and Bierce visited her shortly before his trip to Mexico.

Fuentes fictionalizes to less purpose in his treatment of the writer's professional life. Bierce's single greatest triumph as a journalist was his battle with the corrupt railroad magnates who dominated not only California but national politics—figures such as Mark Hopkins, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, and Leland Stanford (whom Bierce variously called Stealand Landford and £eland $tanford). In 1896 Huntington, the last survivor of the California "Big Four," lobbied for a bill that would have allowed his Southern Pacific Railroad to write off an enormous debt to the federal government, at a cost to the taxpayers of some $130 million. Bierce, through his writings for the *San Francisco Examiner* and the *New York Journal*, helped defeat the bill; when Huntington attempted to bribe him—on the steps of the Capitol in Washington!—Bierce replied that his price was $75 million, to be paid over to the treasurer of the United States. Mystifyingly, Fuentes has Bierce making his reply to Leland Stanford in his office, rather than to Huntington—which makes no sense, since Stanford had died in 1893. In another apparent gaffe, Fuentes has Bierce recalling old times in the *San Francisco Chronicle* editorial office, whereas Bierce actually wrote for its arch-rival, the *Examiner*, and attacked the editor of the *Chronicle* every chance he had.

Since Fuentes is not writing a biography but fiction, one can argue that his departures from historical truth aren't terribly serious, particularly since Fuentes is not even a conventionally "realistic" novelist, but instead employs history as the raw material of a myth or fable which calls attention to its own artifice: evidently we are meant to recognize the allusions to Bierce's "Horseman in the Sky" in the portrait of Bierce's father, and the real-life episode behind the exhumation of the Old Gringo's corpse. (The huge estate of the Miranda family likewise recalls the enormous holdings of the Terrazas clan in pre-revolutionary Chihuahua; by changing the name to "Miranda," Fuentes may be playing with the Spanish word meaning "to gaze upon," since the glittering mirror-filled ballroom of the ruined hacienda plays a major role in the story.) Still, readers familiar with Bierce may be disturbed by some of the liberties Fuentes has taken because they seem so pointless, suggesting a negligent indifference to historical fact—the kind of thing which Latin Americans find so unforgivable when exhibited by Yankees concerning matters south of the border.

In any case, it seems odd that Fuentes should have been attracted to write about Bierce at all, considering their dissimilarities as writers, apart from a common interest in the supernatural and macabre. Bierce was a classicist who eschewed experimentation in literature, distrusting any style that called attention to itself. Favoring brevity, he naturally gravitated to the epigram and the short story form. In all these things he differs from Fuentes the novelist, whose mannered prose is full of self-conscious rhetorical flourishes, and whose subordinate clauses frequently run away with the sentences, as antecedents recede into misty vagueness. Frequently, too, the plots in Fuentes's novels multiply and split with dizzying speed, as in his aptly-named novel *The Hydra Head* (1978). Perhaps, then, it is Bierce the bitter moralist who appeals to Fuentes, since the Mexican novelist often attacks the vices and corruptions of his native land, and may share with Bierce a certain pessimism about the human condition. Moreover, the Bierce Fuentes portrays in *The Old Gringo* is an exile from America, just as Fuentes himself is something of an exile from Mexico, having lived most of his life abroad, chiefly in France and the United States. (He is currently at Harvard, and has had a string of American university posts since 1977.)

Whatever Fuentes's personal affinities with Bierce, *The Old Gringo* ultimately demonstrates his abiding preoccupation with Mexican history, a topic he has long explored in his fiction. In particular, this latest novel can be seen as a kind of companion piece to its immediate predecessor, *Distant Relations* (1982), which concerns the links between the Hispanic New World and France. Now Fuentes has turned his attention to geographically closer, if spiritually more distant, neighbors during this turbulent revolutionary period. We are made to understand that Fuentes's representative Americans are both driven to Mexico by their private demons, and that their "crossing the border" has psychological and even metaphysical dimensions. It is not

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merely that Harriet Winslow, as she gives up her somewhat tarnished virginity, explores a realm of experience which she has hitherto avoided, but that her encounter with Arroyo represents the irreconcilable otherness of the two nations: Discovering the reality of Mexico, Harriet encounters sex and violence, often together; on the other hand, the America that she and the Old Gringo are fleeing from seems a land of flabby vices—of prudery, venality, and most of all, hypocrisy.

But to say all this is to make the novel appear more discursive and analytic than it really is, since Fuentes narrates principally through a succession of juxtaposed images, and his characters converse through interchanged soliloquies rather than naturalistic speech. (Although dedicated to William Styron, the novel seems closer in style to William Faulkner, with language so densely metaphoric that vehicle frequently merges with tenor.) Moreover, just as the novel mingles fact and fiction, it occasionally jumps abruptly into fantasy, with the literal reality of narrative assertions left up in the air: Arroyo speaks nonchalantly of having "willed" his father's legal wife to barrenness, and we are told that Harriet has had her *mother* buried in Arlington National Cemetery. Equally confusing are the many references to her father's Negro mistress, who may have known Harriet in Washington, or may be merely a product of the latter's imagination. For that matter, the entire story is more or less the imaginative re-creation of Harriet and others who recall the Old Gringo, so that its veracity is called into question within the frame of the novel itself.

The Old Gringo is an intriguing performance. One might question, however, whether it all adds up to a coherent work of art, or whether Fuentes, in his improvisation of a historical theme, has merely performed a clever conjuring trick. At one and the same time he convinces us of the nonreferential nature of his fiction and the dead-serious historical import of what he has to say. Can he have it both ways? □

INTO ETERNITY: THE LIFE OF JAMES JONES, AMERICAN WRITER

Frank MacShane/Houghton Mifflin/$18.95

Terry Teachout

This is a lousy time to be a compulsive reader. It's not just that we're going through what Joseph Epstein likes to call "a bad patch" in our serious fiction. Our popular fiction has also become horribly debased. It used to be possible for a first-rate book reviewer to read a new novel every day without going crazy in the process. (Diana Trilling used to keep that kind of schedule forty years ago when she wrote her "Fiction in Review" column for the *Nation*, and it doesn't seem to have done her any lasting harm.) Lots of bad novels got written and published, of course, but quality control in the popular fiction business was still significantly tighter. Veteran craftsmen like John P. Marquand were writing novels that could be taken more or less seriously by the intelligent reader; even the steamy blockbuster novel could be counted on more often than not for a good read. Remember *A Rage to Live*? Or *From Here to Eternity*? Compared to the reeking garbage in which our great publishing houses currently specialize, those old war horses look better and better with each passing bestseller list.

Terry Teachout is an assistant editor of Harper's.

The trick, of course, is not to go too far with this line of reasoning. Mrs. Trilling certainly didn't, not even after reading several tons of junk. Her final verdict on Marquand, for example, is as dispassionate a statement of the case for popular fiction as can be found:

> Without transcending the high-grade commodity level, he has done a great deal to raise our standards of what a literary commodity can be. Without urging us to regard his novels as "important," he has done more than any writer of our time to close the dangerous gap between important and popular fiction.

The absence of this sane and judicious perspective is all too typical of a distressing new phenomenon on the American literary scene: the current group of academic biographers who cull the checklists of our second-string novelists with unseemly enthusiasm. Witness Frank MacShane, a professor at Columbia University whose previous books include uncritically admiring biographies of John O'Hara and Raymond Chandler and whose new book, *Into Eternity: The Life of James Jones, American Writer*, opens with the profoundly wrong-headed pronouncement that James Jones "deserves to stand in the first rank of American writers in the second half of the twentieth century." Nor is Mr. MacShane at a loss for superlatives in subsequent pages:

> He had appeared like a comet from the heart of America, and he wrote with a directness and truthfulness that recalled such distinctly American writers as Walt Whitman and Mark Twain. . . . His whole life was an education in books, and in the work of such writers as Teilhard de Chardin, Stendhal, Conrad, and Yeats he searched for an understanding of life. His reading nurtured his philosophical nature, and without cant or illusion he confronted the nature of love, sex, and mortality.

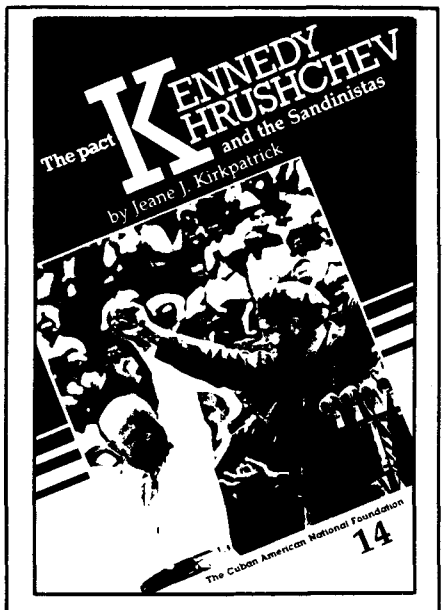
That's pretty strong stuff, especially when applied to the man whom Wilfrid Sheed once described as "the king of the good-bad writers" and whose eleven books are studded with hideous examples of paralyzing syntax. ("The unspeakable loneliness of self-pity that is blind and tongueless rose up hot in her, trying to bring tears.") But Frank MacShane can almost always be relied on to get the facts straight, and he has done so once again with this book. As an example of the critical biography as high art, *Into Eternity* is nothing special; as a secondary source of factual information about the author of *From Here to Eternity* and *The Thin Red Line*, it is a solid, eminently reliable performance.

Which begs the question: why would anyone want to read a three-hundred-page biography of James Jones in the first place? The details of his life—a rough childhood, a miserable stretch in the Army, a tempestuous but happy marriage, a disastrous second novel, a tour of duty as Parisian expatriate, an early death brought on by the excessive consumption of alcohol—have the vaguely familiar ring of a dozen other literary lives. The really remarkable thing about Jones, one feels after reading *Into Eternity*, was the distance he was able to travel on sheer nerve alone. One day he read *Look Homeward, Angel* and concluded, like so many other sensitive young men before him, that "I had been a writer all my life without knowing it or having written." Unlike most of those other young men, though, he promptly sat down and started to act on this wildly optimistic conclusion. The result was a long, clumsy, enthralling novel about the peacetime Army that is still in print after thirty-five years, one surprisingly good Hollywood adaptation, and God only knows how many copies sold.

From Here to Eternity is a textbook example of the very best sort of popular novel, the kind that went out with Brylcreem and the nuclear family. The plot is solid, the detail convincing, the macho romanticism smoky and fragrant. (It isn't surprising that Jones, a devotee of the hardboiled detective story, actually broke down and wrote one when he needed extra money to keep his Paris residence afloat.) Hearteningly ambitious in its scope, *From Here to Eternity* is warmed by a dignity so transparently authentic that Whittaker Chambers was moved to comment:

> To my grotesque way of thinking, one of the great moral moments in current U.S. writing is the quarry scene in *From Here to Eternity*—the scene in which one of the prisoners takes his crowbar and, on request, breaks the arm or leg of a fellow prisoner. That is the moment for which the great muck heap of that book exists. . . . *From Here to Eternity* is essentially a moral book.

The problem is that Frank MacShane is either unable or unwilling to make this kind of distinction in his critical discussions of Jones's work. His treatment of *From Here to Eternity* is all too typical: he ranks it above *Guard of Honor* and *The Naked and the Dead* as the "most successful" American novel to come out of World War II. For most readers, the very thought of ranking *From Here to Eternity* anywhere near a masterpiece like *Guard of Honor* will be jolting. Jones's gauche prose style is enough to prevent all but the most committed Dreiserites



Former U.S. Permanent Representative to the U.N. Jeane J. Kirkpatrick analyzes the "Kennedy-Khrushchev Pact", the 1962 agreement that guaranteed the security of Fidel Castro's regime, and asks what the implications of a similar accord between Washington and Managua would be for the Western hemisphere. In English and Spanish. $3.00.

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from taking him seriously as a "great" writer. (Norman Mailer once called Jones "the worst writer of prose ever to give intimations of greatness.") And as good as it is, *From Here to Eternity* is still a piece of *popular* fiction, an amalgam of middle-period Hemingway and fondly remembered thirties movies marred by a truly corny whore-with-a-heart-of-gold subplot introduced in all seriousness as a philosophical statement about the nature of romantic love.

In the end, *Into Eternity* serves chiefly as a distressing reminder of the runaway inflation which mars the American literary scene today. Scholarly biographies are pulling down six-figure advances; serious fiction is in a slump of unprecedented magnitude; charming lightweights like Jay McInerney are being touted as voices of a generation; nervous academics, having run out of new things to say about Kafka, are falling on the likes of James Jones like a ton of bricks. No doubt one of Mr. MacShane's students is about to give us the lowdown on yet another forgotten American. Herman Wouk? John Hersey? Whoever it may be, you can count on one thing: he'll emerge from this thoughtful new revaluation as an underrated classic. After all, how else is a starving young assistant professor going to get tenure these days? □

THE LATE, GREAT PENNSYLVANIA STATION

Lorraine B. Diehl/American Heritage Press-Houghton Mifflin/$19.95

Thomas Mallon

My father was a railroad commuter, and for years he would come home from Manhattan to Long Island through the old Pennsylvania Station, a miracle, somehow both massive and soaring (its waiting room modeled on the baths of Caracalla in ancient Rome), that opened on September 8, 1910. On August 2, 1962, he must have passed the preservationists picketing on Seventh Avenue against its destruction. I wonder if he paid them any notice, since my father tended to equate all placards with subversion, and since the walk along 34th Street from his office to the station eventually became a gauntlet of 3-card monte hustlers and Hare Krishnas, something to be made with fast feet and downcast eyes. There was far more than the station's destruction to upset him in the 1960s, but I'm sure that somewhere in his shy being he felt a loss, and that that August protest demonstration was the only one he ever exempted from scorn. By the time I commuted in with him, to a summer job in his office in '68 and '69, a new Pennsylvania Station was the terminus for the Long Island Railroad. Constructed out of materials from the Plasticrete Corporation of Hamden, Connecticut, as opposed to the old station's travertine marble, it looked, and still does, more or less like a looted K-Mart.

Until I read Lorraine B. Diehl's new book I never knew that the sculpted eagle squatting before the new station on a pedestal marked "1968" is actually one of those that Adolph A. Weinman carved for the old station. Between 1910 and 1963 it flew, with twenty-one others, above the Doric columns marking the entrance to a Roman wonder in which "everything grand and beautiful and uplifting . . . was designed for the man or woman who caught a train."

There are two heroes in Mrs. Diehl's book: Alexander Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Charles McKim, head of the architectural firm of McKim, Mead, and White (the White being Stanford White). Cassatt spent seventeen years of what should have been his prime in premature retirement, preferring sailing and horses and the company of his wife to the business dealings he was so good at. But when the gigantic Pennsy, after passing through a mediocre patch, offered him its presidency in 1899, he took it. One reason he did was the chance to end an absurdity that irked his imagination—namely, the need for railroad passengers coming to New York from the south and west to get off in Jersey City and reach Manhattan by ferry. Clearly, tunnels were in order. If Mrs. Diehl's excellent book has any conspicuous flaw, it is her title, for large portions of the narrative, as well as many of the extraordinary photographs and maps, are really about the clawing out of tubes under the Hudson River that would eventually bring the Pennsylvania's trains into the gigantic new station that Cassatt dreamed of and McKim designed.

Just in time for the American century, those tunnels gave the United States a functioning heart. Along with the new ventricles running under the Hudson, auricles were dug between Manhattan and Queens, taming the East River for the Long Island Railroad (owned by the Pennsylvania). A whole ribbon of Manhattan, from east to west under the Thirties, was excavated for the sake of the trains. Before all the jobs were done, streets collapsed and windows shattered, and workers drowned or got crippled by the bends. But by 1908 one could walk from Jersey City to Long Island City.

The station that sat atop these arterial triumphs cost $90 million to build. Eighteen years after Cassatt had first seen the baths of Caracalla Charles McKim was fortuitously entranced by the same sight. So when it came time to build the station, the client was able to find an architect who dreamed the same language. The result was colossal: "As in the great cathedrals of Europe, the separate elements of Pennsylvania Station coalesced into a unified form that embraced the human spirit." Except, that is, for one particularly American touch: the waiting room had no benches—an extraordinary national injunction to be up and doing. The scale of the whole place was, in fact, as frightening as it was ennobling. "The feeling when you approached it," says Brendan Gill, "was awe and intimidation."

The station's "brief, emotion-filled life" (just fifty-three years) paralleled the unforeseen decline of railroading. By the 1920s ridership was still rising, but automobiles and airplanes were coming off assembly lines in irresistible challenge. Still, Mrs. Diehl has a grand time talking about how it all was while it lasted, providing us with photographs of Ethel Barrymore on the *Broadway Limited* and of stationmaster Bill Egan surrounded by his own pictures of American Presidents. (When the Duke of Windsor showed up in Penn Station requiring attendance, Egan greeted him by saying: "How are you, Prince? What can I do for you?") One learns the secrets of the Sunnyside train yards, where chefs "were specially trained in the 'dummy diner,' a mock-up of a real dining car kitchen," and where there "was even a 'tomato ripener,' whose job it was to shoot up tomatoes with ethylene gas so they would be ready for the salad chef."

The crowds began to leave after the Second World War. Ann Gavin's Irish-accented voice still called out departure times to those in the waiting room, but the real departures were permanent ones to the suburbs—all made in automobiles traveling roads built with federal highway funds. The station made some vain attempts to keep up with the streamlined times—in the late fifties a clamshell ticket counter aped an airline terminal's—but it inevitably turned into a "soot-laden tomb" that people were (at first) not sorry to see go.

By the early sixties the Pennsy was quickly going broke. It tried to delay doom by selling the old station for a mess of air rights. Office buildings and a new Madison Square Garden would, according to the scheme, rise above a new subterranean station, "a bleak parody of railroad stations in general and a tragic joke in comparison with its magnificent predecessor." The wrecking ball took its first swipe on October 28, 1963. In 1968 the Pennsylvania Railroad merged with the New York Central, an amalgamation that must have given robber barons gravespins. This unholy alliance ended in bankruptcy two years later. Amtrak and Conrail took over, having been left with a new station worthy of their charm and performance.

Mrs. Diehl's book is impassioned. She writes in a clear and moving way, only rarely slipping into the bland and generalizing style of documentary voiceover. The photographs she has gathered harrow the reader even more than her text. Facing the first page of

Thomas Mallon teaches English at Vassar College and is the author of A Book of One's Own.

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Chapter One is a picture of one of Adolph Weinman's stone maidens, slain at the waist and dumped with trash in the Jersey Meadowlands.

The great redeeming irony of the story is that the old station died a "heroically useful death," as Mr. Kent Barwick, president of the Municipal Art Society of New York, puts it in a foreword. In the last twenty years New York, reacting with a delayed sense of shame, has been slower at self-amputation; the willingness to think twice is already instinctive. And where instinct is weak, the law takes over.

Architectural preservation makes annoyed bedfellows of liberals and conservatives. The former find themselves battling to save grand old buildings from capitalist predation, deliberately forgetting that the grand old buildings were themselves once flung up by capitalist predators. Conservatives want the market to work its will but still can't bear seeing the remnants of what they think was a more graceful culture bulldozed for yet more Plasticretins. These contradictions will not sort themselves out, just as New York will continue to enrapture the eye because of its own lunatic juxtapositions—of walk-ups and trade towers, terraced brownstones and skyscraping slivers. Anyone who lives here knows that Madison Square Garden has almost never been in Madison Square, because there was always a bigger buck to be had by moving the thing to another location. That's how New York is, and to stop that would be to make New York into another, lesser place.

And yet. What do you do about the gorgeous particulars that get trampled under all the collective, kinetic magnificence?

A few months ago I said goodbye to a friend of mine, a native Iowan, who was leaving New York after a year teaching school here. He'd suffered a fairly common defeat at the city's hands, and after a broke, roach-ridden year, he was ready to call it quits. We went out for dinner and had a few, and at the end of the evening were weaving through Grand Central station, which still stands (though never so magnificently as the old Penn Station did). Alcoholically limbered, his head took a pleasant spin upwards and, for the first time, he noticed that the station's tiny ceiling lights are in fact laid out as points in the northern constellations. It's the sort of thing they don't do in Burlington, Iowa, and I think that moment of unexpected awe on his last night in the city made up for a lot. He experienced something on the order of what millions of passengers used to experience as they came into the old Pennsylvania Station, hoisting their luggage of hopes into Manhattan or dragging their disappointments back home. Places like that, palaces en route, allowed the traveler to see his life in mythic terms for a minute or two, with the hopes higher, the disappointments more desperate. In fact, my friend left for home the next morning by plane, because that's the way you go home these days, but it doesn't matter: he had an exit, however symbolic, from a beautiful place, however obsolescent. That millions fewer will ever have such a moment is reason enough for those who sat, twenty-five years ago, on the boards of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Madison Square Garden Corporation to call out, from Purgatory, an apology to the more elevated shades of Alexander Cassatt and Charles McKim. □

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John McPhee/Farrar Straus Giroux/$15.95

Jacob Weisberg

There are those who like to say that John McPhee has lost it. What they mean is that McPhee, whose best writing has made environmental and scientific topics accessible to general readers, has grown increasingly exhaustive and esoteric of late. His talent for making animals, trees, and exotic parts of the country appealing to those of us who don't ordinarily read about such things seemed to have all but disappeared in his recent books, *Basin and Range* (1981) and *In Suspect Terrain* (1983). These dizzying works, part of a planned four-volume geologic survey of North America, projected exactly the opposite quality. They were tedious and obscure, unlikely to make the Mesozoic Era appeal to anyone who didn't already spend his free time cracking rocks.

There is good news for those who left McPhee at the limestone quarry. He is again writing short, varied, and readable articles. *Table of Contents* reprints his last eight short pieces from the *New Yorker*, which has published practically everything he has written since 1963. McPhee's range of topics—from hydroelectric power to the bears of New Jersey to Senator Bill Bradley—is typically astounding.

The longest essay, "Heirs of General Practice," which details a trend toward the "new" medical specialty of family practice, is a paradigm of McPhee's best writing. The locale of the piece is semi-rural Maine, where a number of idealistic doctors went to work beginning in the early 1970s. McPhee examines the careers of a dozen young physicians who, having become fed up with specialization and high tech in medical school, wanted to get back to helping people with their basic problems, ranging from hernias to marital spats. He portrays pioneering physicians who share a Norman Rockwellian vision of American medicine: doctors who are cheerily bringing large segments of the population the medical care they want, toting their black bags to make $25 house calls.

In this and other essays, McPhee returns to a couple of well-tried techniques, the police blotter and the Greek chorus. Much of the family practice piece adopts the log book form: "Thirty-two-year-old male presents with warts on his penis. . . . Twenty-nine-year-old female presents with lesions of genital herpes. . . . Thirty-nine-year-old female presents with a sore throat. . . ." This technique gives some idea of what a family practitioner confronts in the course of an average day. It also helps to dispel some of the romanticism a lesser writer wouldn't be able to resist.

McPhee's chorus technique, which is also an impressionistic device, has an altogether different value. It gives the nay-sayers a chance to get a word in, without condescension or slighting their arguments. He quotes, without comment and often at great length, a number of conventional specialists who regard family medicine as a dangerous swindle, saying things like, "Family practitioners do not have anything special to offer patients beyond a mix of superficially developed clinical skills," and "They do not possess much of the implicit information about patients and their families to which they lay claim in their self-descriptions." Thus McPhee can't be accused of only listening to doctors who are happy with their lives and patients who are happy with their doctors.

A number of writers identified with the New Journalism—a term which fits McPhee not at all—have adopted these techniques. But in the hands of a Norman Mailer or a Tom Wolfe, impressionism becomes far more of a weapon: the author quotes his source verbatim and ad nauseam, but only to mock his grammar or breeding. McPhee, on the other hand, truly approaches Christopher Isherwood's ideal of literary photography. He gives all sides. When he chooses to express an opinion, it gains credibility from his respect for those who disagree. Dogmatism is utterly alien to his writing.

In "Heirs of General Practice," a consensus does emerge: that the trend in question is democratic and healthy. But one comes away understanding the drawbacks of the new phenomenon as well. McPhee describes one poignant scene in a doctor's office where a 77-year-old woman comes asking for permission to eat her favorite foods—biscuits and ice cream. Doctor Jones says okay. "Eating is important, and it's one of the few recreations some older people have," he tells McPhee. "You see how much she wanted a biscuit? If it keeps her cholesterol slightly elevated, what's lost?" We are acutely aware that the woman might live longer if she followed the advice of a specialist. But we are also reminded that there is more to life than its duration, which specialized medicine often overlooks.

Another piece where McPhee impresses the reader with his fair-mindedness is "Minihydro," which relates the rush of entrepreneurs in New York State to refurbish abandoned water mills with turbines and sell the electricity to power companies. The power companies were required to buy the electricity at favorable rates as a result of a law passed in 1978 to ease dependence on foreign oil. It may surprise those who consider McPhee a knee-jerk supporter of environmental regulation that he takes his stand against "conservationists [who] hate dams, no matter how large they are." McPhee is an environmental realist; he understands the need to accommodate development. He knows that developers pose a threat to the environment, but that if we respected every shrub as much as we could, we would build nothing and go nowhere.

A surprising number of these essays praise development of one kind or another. "Riding the Boom Extension" celebrates the advent of the telephone in the farthest reaches of the Yukon, and "Ice Pond" glorifies Princeton physicist Theodore Taylor's bizarre air-conditioning scheme. If there were a theme to the book it would be this kind

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Jacob Weisberg is a reporter-researcher at the New Republic.

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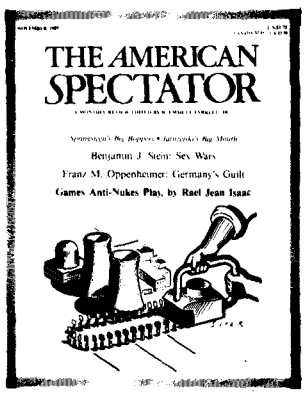
of inventive entrepreneurship, and the independence of mind that gives rise to it. Those who think John McPhee is still living in the sixties should be reassured that he has adapted his love of nature to the 1980s. He documents the mood of Reagan's America where no one else would think to look for it—in Alaska, northern Maine, and rural New Jersey instead of Silicon Valley and Washington.

"Open Man," an update of the classic profile of Bill Bradley which was the first article McPhee published in the *New Yorker*, is inferior to these pieces, consisting of little more than what was fed into McPhee's tape recorder. The two pieces on the bears of New Jersey also wear a little thin. As should be obvious from the topics, there is really no common thread to this anthology. Nor is there an introduction, an index, drawings, or an imaginative title. The question then arises, what makes this anthology a book? The unfortunate answer is, very little, especially if you subscribe to the *New Yorker*. McPhee's last collection of articles, *Giving Good Weight*, published in 1979, followed the same formula. Publishing a good anthology ought to imply weeding out pieces which aren't worth collecting. More should go into one than eight disconnected essays, cardboard, and cloth. Otherwise, I'm sure John McPhee would agree, it doesn't justify chopping down all those trees. □

GAMES ANTI-NUKES PLAY

As nuclear power becomes increasingly essential to the economies of the industrialized West, why has it been eight years since a power company ordered a nuclear power plant built in the United States? In this intensive, thoroughly documented report, Rael Jean Isaac demonstrates how small-is-beautiful "public interest groups;" with the unwitting aid of government regulatory agencies, have brought the nuclear power industry to its knees with a strategy of endless lawsuits, spurious health scares, and cynical media manipulation—all in the name of promoting a safe energy policy.


THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Benjamin J. Stein: Sex Wars
Franz M. Oppenheimer: Germany's Guilt
Games Anti-Nukes Play, by Rael Jean Isaac

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(continued from page 9)

then stresses American responsibility for the Cold War. Lenin and Stalin are shown more sympathetically than Kaiser Wilhelm; and even the anti-German aspect of the post-World War I Red Scare is all but ignored. Oppenheimer is correct in linking leftist Teutonophobia to a specific geopolitical agenda, the abandonment of Central Europe to the Red Army.

The same kind of hate has been fanned and exploited to advance a liberal agenda at home. The famous Columbia professor (and a man of the left), Fritz Stern, has written a book to warn against the "politics of illiberalism" in Bismarckian Germany. Stern emphasizes the alleged connection between the German catastrophe and "illiberal" German attitudes, manifested through a patriarchal family structure and the strict upbringing of children. Ever since the thirties, when Eric Fromm and Theodor Adorno discovered the "authoritarian personality," critics of social constraint and sexual roles have found it useful to turn to the German case. Unfortunately, so do Zionists—albeit for different reasons.

—Paul Gottfried, Chairman
Department of History
Rockford College
Rockford, Illinois

Mr. Oppenheimer's multi-book review on Germany's (collective) guilt for the crimes of World War II deserves the affirmation of reader understanding and approbation which he feared would not be forthcoming. Without doubt the comparison between the willingness of vast numbers of Germans to participate in Nazi society and "the willingness of so many well-meaning Americans" to condone by deliberate ignorance the basic evil of Soviet totalitarianism, will prove as patently offensive to the liberal-left as it is justified historically and, dare I say, morally. Mr. Oppenheimer correctly places the notion of collective guilt where it belongs—right next to dangerous deceit and political hypocrisy.

I would like to add, however, a note on the particular vulnerability of youth (of which, at 23, I consider myself included) on this subject. I have often sat in dolorous wonderment at my peers' apparent gullibility on the history of Marxism-Leninism and Soviet aggression. I eventually came to the conclusion that it was not a matter of incredulity but of will. We as youth naturally want to make things better and to change, really, all of life towards some ideal that we are sure glows in our own fresh, uncorrupted hearts and cannot be found in those who have learned to live with and accept the status quo. We are, consequently, the freest when we are the most idealistic. But we are the most unfree when reality crushes down on us as it always does with the greatest weight when in the form of manifest evil. Collective guilt offers an escape from reality that is especially appealing to youth. It pierces that web of confusing complexities thrown up by the march of history and cuts a simple and straight line to the source of youthful energy, our natural emotion, optimism and fanaticism. In this way the relativism of collective guilt clears the youthful perspective for absolutist action and frees us from our inherent enemy, responsibility to experience.

I think my point is born out in the role played by the Vietnam conflict—through the Cambodian holocaust—in the minds of American youth. Yet I would rather that my own peer group refer to Paul Johnson's excellent *Modern Times* and his chapter on the Weimar Republic which chronicles the shameful precedent provided by the ardent enthusiasm of university students on behalf of National Socialism.

—Nicholas P. Granath
Minnetonka, Minnesota

Franz Oppenheimer's otherwise excellent review of recent historiography about the German past is in error on a rather important point. Oppenheimer accepts Sebastian Haffner's argument that the "final solution" orders only came after Hitler "was convinced his war was lost." The timing of the actual orders was in fact inconsequential, as Robert Loewenberg shows in his article, "The Trivialization of the Holocaust as an Aspect of Modern Idolatry" (*St. John's Review*, Winter 1982). Loewenberg traces Hitler's clear-cut plans to liquidate the Jews as far back as 1922, and shows rather decisively that Hitler had developed an entire theology of Germanity based on the principle of blood (i.e., Germans were pure; Jews were a contaminant). Moreover, in Hitler's theology, a sacrifice was an absolute necessity, just as in the Old Testament. Hitler argued that winning the war was relatively unimportant compared to his priority of Jewish liquidation even before the 1941 date given by Haffner. Indeed, most of Hitler's more frank statements about his plans for the Jews occurred before the war broke out, and certainly many can be found in *Mein Kampf*. For example, Hitler wanted to effect the "reconciliation of mankind"; the "purity of the blood" was the ultimate goal of Germany.

Oppenheimer treats the declaration of war by Hitler as a part of his attack on Judaism, but in reality the war con-

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stituted one stream in the Fuhrer's mind, while Jew hatred constituted a second. The latter always had priority over the former. In a 1932 speech he said, "Let them call us inhuman. If we save Germany, we shall have done the greatest deed in the world [by killing the Jews]," i.e., greater than the Resurrection. Hitler's emphasis on blood atonement was a lynchpin of Nazi thought and a complete reversal of Judaism. Hitler's "attack on Judaism substitut[ed] German blood for the [eternal] soul." It would be historically and morally wrong to allow Hitler to get off the hook on the expedient of war.

—Larry Schweikart
University of Dayton
Dayton, Ohio

No Win

As reported by Fred Barnes (*TAS*, December 1985), Shelby Stanton's arguments that we could have "won" the Vietnam war are rather unconvincing. Most objectionable are repeated hints that Johnson and Nixon should simply have ignored popular opposition to the costs of the war.

Unlike Mr. Barnes, the American people recognized that poor and remote Vietnam simply was not worth 10,000 dead Americans every year for the indefinite future. In 1969 we had already achieved our strategic objectives of (1) allowing prosperity and stability to develop in the ASEAN countries, and (2) "containing" Mao's China until it was distracted by a Soviet threat.

The price we paid even for these gains was steep. Much has been written about a "decade of neglect" towards military readiness under Ford and Carter, but by far the worst neglect occurred during those years when military spending was diverted to the current requirements of the Vietnam war. For insight into how America might have "succeeded" in Vietnam much more cheaply, read *The Betrayal* by William Corson, a Marine colonel who ran one of very few successful "pacification" programs. Hint: he suggested Americans did too much of the fighting rather than too little. . . .

Mr. Barnes is correct that the U.S. military could have (for a price) chewed up any NVA units sent into South Vietnam. Since North Vietnam's birth-rate was 200,000 males a year, however, they could have maintained a bloody struggle indefinitely (just as they do in Kampuchea today). Unlike ours, their political control is strengthened by long "patriotic" wars. Our only chance (a doubtful one) to win the war decisively was to invade North Vietnam itself, thereby destroying Nixon's plans for an anti-Soviet alignment with China.

For the last ten years, China has done our work for us, keeping Communist Vietnam weak and isolated. Over that time, we have saved many lives and huge sums of money.

—Hugo S. Cunningham
Omaha, Nebraska

What Language?

What is this "In Defense of the American Language" editorial (*TAS*, December 1985)? I first learned Brooklynese, then Georgian, then Kansan. I once heard of a Duluth Finn who had been a lumberjack in America, who, after 45 years, did not know what "one o'clock" meant. Would Education Secretary William Bennett eliminate such a colorful character?

More advanced Finnish-Americans blended two languages to get what is known as "Finglish." A few other ethnic groups have done the same, I bet. Some Shakespeare scholars, of course, frown on this because it complicates an already complex multi-ethnic patois, English.

Some think language develops smoothly, progressively, like a flower. But it more likely is formed like a barroom brawl. Because the American language is a bit shaky right now and because all the rules have not been pinned down, maybe it is best to avoid over-enthusiastic declarations? We have more important things to defend, don't we?

I don't know why people claim to be defending the American language when actually they are doing nothing. Ignorant people cannot defend wisdom anymore than criminals can defend justice. Bogus defenses provide no protection and should be given up as hollow shams. Headlines of this sort and Bennettism give the false impression to people that they are doing, or are being asked to do, something useful.

—Risto Marttinen
Falls Church, Virginia

Here's To You, Hannah

Regarding Mr. Matthew Hannah's letter in your December 1985 issue, I must confess to an embarrassing naiveté: I am still amazed when an apparently rational, intelligent, person places himself "securely in the left-wing camp." After all, these people don't even have the Depression, Hitler, or Vietnam as an excuse anymore, and God knows that utopianism should surely have been discredited by now. Still, there is a horde of them out there, and it seems to swell with every rerun of "M*A*S*H."

To return to Mr. Hannah's letter, I just can't credit his charge of "brazen smugness" within the pages of *TAS*.

Now *TAS* may be opinionated, but it is not smug. To find pure, triple-X smugness one must have a strong enough stomach to experience the frothy and emotionalist rantings of Dr. Helen Caldicott; the grim self-righteousness of Jesse Jackson; the hair-raising, icy nastiness of Hanoi Jane and her hubby what's-his-name; the mind-numbing double standards of Anthony Lewis or Alexander Cockburn. Compared to these and other strident leftist icons, Torquemada comes across as a humble seeker of enlightenment.

Perhaps what Mr. Hannah has somehow mistaken for smugness in *TAS* is the intensity that comes from knowing that you are one of the few voices raised against the tide of mindless "hip politics" that oozes over America. Such knowledge doesn't breed smugness, but it does seem to do wonders for the sense of humor. I guess that those of us with VCRs know that we can always slap on "The Day After" for some cheap laughs.

—Frank C. Taylor
New Orleans, Louisiana

Seine French

Taki's "Seine City" in the November 1985 issue made me jealous of his youthful exploits. It also made me jealous of France's nuclear policies.

France develops nuclear weapons it deems necessary without any blather about talking with potential enemies or allies about disarming itself and with utter disregard for pacifist or leftist alarums. I wish we would stop cowering at "world opinion."

Additionally, France's domestic electrical power generation is now mostly nuclear, which means it is safe, reliable, and uninterruptible at the political whim of minor potentates.

France has what I call a "Seine Nuclear Policy." *—Charles M. Hart*
Cranford, New Jersey

The American Spectator *welcomes correspondence from its readers. Please limit your comments to 200 words, and include full name, address, and telephone number.*

Announcing . . .

A Major Work on
Genocide & Terrorism in
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Ewald Ammende's ***Human Life in Russia*** is the long unavailable history of the "*Hidden Holocaust*" and the cover-up which prevented news of the starvation of nearly 7,000,000 Ukrainians from being reported in the West during 1931-1934. Ammende, a professional humanitarian whose career is markedly similar to that of Raoul Wallenberg a decade later, gathered eye-witness testimony on the Famine as a means of exposing the awful truth of the genocide and terrorism then occurring in Ukraine.
As such, his work is one of the earliest histories of the *Gulag*, wherein the *Archipelago* consisted of an entire nation to be punished for its opposition to totalitarianism. *Human Life in Russia* has long been unobtainable; we make it available with the hope that the lesson of the Ukrainian Famine will not be lost on our times. The book, 330 pages in a cloth binding and striking jacket, is well illustrated and documented; it belongs in every collection of books on the U.S.S.R. and Ukraine.

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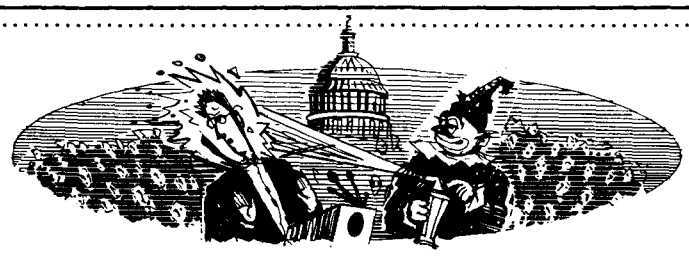

I was planning to use this space to point out that it is already difficult enough for us Reaganites to brag about "America: Standing Tall"—particularly when the President won't even lob so much as a hand grenade into the Bekaa Valley—without our having to endure the added humiliation of a National Security Adviser named *Poindexter*. I was planning to add, by way of consolation, that if we can weather the humiliation of having one named *Bud* for two years, we could most likely weather anything. That's what I was planning to say. But now, just before we go to press, I see that my little joke was scooped by a neo-liberal weekly here in town. To be scooped with a joke, and by neo-liberals! It is the final humiliation.

• • •

Numbers, a nightclub on 19th Street, is not my kind of place. I prefer to do my drinking in scruffier, less pricey—well, dumps. But it is to places like Numbers that the Congressional AA's come, and the deputy assistants to the Deputy Under Secretary for Fluoridating Water—the cream of the mid-level. On the barstools the girls perch themselves with arched backs, cross their long legs, drag off thin cigarettes, lick their teeth a lot. The guys wear scarves regardless of the weather; the bouncers' fists are the size of pineapples. The room itself is subterranean dark, the only light reflecting endlessly round the mirrored walls. But since John Wooten was there, so was I. Wooten is the strongest man in the world—*TAS* material—and to prove it he has back-lifted the Harvard University Marching Band, pulled a 240,000-pound train sixty-two feet, dragged a municipal transit bus through the streets of Malden, Massachusetts, beat an elephant at tug-of-war, carried a horse up a ladder—that kind of thing. After the camera crew from Channel 7 had recorded his feat of lifting a wooden plank with seven girls on it (their backs arched, their legs crossed), John told me that this was how he intended "to ease my way into the theatrical business through the back door. I love TV, and I like expressing myself. This mind over matter I'm doing, it's perfect for product endorsements, motion pictures, what-have-you. I'm trying to get the Mennen company to let me endorse their Baby Magic Baby Powder. I've written the commercial already. Want to hear it? It's pretty humorous. 'Do you know me? I'm the strongest man in the world. And when I get out of the shower . . .' " When he was finished I asked him why he came to Washington from his home in Boston. "It's unexplored territory. You know. And I hope to meet the President, because I've read numerous amount of writing about how Reagan is one of the best Presidents ever for physical fitness. I've even offered to carry a horse up the steps of the White House." He's also offered to carry a horse up a telephone pole in front of the *Washington Post* building, which may not go over too well with Sally Quinn. I asked him exactly how you went about carrying a horse up a telephone pole; do you just crouch underneath the thing and sling it over your back, or what? "Oh, hell no," he said, disdainfully. "That'd just be like—like you're just carrying a horse or something. What I'd do . . ." and as he detailed an elaborate scheme involving pulleys and eye hooks and lengths of reinforced rope, a girl ran up to kiss him. "May I?" she asked. "For a five dollar fee," he said. She giggled. "I don't have five bucks." He let her kiss him anyway.

• • •

Lillian, a new one-man show by William Luce about the playwright Lillian Hellman, has come and gone, but not before it gave Washington-boosters another chance to applaud the town's emergence as a cultural center. In his review, David Richards of the *Post* coughed up the usual blurb-size bits of praise that theatre critics are left with as deadline approaches: "a fine piece of art," an "elegant evening," "nakedly honest," and so forth. And the boosters flocked—each performance was close to a sell-out. But you can't keep me away from a night of high culture (see above), so I scrounged for a ticket. Zoe Caldwell, the Australian actress who played Miss Hellman, looked the part, with her hair, dimly gray, piled high on her head, her eyes narrowed into tiny slits, and a cigarette forever pressed between the tips of her fingers. The play was true to its subject as well: self-pitying, prevaricating, lugubriously self-reflective. The audience lapped it up. Most impressive were the sober moments, reminders of our country's shameful past—particularly the reenactment of Hellman's testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee, complete with a climactic recitation of her famous letter to the committee: "I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions." You could almost feel this Washington crowd shudder. The line has entered the canon of American liberalism, despite the fact that the tailoring metaphor should call to mind less Hellman's revolutionary resolve than her decidedly bourgeois enjoyment of the finer things: expensive suits, cardigan sweaters, Blackglama fur coats. No matter. This one-man show apotheosizes her with American culture's ultimate tribute. Miss Caldwell, her eyes elevated past the footlights, searching for the revolutionary dawn, or the New Man (Hellman had several), declaimed the final line of the play in a voice that I gathered was supposed to suggest indomitability: "The then and the now are one!" she cried, and as the curtain fell the audience rose in a thunderous cheer. *That* line, of course, makes no sense whatsoever. But the crowd didn't seem to mind. Around here, you take your culture as you find it.

• • •

After I'd had a chance to leaf through a copy of Mikhail Gorbachev's first American collection, *A Time for Peace*, I called up Hy Steirman, Chairman of Richardson & Steirman, the New York publishing house *apparat* that's putting out the book. On the phone, Steirman sounds a lot like Ed Koch. "The book's doing very, very well," he said. "We had a first printing of 25,000, which we sold in the first month. Now we're in our second printing, and so far this month, we've sold most of those. So we're looking at sales of 40-45,000 in the first two months alone." Why are people so crazy to buy this thing? "People are very concerned. It's as simple as that. Here's this new guy on the scene, and people want to get a look at him, to get a feel . . ." Yeah, but are people really going to get to know this guy from this book? It looks like the usual Commie stuff to me. The titles of the chapters—"Speech at the Reception in Warsaw in Honor of the Participants in the Summit Meeting of the Party and State Leaders of the Warsaw Treaty Member Countries." That's not exactly . . . "I disagree. I disagree. I think there are many, many things in this book that are very revealing of the man. You've got to remember, this is a very educated man we're dealing with here. He is an attorney. He has an advanced degree in economics. He is well-read. All these things come across. So what if he didn't write every word? You think Reagan writes his own speeches?" I told Steirman I noticed the photos in the book were re-touched to remove that unsightly splotch on the Gorbachev pate. He seemed surprised. "Where? No, no. These are all original photos. I'm sure they're not re-touched." Where'd you get the pictures? "*Soviet Life*, the Russian news services." Well . . . "Okay, okay. So the man's a little vain. And Reagan doesn't dye his hair, right? What's it matter? Look, our lives are all involved in this thing. The lives of our children, our grandchildren. If we can do something with this book, to open a door, to head us down the road to peace . . ." Uh-huh. "Look," he said, returning to earth, "I'm a *publisher*. I'm putting out a *product*. I'm just selling a *book*." Steirman also said, by the way, that the Soviet Embassy calls him from time to time to find out how the book is doing. "They're very pleased," he said.

—GJN

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CURRENT WISDOM

Presbyterian Survey

The elucubrations of Sue Nichols Spencer, Grand Strategist of Toys for Peace, finally pay off:

Walking into any toy store, we may find a wide assortment of toys on display—but also a serious gap. On today's mass market, there are basically just two kinds of playthings: pistols, rifles, machine guns, daggers, bayonets, hand grenades—toys for playing war and violence; and tea sets, doctor's kits, fire engines and dolls—toys for playing ordinary life. Missing are any playthings that reflect our struggles for peace, that hold before our children the occupations of peace, the images of peace, or the heroes and heroines of peace. . . . There are no toys that say that they should involve themselves in working persistently for peace, as we all must do.

The financial risks involved in introducing totally new products can be reduced by making minor changes in toys that already have a successful track record. For instance, in the game of ring toss the spindle could be molded in the shape of a diplomat with a sash across his chest and a top hat on his head, and each ring could be labeled "peace offer." Children playing the game would be acting out the negotiating process by tossing peace offers to a diplomat.

The popular Rubik's Cube could be changed: Instead of trying to get colored sides to match, the player could try to complete a picture of people representing the nations of the world holding hands around the cube.

The card game of Old Maid has always implanted a negative image. The unwanted card could be changed to "War" or "Violence."

[December 1985]

New York Times Book Review

In an ad for Dr. Ellen Goodman's latest collection of metaphysical rumblings her publishers present a tantalizing chrestomathy:

The Pulitzer Prize-winning syndicated columnist is at her very best in her first book in four long years, *Keeping in Touch*:

On women: "The woman of another era who married her architecture and became a housewife is now a working wife with the double work load of a societal bigamist."

On work: "For all the talk about stress, there is still a real tension between the life we want for ourselves and the work we want out of others."

On surrogate mothers: "I never expected to see a new breed of entrepreneurs arrive on the scene hanging out shingles that offer Wombs for Rent."

On herpes: "Not long ago, extramarital sex . . . was weighted down with fears of brimstone, not to mention pregnancy. Many people continue to need some sort of deterrent, some external reason to abstain . . . to deal sanely with their sexuality. We have gone from hell to herpes in three generations."

[December 8, 1985]

The Progressive

Unsportsmanlike Conduct espied by one of the venerable *Progressive*'s stalwart editorial writers:

That's the way the game is played these days. When U.S. forces invaded Grenada, pitting the world's mightiest military power against a tiny Caribbean Island, millions of flag-waving Americans didn't laugh or cry; they cheered themselves hoarse. We won, didn't we? And when U.S. aircraft managed to intercept an Egyptian plane and compel it to land in Italy, virtually the entire nation applauded. After all, there were hijackers and murderers aboard that plane—and that made it perfectly all right for us to engage in hijacking and to threaten murder. Even the Washington director of the American Civil Liberties Union voiced his enthusiastic approval.

If Durocher was right, America is bound to finish first. There aren't many nice guys left.

[December 1985]

The Progressive

From the ever-fertile *Progressive*, more fecal-buccal:

Our economy and our culture are tied to models of industrial affluence that place an intolerable burden on individuals and on the environment. We pay the price in pollution and illness, in higher deficits and diminished productivity, in alienation and social disarray. We need a whole new pattern of public and private investment.

The Government should stimulate new modes of regional and self-sufficient agriculture, preventive health care, decent housing, and sensible transportation. The technology to design such programs is available, and the proposals to implement them have been formulated. All that remains is the political will to place these proposals on the political agenda and fight for their enactment.

[December 1985]

Yale Alumni Magazine

The historians of the Yale class of '74 depart from the usual chronicling of marriages, births, and herpes to deliver a well-rehearsed homily:

It seems appropriate to close out this year's series of columns with a cautionary note recently received from Charlie Finch: "I couldn't let Rurik Ingram's passing remark that we had been 'spoiled as undergraduates' (by comparison to the Wharton School) go by without a comment. The late Sixties and early Seventies at Yale were a golden era when higher values than grade grubbing and financial competition motivated us. In the Eighties era of $350 billion Pentagon budgets, conspicuous consumption, deficits financed off the backs of poor we can see the true spoiled and the spoilers: The Reagan revelers sucking up the spoils of greed and selfishness. We left a legacy at Yale which today's straight and narrow students look back on with envy." Any rebuttal from Reaganites or grade-grubbing graduates will be printed pursuant to the equal time rule.

Until next fall, *vale*!

[June 1985]

Indianapolis Star

Let us face the facts. Notwithstanding the journalists' boasts about their unparalleled daring and candor, one finds more frankness and controversy on the how-to pages of a conservative newspaper than on the op-ed pages of the great liberal dailies. Behold this syndicated wisdom:

The Kinsey Report by Dr. June Reinisch

Dear Dr. Reinisch: I'm scheduled to have my uterus and ovaries removed but still don't understand how my husband and I will have sex afterward.

Where will the penis go and will it feel the same to my husband?

Dear Reader: Even if the surgical route for removal of the uterus and ovaries is through the vagina, a woman's vagina remains after the operation. In those cases where the cervix (the opening into the uterus, or womb) is also removed, the vagina may be shortened but should remain able to accommodate a penis.

[November 14, 1985]

Small Press

The poet-pol's historic presidential candidacy continues to inspire verbal clink and jingle:

Four Winds Press wants manuscripts for *Jesse Jackson, A National Portrait in Poetry*, a volume of poems commemorating the first African-American's run for the American Presidency. Manuscripts should be quality submissions of any length, in any writing style. Preference is for those that express substantive ideas with unusual beauty; evidence a disciplined command of language, and are consonant in spirit with the life and times of the individual they honor. They may deal with any aspect of Jackson's rise to prominence. Deadline: December 31, 1985. Chosen manuscripts receive $100 award and publication. No returns without SASE. Mail submissions to Etta Ladson, Editor, Four Winds Press, Box 109, Laurelton, NY 11413.

[November/December 1985]

The Herald-Telephone (Bloomington, Indiana)

The announcement of a forthcoming Public Broadcasting spectacular provides still more proof that the New Age Liberal's fundamental political value is merely to bring distress to his neighbor:

Sex and love are not confined to the physically able of this world. In *The Skin Horse* (Ch. 30 at 8), an unusually candid British film, severely disabled people not only talk about their sexuality, but they are unflinchingly photographed. A young girl without hands watches herself eat in front of a mirror; we have just seen her in a sexual encounter with her boyfriend. No, nobody is unclothed. . . . The film spends some time on showing us film clips from the movie, *The Elephant Man*, and stills of people from the old circus "freak shows." They at first seem unnecessary, but then, the references hit you hard. *The Skin Horse*—you'll have to watch to find out the derivation of the title—is a small film that says a great deal about humanity.

[October 16, 1985]

Chicago Tribune

Egghead cackelocutions from Miss Joni Mitchell, songstress and metaphysician:

"The church is very aligned with the right wing today, and Russia and communists are the enemy 'cuz it plays into their Armageddon prophecies," she says. "And now they have access through the media to a lot of public brainwashing, and that's very dangerous, 'cuz if you can't criticize the president without being branded a Commie, you're on the verge of witch-hunting. They haven't gained quite enough power for persecuting yet, but they're playing with the idea, and there's a lotta pushing and testing . . . it's all pretty scary to me."

[December 1, 1985]

New York Times

Pecksniffian declarations from a New Age cad:

To the Editor:

My colleagues and I should thank you for your support in the Accuracy in Academia affair. As the details of the attack on free speech and academic freedom become clear, I believe they will be seen as an attempt by the radical right to prevent the American public from hearing three basic lessons that I and others in education are trying to learn and teach:

- That war, domination and violence of all kinds (including verbal abuse) are, if ever they were, no longer functional in human affairs.
- That people everywhere must pursue the human, rather than the national, interest to avoid nuclear war and provide for the well-being of those who, it may be hoped, come after them.
- That only by compassionately addressing the global problems of inequality, poverty and alienation shall humanity be able to make the case for its own retention in the cosmos.

As Loren Eisley wrote in "The Immense Journey" (Vintage, 1957): "The need is not really for more brains, the need is now for a gentler, a more tolerant people than those who won for us against the ice, the tiger and the bear. The hand that hefted the ax, out of some old blind allegiance to the past, fondles the machine gun as lovingly. It is a habit man will have to break to survive, but the roots go very deep."

The time has come for Accuracy in Academia to lay down its verbal arms and join the rest of us in the painful search for ways to build a more peaceful, sustainable and democratic world.

—Mark Reader
Tempe, Arizona

[November 13, 1985]

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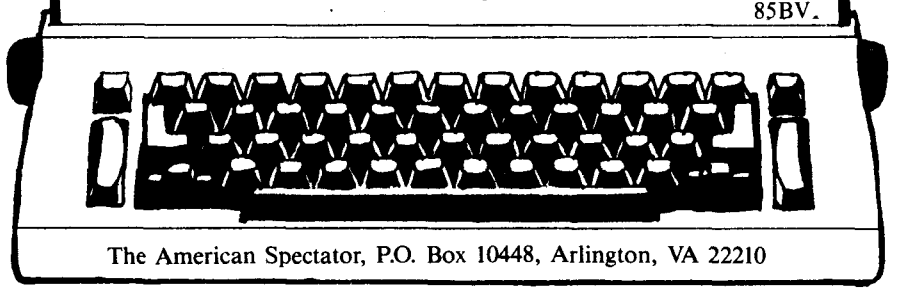

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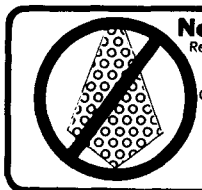

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The Myth of a Guilty Nation, by Albert Jay Nock (New York: B.W.Huebach, 1922). **On Doing the Right Thing and Other Essays**, by Albert Jay Nock. Merlin Berry, 962 Summer Hill Dr., Gambrills, MD 21054.

Knythlinga Saga, Landnamabok, Ari Thorgilsson (Trans. Halldor Hermannsson). Jon Warman, P.O. Box 709, Lincoln, MT 59639.

Darwin & Darwinism: Revolutionary Insights Concerning Man, Nature, Religion and Society, ed. H. Vanderpool. **Totalitarianism: Temporary Madness or Permanent Danger?**, ed. P.T. Mason. (Published by D.C. Heath and Co., Lexington, MA). K. Lewandowski, Jr., Hiroshima Naka-ku, Finairi Honmachi 5-5, Japan, 730.

The Death Ship, by B. Traven. Walter Stabb, 55 E. 86th St., New York, NY 10028.

Propaganda, The Engineering of Consent, by Edward Bernays (1928) (1955).

Language in Thought and Action, by Samual Hayakawa (hardback, any edition).

Security Analysis, by Benjamin Graham. Douglas Miller, 1882 Columbia Rd. NW, Washington, DC 20009.

The New Mencken Letters, by H.L. Mencken, ed. Bode. **Don Fernando, The Gentleman in the Parlour**, by Somerset Maugham. Terry Teachout, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

A Preface to Metaphysics, by Jacques Maritain (London: Sheed & Ward, 1948). Thomas Bieter, 1924 Jefferson St., Duluth MN 55812.

Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, by Frederick Denison Mauvice (Vol. I, London: Macmillan and Co. 1882). Robert Donlan, 81 Railroad Ave., Norwood, MA 02062.

The Birth of the Christian Religion, The Origin of the New Testament, by Alfred Loisy. Max Price, 142 Verano Loop, Santa Fe, NM 87505.

Admiral of the Ocean Sea: A Life of Christopher Columbus, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Two volume edition). Lawrence Skutch, P.O. Box 5214, Westport, CT 06881.

Prelude to Panic, Sullivan (1930s). **Memoirs, Herbert Hoover**, (3 Volumes). William Kinslow, 54 Syracuse St., Baldwinsville, NY 13027.

Granta, (Numbers 1-14). First editions of any work by Paul Bowles. LT Richard Zeigler, NLSO, NAVSTA, Long Beach, CA 90822.

Britain's Master Spy, or the Adventures of Sidney Reilly, by Sidney Reilly (ghost written by Pepita Reily 1931: Eldin, Matthew and Maroitt, London, England). **Master Spy**, by Edward van der Rhoer (hdbk. Scribener's 1981). Adam Kaplan, 325 Valley Rd. Havertown, PA 19083.

The Educational Writings of John Locke, ed. James L. Axtell (Cambridge University Press, 1968). **The Philosophy of the American Constitution: A Reinterpretation of the Founding Fathers**, by Paul Eidelberg (New York, Free Press, 1968). Prof. Paul Rahe, American Research Institute in Turkey, Serencebey Yokusu 61-63/10-11, Besiktas, Istanbul.

The Long Watch, and The Kingbreaker, by Elizabeth Linington. Pinehart Potts, 1223 Glen Terrace, Glassboro, NJ 08028.

Out of print anticommunist volumes or pamphlets for undergraduate group. Alexander Sacks, 109 Montgomery St., Rhinebeck, NY 12572.

Out of the Night, by Jan Valtin. Elizabeth Richman, 20780 Honeygrove Rd., Alsea, OR 97324.

Hilaire Belloc's essay on "censorship." Thomas Stamm, M.D., 7546 W. North Ave., Elmwood Park, IL 60635.

Youth of Erasmus, by Albert Hyma (1930). (English translation, ed. F.M. Nichols, 1904-1918). Joseph F. Mazy, P.O. Box 485, Fountain, CO 80817.

The Revolt of Mamie Stover, by William Bradford Huie. Donald Strand, 740-B Elmwood Terr., Rochester, NY 14620.

Debates in the Several State Conventions on the Adoption of the Federal Constitution, ed. Jonathan Elliot. Patrick J. Hynes, 187 Baltic St., Brooklyn, NY 11201.

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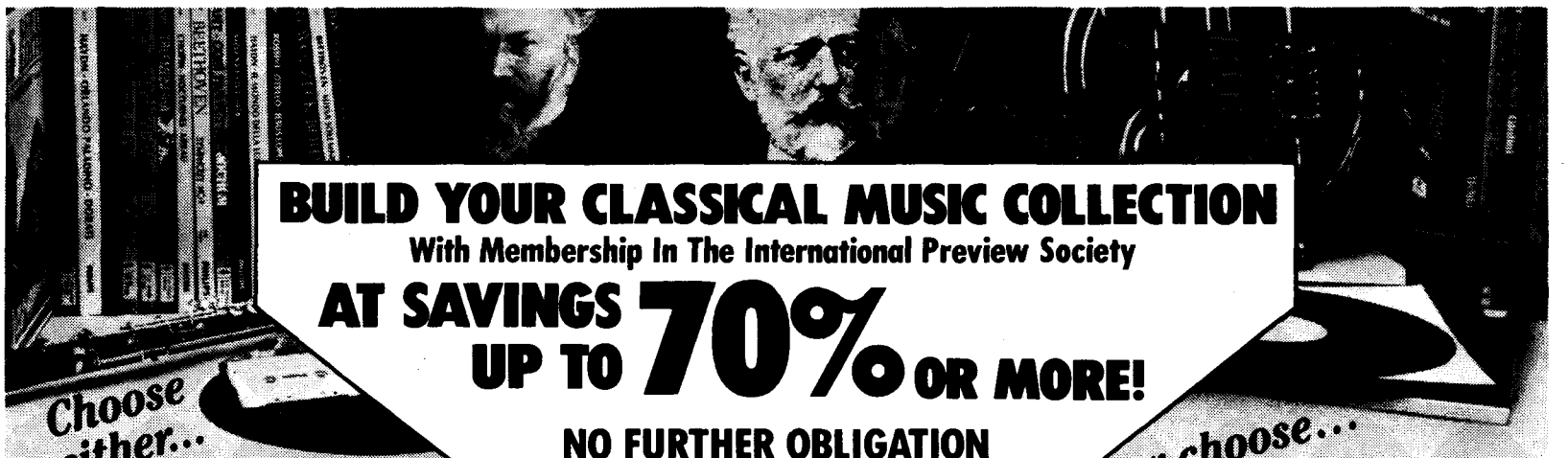

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